# Theatre Magazine

May 1920
Vol. XXXI No. 231

## Twentieth Anniversary Number

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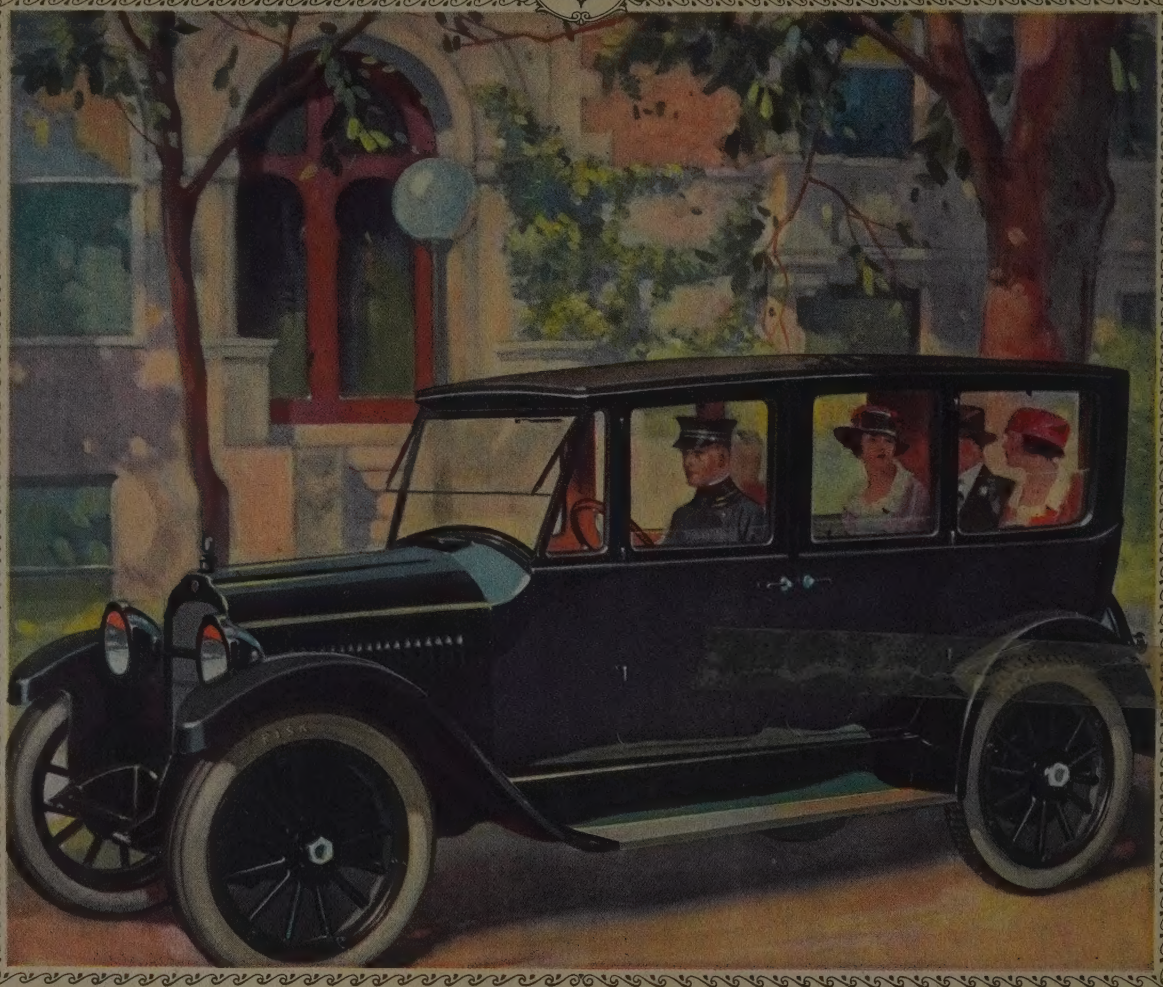

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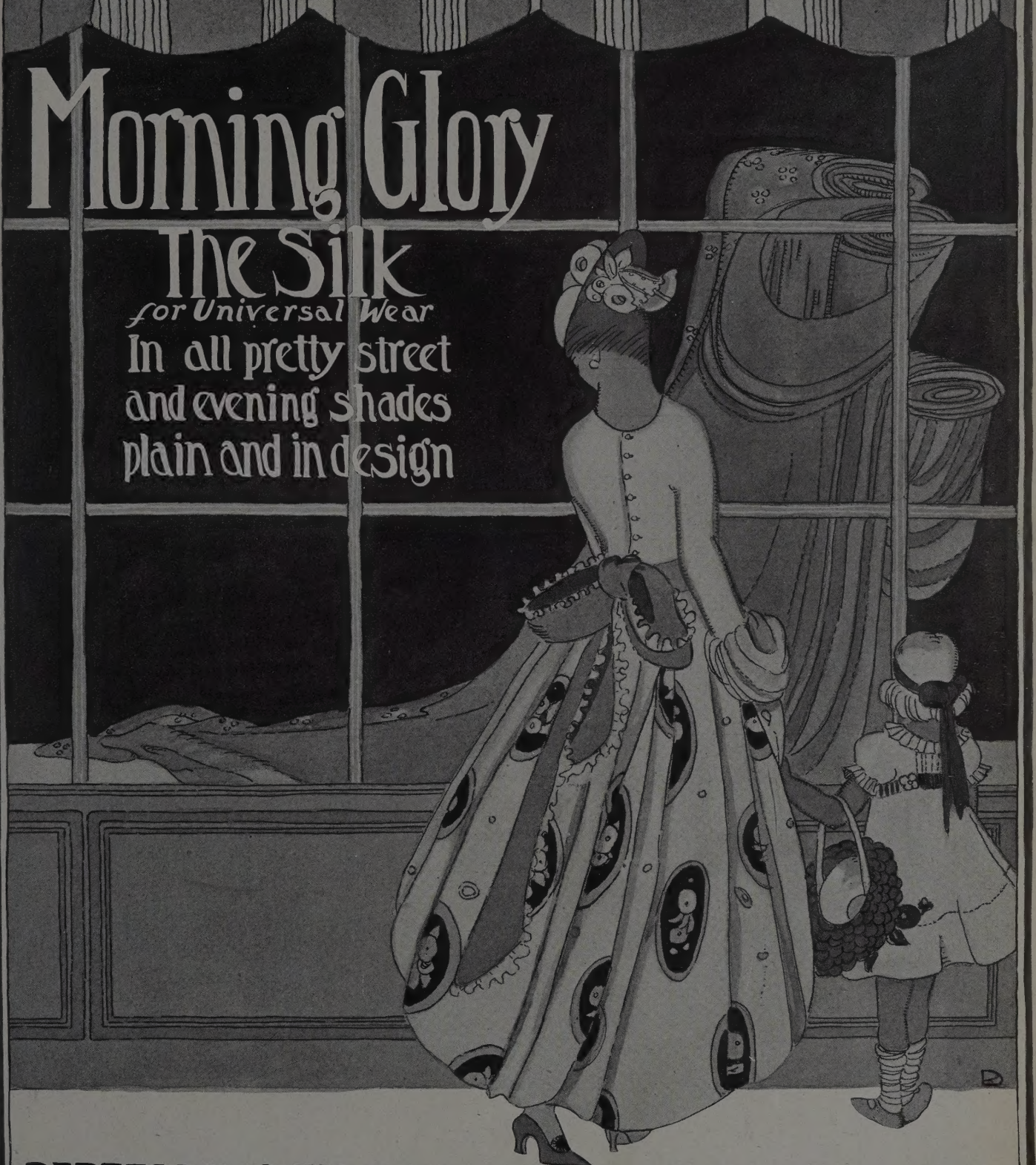

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# *"The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue"*

## A PLAYLET IN THREE ACTS

### ACT I.

*A Park Avenue apartment. Thornton Reed is weighing the respective merits of a baked apple and a grape-fruit when Meadows arrives with the morning mail.*

*Meadows*—"The mail, if you please, sir?"
*Reed*—"Gone over it, Meadows?"
*Meadows*—"Yes, Sir."
*Reed*—"Sorted the bills due from the billets-doux, eh, what, Meadows?"
*Meadows*—"Thank you, sir, the bills are properly filed."
*Reed*—"Read my personal letters yet, Meadows?"
*Meadows*—"I hope not, sir!"
*Reed*—"Well, anything worth the reading?"
*Meadows*—"A letter with the violet ink, sir, and one with the gold crest on blue. (*Pensively*) The gold crest, sir, is writing us quite regularly, sir. We shall have to be careful, sir."
*Reed*—"Nothing from the cream-white today?"
*Meadows*—"No, sir, nothing for the last three weeks, but here are three envelopes which contain either wedding invitations or tailor's announcements. I couldn't tell which, sir."
*Reed*—(*Opening the first*) "Poor old Bill—well another good man gone wrong!"
*Meadows*—"Quite so, sir, thank you, sir."
*Reed*—(*To nobody*) "'Zut alors,' Gustave Enders—he *was* in my class, but that only renders him *more* obnoxious."
*Meadows*—"The third, sir."
*Reed*—"Ye Gods—the cream-white!"

(CURTAIN)

### ACT II.

*Same scene. Half an hour later. Reed in an attitude of cheerful despondency.*

*Reed*—"Well, away with regrets. There's nothing to do but duty. (*Thumbing the three wedding bids*) Old Bill! The girl he'd marry is probably sensible and home-loving, sweet, simple and typically feminine—I'll put them down for a cocktail shaker.

"And Gustave, ah, Gustave, my dear old boy—you draw an antimaccassar—that's what you get—and it serves you right!"

"But—the last—'the cream-white'—something delicate and rare and fine. (*Musingly*) Fond of Douglas Fairbanks and Botticelli, Baudelaire and Thomas á Kempis, Hollandaise Sauce and Ethel Barrymore—Meadows—oh, Meadows——"

*Meadows*—(*Entering*) "Sir?"
*Reed*—"Get me a taxi and tell the man to drive to Ovington's."

(CURTAIN)

### ACT III.

*Reed returns. He is not a mercenary sort, but he says—a dawning of understanding illumining his mind:*

"By George!—the shop!—what splendid gifts!!—no wonder marriage is becoming popular!"

(THE END)

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

May, 1920 May, 1920

## Special Anniversary Number


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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI. No. 231 MAY, 1920

*Portrait by Francis Bruguiere*

JOHN BARRYMORE AS RICHARD III

I am the Drama, the grand, divine, eternal Drama. Life itself am I. With the aid of my mimetic art, Humanity sees itself reflected on the stage in all its many changing moods—grave and gay.

I am the Drama. With the pitiless precision of the skilful surgeon, I probe the souls of men, portraying each according to his measure. Remorselessly holding the mirror up to Nature, I deride Society's follies, castigate its vices, extoll its virtues. I trade in every human emotion. I create the laugh and the tear.

I am the Drama. All the machinations of unscrupulous ambition, implacable hatred, brutality, cruelty, avarice, vengeance—every wrong man can do his fellow—all these I show. The youth's tender wooing, the wife's troubled happiness, the adventuress' wiles, the poignancy of grief, the greed for gold, the craving for power—these are my themes. The blasts of sexual passion and unbridled lust, the seduction and betrayal of innocence, the amorous intrigues of the adulteress and the philanderer, the curses of the gambler and the drunkard, the whisperings of the criminal and insane, the workings of the agonized conscience—all this do I depict side by side with the white flame of pure love, the sanctity of the home, the chastity of woman, the glory of motherhood, the virility of the statesman, the courage of the soldier, the lofty ideals of true manhood.

I am the Drama. In me are assembled all the arts—Poetry, Literature, Oratory, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Dancing. I am the spirit of Comedy, the glamour of Romance, the veiled figure of Tragedy. I am grim Realism itself. I visualize the historic past. I make live again the great of other days—Caesar, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, Grant. In Shakespeare's mighty line I reveal Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe. In stately procession they pass—the majestic Lear, the gentle Rosalind, the crafty Shylock, the sinister Gloster, the ardent Romeo, the melancholy Dane, the ambitious Macbeth, the sportive Touchstone, the mischievous Puck.

I am the Drama, the grand, divine, eternal drama—the greatest of all teachers. All the world's my stage, all mankind my puppets. My message is human experience. The wise will profit by it. I am the Drama.

ARTHUR HORNBLOW

*From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg*

## THE SPIRIT OF MAY

*To the Theatre Magazine*

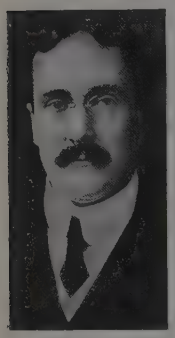
Dancing through the sun-lit days,
Like figures on a Grecian vase
Here is Beauty captured;
For through all recurring Mays
Spring shall hold in Beauty's ways
Youth and Joy enraptured.

So you came, with hope aglow,
Just a score of years ago,
With your arms full-laden
Gifts of pleasure to bestow—
Many spring-tides may you know,
Beauty's own hand-maiden!

ANNE PEACOCK

# CHORUS OF CONGRATULATION

*A few among the hundreds of complimentary messages sent to the* THEATRE MAGAZINE *on the occasion of its twentieth birthday*



HON. JAS. W. GERARD
*United States Ex-Ambassador to Germany*

LIFE would, indeed, be sad without music, the theatre and the movies. The THEATRE MAGAZINE has not only encouraged the best of these in a dignified way, but has done so in a most attractive way. The THEATRE MAGAZINE has given support to the stage, and pleasure and instruction to the public. Good luck to it!

James W. Gerard

MRS. SOTHERN and I desire to compliment the THEATRE MAGAZINE on its twentieth anniversary, on its constant standard of excellence and its consistent adherence to the best interests of the American stage.

E. H. Sothern

LONG life and continued success to the THEATRE MAGAZINE! One has only to refer to your files to see how much of vital interest in dramatic achievement has been worthily recorded by you during the past twenty years.

Thomas Wood Stevens.

ADMIRABLY conducted, ever true to its high ideals, always interesting, the THEATRE MAGAZINE is a credit both to journalism and the stage.

David Belasco

HON. A. E. SMITH,
*Governor of the State of New York*

I HAVE read the THEATRE MAGAZINE since it was founded. It has seemed to me to increase constantly in interest and quality.

Winthrop Ames

IT seems to me that the THEATRE MAGAZINE has deserved well of those who have at heart the best interests of the American stage. It has dealt sympathetically with the drama of today—especially with that of our own language and our own country, and it has shown an intelligent interest in the drama bequeathed to us by the past.

Brander Matthews

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE has been conducted with great skill and intelligence and is a valuable historical reflection of the character and achievements of the contemporary stage. Unlike most periodicals, its value increases as the years roll by. You are a record of the past as well as the present.

David Belasco

UNDER your intelligent and constructive guidance the THEATRE MAGAZINE has steadily and greatly grown in influence and public appreciation. Your publication has always been fair but fearless in its criticisms, never lowering its standard to profit by some passing fancy of the baser kind, but earnestly seeking to demonstrate that the stage could best insure lasting support by proving itself worthy of it. Its editorial policy has been the encouragement of decency and cleanliness in plays, and the proper recognition of the members of the theatrical profession, who have made such great contribution to charitable and patriotic effort. Permit me to extend my hearty felicitations.

HON. V. J. DOWLING
*Judge of the Supreme Court*

Victor J. Dowling

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

January 30, 1920.

Messrs. Louis and Paul Meyer,
6 East 39th Street,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

I congratulate you upon the completion of two decades of service to the stage during which you have endeavored to maintain the high standard of the theatre, elevate the tone of the stage and add dignity and prestige to the players' profession.

With best wishes for continued success in your chosen field, I am

Cordially yours,

Alfred E. Smith

Letter of Congratulation from the Hon. Alfred E. Smith, Governor of the State of New York

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE has always stood for dignity and high ideals in the theatre. Moreover, it has stood for them beautifully and interestingly. This is the real point. So many well-wishers of the theatre insist upon coupling dignity with dullness and idealism with dearth of ideas. The theatre, and every one connected with it, is certainly better for twenty years of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Channing Pollock

I HAVE taken your magazine since its first beginning and always found interest and enjoyment in its pages. It has always preserved the highest excellence with its attractive illustrations and the dignified tone of its reviews. I wish it as much success for the future.

Dan Warfield

TO have maintained unflinchingly the high standard set at the beginning of your career is an achievement of which you may be proud. To have fostered the art of the theatre by fearlessly denouncing all things tending to lower the dignity of the Drama or the Actor is cause for hearty congratulation, on this your twentieth anniversary.

Harrison Grey Fiske

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is one of the most enjoyable and interesting publications of the stage that I know of. Hearty congratulations on your continued success.

Victor Herbert

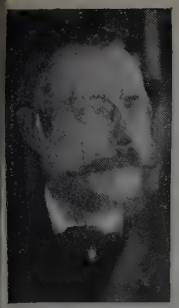
I HAVE known the THEATRE MAGAZINE practically its whole life. I remember it distinctly during its first few years. I recall how eagerly we watched it each month, saw it blazing new trails and wondered whether it would be able to get through. Even in those days it was a fine, self-respecting publication. It has come a long way since then, but it has ever maintained its high standard and made the place it now occupies uniquely its own.

Lee Shubert

I THINK that the United States is the only country in the world that possesses a magazine, solely devoted to the dramatic art, which is published with so much taste and edited with so much care. I am happy to extend my sincere congratulations on your twentieth anniversary and also my best wishes for the continuation of your well-merited success.

M. Maeterlinck

M. MAETERLINCK,
*The famous Belgian poet*



BRANDER MATTHEWS
*Professor of dramatic literature*

WINTHROP AMES
*Director of the Little Theatre*

MARGARET MAYO
*Noted writer of American farce*

AUGUSTUS THOMAS
*Dean of American dramatists*

MRS. FISKE
*Most distinguished of American actresses*

J. HARTLEY MANNERS
*Author of "Peg O' My Heart"*

JAMES G. HUNEKER
*Distinguished author and critic*

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE has every right to be jubilant at all times, particularly so on this its twentieth birthday. The theatrical profession may well be proud to be represented by so substantial a publication, devoting its energy and best efforts to the advancement and betterment of the stage.

Frank Bacon

I TAKE pleasure in adding my testimony to the cloud of witnesses who acclaim with pleasure the splendid service the THEATRE MAGAZINE has rendered to the dignity and prosperity of the American stage. I have read every number, I think, since you have published it, and always with pleasure and profit. Long may you wave!

Rupert Hughes

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, twenty years ago, declared its policy to "encourage everything that tends to elevate the tone of the stage and add to the dignity of the profession of the player." It seems to me that the promise has been faithfully fulfilled.

Minnie Maddern Fiske

FROM its start, I have read with peculiar pleasure and profit the THEATRE MAGAZINE which, thanks to your editorial ability, and the enterprise of the Messrs. Meyer, is the most superior publication of its kind. Congratulations on the two decades!

James Huneker

WHEN THE *THEATRE MAGAZINE* MADE ITS INITIAL BOW — OUR FIRST COVER

I CONGRATULATE you on the successful publication of the THEATRE MAGAZINE for twenty years. As a record of the theatre in America it is invaluable for the beauty of its design, and as a pictorial record of the changing modes of the mimic world, it is altogether admirable. My warmest wishes for your continued influence and prosperity.

Harry Mawer

NOT only has the THEATRE MAGAZINE made a consistent effort to present to its readers a comprehensive review of the activities of the theatre in all its branches, but it has also maintained as consistently a friendly and encouraging attitude towards those players and playwrights who give of their best to the theatre.

James T. Powers

IN the days to come when the historian looks back for an impartial record of the stage during the past twenty years, his first book of reference will undoubtedly be the THEATRE MAGAZINE. Its hearty approval of the best on the stage has given your publication an enviable reputation.

Edward Abeles

BIRTHDAY greetings and congratulations to you upon having made yourselves absolutely indispensable, not only to those who make, act and produce plays, but to those who depend upon these to relieve the grind of life.

Margaret Mayo

I WISH to congratulate you on reaching the twentieth anniversary of the publication of the THEATRE MAGAZINE and still more on your success in maintaining the high standard you set for yourselves when undertaking the task.

Robert Shaw

I CONGRATULATE you upon the twentieth birthday of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. The work of informing and instructing the public about dramatic art is a very desirable social welfare work, as it helps to educate and improve the community, gives them renewed strength to carry out their regular work and altogether is very beneficial, when it is carried out on the high plane on which your publication has been conducted. Best wishes for continued success.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN
*Banker and patron of the arts*

Adolph Lewisohn

THE Stage, the Dramatist and the Player all owe to the THEATRE MAGAZINE a great debt of gratitude. It can feel very proud of having lived up to its high ideals and left nothing undone to add to the dignity of the stage. It has carried out its purpose in a manner increasingly attractive and interesting, and takes its place today as the master of theatrical publications.

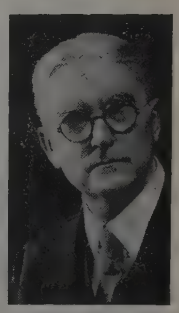
Cosmo Hamilton

MY best wishes for the continued success of the THEATRE MAGAZINE and your splendid management of it.

Augustus Thomas

THERE is no doubt that the theatre has a most profound and far-reaching effect upon the character of the people. A publication such as the THEATRE MAGAZINE, which has constantly endeavored to elevate the tone of the stage, deserves all encouragement and support.

J. Crane



FRANK CRANE
*Famous publicist and educator*

# TWENTY YEARS OF THEATREGOING

*Plays may come and plays may go,*
*but the theatre goes on forever*

By LOUIS V. DE FOE

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE'S celebration of its twentieth birthday anniversary is an unwelcome reminder that I, too, am growing old. Its advent into the field of the stage's periodical literature was nearly coincident with my entry among the dramatic critics of the New York daily press.

Old as we are growing together, we arrived a little too late at the centre of our native theatre's greatest enterprise. Already the brilliant first nights at Wallack's had become a tradition. The intrusion of melodrama at Daly's had marked the change from the reign of comedy that had made famous the theatre which, in its present decay, bears its famous founder's name. But Daniel Frohman's little Lyceum, sequestered in Fourth Avenue, was still bravely flying the frayed stock company banner, a rallying place for the best taste and the fashion of the town, and northward, in what then seemed the remote Forties, Charles Frohman at the Empire, compromising between art and commercialism, was reaching for Daly's fallen mantle which his eager fingers were destined never to grasp. With these exceptions few among the fast multiplying playhouses could boast an individuality distinct enough to distinguish them from the rest.

IN the diminishing importance which our cultured public gives to the first performances of new plays lies the most noticeable change, I think, that has taken place in our theatre in these twenty years. Once such events were public functions in New York's intellectual life. They brought together the leaders of the artistic and social world whose presence became an inspiration to the actors beyond the footlights. The verdict they passed upon the play could be accepted as a dependable expression of the city's best taste. But with the great increase in the number of theatres, which has kept pace with New York's amazing growth, has gradually come a change from the brilliant first night assemblages of other years. Now, unless you may be at the Belasco or the Globe or the Lyceum, which still keep up a pretence of the former custom, you are likely to find the hungry-eyed ticket speculator in the adjacent seat. You see him prowling in the smoking rooms and foyers between the acts, gathering from the comments of the crowd what stake will be safe to wager at the box office. For it has become largely the transient within our gates, emptied nightly from the overcrowded hotels, who sit in judgment on the play and decree whether it shall live or die. Meanwhile our native theatregoers, long penalized in the interest of the less discriminating taste of our sightseeing visitors, patronize the play more discreetly than of yore. Only at the opera is there an attempt to perpetuate those brilliant gala nights which once gave ceremonious welcome to new works of dramatic art.

In my confused memories of the years of constant playgoing that have intervened since the ink was wet on the pages of the first issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, there are impressions which still remain vivid. As I admired Ethel Barrymore's mature beauty and finished art in "Déclasée" at the Empire one evening last fall, my thoughts went back to the night at the Garrick, twenty seasons distant, when, as a young girl just out of her teens, she first proved her right to a place among the stars.

CLYDE FITCH'S comedy, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," was the play that night and Miss Barrymore, girlish and captivating and wonderously attractive, was impersonating Mme. Trentoni, the opera singer who was the heroine of Mr. Fitch's story. Only slight preference had been given to her on the programme, but the tumult of the audience after the second act was too significant to be ignored. Charles Frohman was quick to recognize the justice of the popular acclaim. On her way to the theatre a few nights later, Miss Barrymore was surprised to see her name in glittering electric letters over the Garrick's entrance, for it told her that one goal of her youthful ambition had been reached. How well she and her brothers have since lived up to the famous family name!

We do not often realize at the moment the full meaning of some of the events of the passing show. On that distant night at the old Bijou, for instance—the year was 1901—when David Warfield acted Simon Levi in "The Auctioneer," we hardly suspected what his newly formed association with David Belasco held in store for another generation of playgoers. Rather, we marvelled that a comic actor, stepping suddenly from the riotous fun of the then triumphant Weber and Fields Music Hall, could reveal such depths of homely pathos and human emotion. Three years later, Mr. Warfield again held a first audience in the emotional grip of his Anton Von Barwig in "The Music Master" and became acknowledged generally as the most popular stage favorite of his day. His finest accomplishment as an artist, though, was still before him in his touching and spiritual embodiment of the ghostly presence of old Peter Grimm.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S recent comedy, "Clarence," stirs memories of the night at the Herald Square Theatre when Richard Mansfield, in the romantic play made from "Monsieur Beaucaire," introduced him among the writers for the stage. Its production was one of the happy events of Mansfield's career. The audience had been applauding rapturously and calling for the young author, and the star had been compelled to step out of his character long enough to explain that Tarkington was nowhere to be found. As I hurried from the theatre after the third act I suddenly came upon him. Unmindful of the great success of his play, he was standing on the Broadway curb, nonchalantly sharing a banana with a grateful cab horse.

David Belasco, who had already astonished New York by his stupenduously costly production of "Du Barry," with Mrs. Leslie Carter as the temperamental heroine, followed this triumph later by a beautiful production of John Luther Long's "The Darling of The Gods"—another of the memorable incidents of these early years of the new century. As we watched its Oriental scenes unfold in a crescendo of exotic loveliness, we thought that the limit of the stage's decorative art had been achieved. Blanche Bates had come out of "Madame Butterfly" to impersonate its Japanese heroine, "Yo-San." About this time, Mrs. Fiske, at the old Manhattan Theatre, had undertaken the direction of her artistic affairs and her production of Paul Heyes's Biblical drama, "Mary of Magdala," had become the first of a series of plays that upheld the older and better traditions of our stage. The classic drama was not then quite so much neglected as it is today. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry came frequently from London to appear in the masterpieces of English dramatic art, and there was also Richard Mansfield to serve, eccentrically perhaps, the stage's higher ideals. Then, Edward H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, in 1904, formed the alliance which has continued until now and their first appearance together in "Much Ado," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet," added another brilliant page to the history of the Knickerbocker Theatre.

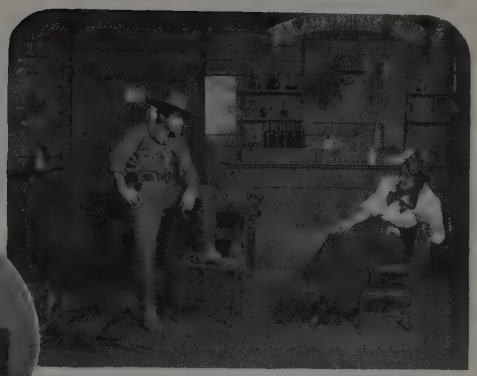
ABOUT this time came the famous reign of "Peter Pan," J. M. Barrie's beautiful fantasy of child life which captivated all who came under its spell. Will any one who was fortunate enough to have been in the Empire's brilliant audience on that memorable November night in 1905 ever forget Maude Adams's triumph as the little boy who would not grow up and who flew through the window to live with the elfs and fairies in the Never-Never-Never Land? I think not. In all my years in the theatre I can recall no other product of a dramatist's fancy which so completely conquered the hearts of the public. Its only rival among plays dealing with child life has been that other masterpiece of mingled philosophy and fancy, Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," which enriched our theatre a few seasons later.

Perhaps time has magnified the interest of some of these old experiences as I now recall them. But it seems to me that the years from 1904 to 1908 were exceptionally prolific in plays, especially by comparatively new native authors, which dignified the theatre as an art. George Ade had been known chiefly as a writer of humorous narrative fiction before "The College Widow" convulsed audiences at the Hudson Theatre a whole year by its witty satire of freshwater college youth—a comedy which, in its field, has not since been excelled.

In 1905 another phenomenal stage success, Charles Klein's drama "The Lion and the Mouse," was seen for the first time. This play caught the popular fancy because it came at the psychological moment—at a time when the sensational Life Insurance investigations were startling the country. Public distrust was aroused. Multi-

"The Music Master"—David Warfield as the well-beloved teacher, a rôle which served him for sixteen years

Montgomery and Stone made millions laugh in "The Wizard of Oz"



Robert Hilliard and Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West," a play put to music by Puccini

Maude Adams as Peter Pan

"Within the Law"—a stirring drama of crook life with Jane Cowl as the department store girl who became a figure in the underworld

"The Merry Widow" waltz that set all America dancing

Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in "The Great Divide," said to be the best play written by an American

Wallace Eddinger in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a surprise comedy that set the fashion for many plays

"Twin Beds," the most successful of the many pajama and negligée bedroom farces

"On Trial" a melodrama written backwards—a novelty borrowed from the movies

THE BIGGEST SUCCESSES OF TWENTY YEARS

millionaires were being made overnight. Men asked each other: "Where did he get it?" To some people the play gave the answer, and millions crowded to see Grace Elliston as the daughter bravely fighting to rescue her father, the stainless, fearless judge, from the clutches of the merciless money magnate, forcibly portrayed by Edmund Breese.

Out of the unknown came also, about this time, Langdon Mitchell to write for Mrs. Fiske the sparkling satire of New York social life, "The New York Idea"—though the promise of that smart comedy has not since been fulfilled. Of more serious interest and sturdier fibre was "The Witching Hour," the first of a series of dramas by Augustus Thomas dealing with metaphysical themes and the unseen world, which finally gave to the theatre his notable excursion into the unexplored domain of mental science, "As A Man Thinks."

I do not remember that there was much expectancy in the audience on the night when Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, at the little upstairs Princess Theatre—not our present tiny temple of intimate musical comedy—produced "The Great Divide." The chilling warning had gone out that its author was a western college professor who had a problem to present. But before the night was half over William Vaughn Moody was recognized as a dramatist of immense possibilities whose first play was a work of remarkable insight and power. Within a week the story of Stephen Ghent and Ruth Jordan was being discussed everywhere in New York where people meet for the intellectual interchange of opinions. Moody's death, which occurred not long after, deprived the native theatre of an author of undoubted genius.

EUGENE WALTER'S "The Easiest Way," came somewhat later. Its bitter story, which traced the downward plunge of its perverted heroine, Laura Murdock, whom Frances Starr impersonated with singular emotional power, provoked a lively controversy among the critics, but it nevertheless has a place among the notable plays of native origin. If I had been doubtful of the moral application of its repellent theme, I would have been convinced of my mistake straightway by an incident which took place in the lobby of the Belasco Theatre on the opening night. About that time a millionaire, one of the most conspicuous figures in the dissolute life of Broadway, had been jilted by a beautiful woman of his fast set for a man who had once been his friend. As the audience was leaving the pair suddenly met, the man scornful and vindictive, the woman agitated and pale. "Take heed of that woman on the stage," he warned her, "for she is you! Everything you have on, my money has bought. Why you are even wearing my hair! What has happened in this play is in store for you, and you will deserve it well!" In two years his solemn prophesy had been completely fulfilled.

Among the foreign plays of unusual interest at about this time was Henri Bernstein's "The Thief," in which Margaret Illington gave her electrically charged impersonation of Marie-Louise Voysin at the Lyceum—the Forty-fifth Street successor to Daniel Frohman's old Fourth Avenue playhouse. Then came the Parisian actress, Mme. Simone, to challenge the American star in the same rôle, only to meet with one of the direst failures of a decade. Now, too—it was in 1907—Richard Mansfield made the impressive production of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, which was the last rôle in which he was to appear, for this brilliant but uncertain genius died in the following year. Charles Rann Kennedy's symbolical drama satirizing religious hypocrisy, "The Servant in the House," the first of a cycle of seven plays, six of which were never written, should not be omitted from this mental ramble through the past.

NOVEMBER 8, 1919 must be set apart as one of the memorable nights in the whole history of the American stage—memorable because it marked the beginning of the American stage's most gigantic failure. On that night before as brilliant an audience as ever assembled in New York, and with befitting ceremonies, the New Theatre set out on its career of folly. "Antony and Cleopatra" was the opening bill. Sothern and Marlowe were the cast. For the millionaire patrons of dramatic art who had built the impressive temple in Central Park West, and for the expectant public, the event was rich in promise. The dream of a National Theatre was about to be realized! America's counterpart of France's House of Molière had arrived!

Then the awakening! In two brief seasons nearly a half million dollars had been sunk to demonstrate the fallacy that a monument to a nation's dramatic art can be builded from the top. I need not go into details concerning this hapless adventure which was doomed to failure even at its inception. The memories of its struggle are not pleasant to recall. It accomplished, indeed, a few creditable things. John Galsworthy's "Strife" and Pinero's "The Thunderbolt" were not unworthy even of its high pretentions. But a national theatre must have its roots planted in firmer substance than a millionaire's fantastic dream.

In all these years of playgoing which stretch back through the period of the THEATRE MAGAZINE'S life, I have witnessed only one disturbance in the theatre on the audience's side of the footlights. Whatever be its aesthetic preferences, New York is on its best behavior when it attends the play. The blot on its exemplary record of two decades came one night when an audience of pugnacious Irishmen which packed Maxine Elliot's Theatre carried out its promise to wreak vengeance upon J. M. Synge's comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World." Assafoetida and decayed fruit filled the air, while jeers and catcalls drowned the voices of Lady Gregory's Players from the Abbey Theatre of Dublin.

What could have been the objection to this fanciful and harmless play has always remained incomprehensible to me, but I suspect it was provoked by political and religious prejudice. Until the police took command of the situation and threw the protesting Irishmen out, the wildest pandemonium reigned and the actors were driven from the stage.

I recall one powerful figure in blue who gathered up armsful of struggling rioters and tossed them carelessly into the street. Each time he strode up the aisle with two offenders in his vise-like grip he was greeted with cheers by noncombatants who delighted in his exhibitions of nerve and strength. He was destined soon afterwards to figure in one of the most famous murder trials in New York's history, for he was Lieut. Charles Becker who was executed in the electric chair in Sing Sing Prison.

Reminiscences of these theatre nights should properly include other events of the stage's more recent history. An average of one hundred and thirty plays a year, rubbish though the majority of them must be, gives ample food for reflection. Among such events were Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law," a melodrama in which Jane Cowl scored a sensational success; Edward Knoblock's fantastic "Kismet," made from the "One-Thousand-And-One Nights," in which Otis Skinner played Hajj, the beggar who became a Grand Vizier; J. Hartley Manners' "Peg o' My Heart," in which Laurette Taylor, now Mrs. Manners, first won the affection of our public.

NOR can we forget Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's spiritual "Hamlet," the most distinguished embodiment of the Prince of Denmark since the time of Edwin Booth; Granville Barker's eccentric experiment in dramatic impressionism at Wallack's which gave to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the troupe of gold-fairies which the late William Winter said resembled animated steam radiators; "On Trial," a successful experiment in the art of writing a play backwards; Augustus Thomas's "The Copperhead" which, though it sagged in the middle, first brought the true personality of Abraham Lincoln into our theatre, notwithstanding that the Great Emancipator was not represented among its characters. Was it not prophetic of the great success of John Drinkwater's drama in the present season?

And how about "The Jest" and "John Ferguson"? But now I am trespassing upon the present time and I must not forget that a retrospect is supposed to deal with the past.

*H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" gives himself away to the detective by opening the vault to save the child*

*Otis Skinner as the villainous Hajj in the sumptuous Oriental spectacle "Kismet"*

*Frances Starr and Joseph Kilgour in "The Easiest Way," Eugene Walter's daring drama of courtesan life in New York*

*Laurette Taylor as the beloved Irish "Peg O' My Heart"*

*Grace Elliston and Edmund Breese in "The Lion and the Mouse," a play dealing with the power of corrupt wealth which proved one of the biggest theatrical successes on record*

*Charles Richman as the millionaire and Julia Dean as the girl in "Bought and Paid For"*

*"Du Barry" a stupendously costly production with Mrs. Leslie Carter as Louis XV's famous mistress*

*John Mason and George Nash in "The Witching Hour," the first of Augustus Thomas' plays dealing with metaphysical themes*

*Molly Pearson as Bunty and Sanderson Moffat as Weelum in the Scotch comedy "Bunty Pulls the Strings"*

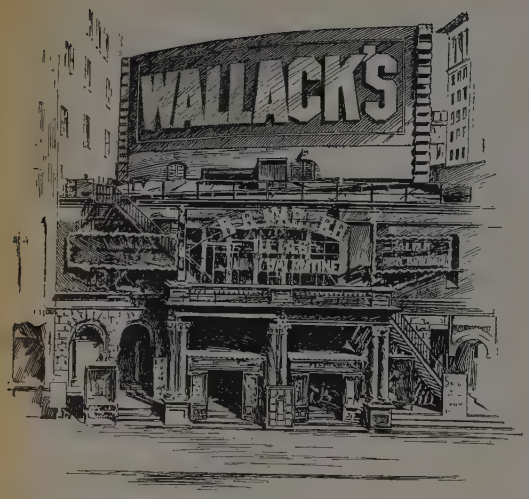
*Cyril Maude in his noted characterization of the irascible, loveable and wide-awake Grumpy*

## MORE PLAYS THAT REVIVE THEATRICAL MEMORIES

# Theatres Gone But Not Forgotten

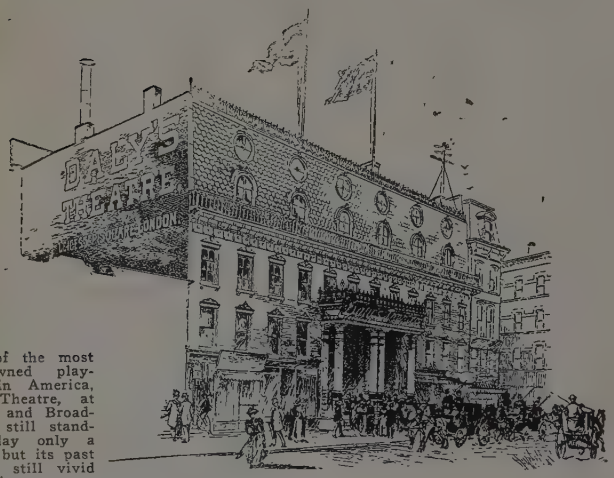
*Where Playgoers Flocked Twenty Years Ago*

IN 1900 New York could boast of only 20 theatres of the first class. Today it has no fewer than 50, more than any other city in the world. The Madison Square Theatre is among the most famous of those that have now disappeared. Situated on West 24th St., between Broadway and Sixth Ave., this historic house was the home of such tremendous successes as "Hazel Kirke," "Jim the Penman" and "Held By the Enemy." It was finally demolished in 1907. The Manhattan Theatre, at the corner of 33rd St. and Sixth Ave., is another interesting playhouse of other days. First opened in 1875, it was originally known as the Standard. Here "H. M. S. Pinafore" was seen Jan. 15, 1879, for the first time in New York. Rice's "Evangeline" followed in 1880.




THE fourth playhouse controlled by the Wallack family, this theatre at 30th St. and Broadway was opened Jan. 4, 1882. A novel feature of its earlier days was a bar-room in the basement with English barmaids in attendance. "The Silver King" was seen here for the first time. A. M. Palmer secured the lease in 1888. The famous burlesque "1492" was seen here in 1894. In 1896 Palmer retired and the name Wallack's was restored. The theatre was demolished in 1915

THIS theatre, at the corner of Broadway and 35th St., was first opened in 1883 as the New Park. Later Harrigan took a lease and produced "Old Lavender," "Pete" and other successes. The name was changed to the Herald Square in 1895. The following year Belasco's play "The Heart of Maryland" was produced here. Lew Fields was the final lessee. The house was torn down in 1912.




ONE of the most renowned playhouses in America, Daly's Theatre, at 30th St. and Broadway, is still standing, today only a derelict, but its past triumphs still vivid in public memory. Originally known as Wood's Museum, the house passed in 1879 into the hands of Augustin Daly whose fine stock company was seen in a brilliant repertoire which appealed to the most refined and intellectual *clientèle* in the country. After Daly's death in 1899 the house gradually declined.

FIRST American home of "The Mascot," one of the most famous operettas ever written, the Bijou, a deep, narrow theatre on Broadway, between 30th and 31st Sts., was long known as one of the worst fire traps in town. The Hoyt farces, "A Brass Monkey," etc., were produced here. Other successes were "Charley's Aunt" and "The Climbers." The theatre went out of existence in 1915.

IN 1861 Wallack moved up to 13th St., where a new house had been built for him. Re-establishing here his splendid stock company, the new Wallack's remained for many years the City's leading theatre. In 1881, on Wallack's surrendering the lease, the house was renamed the Star. A number of important engagements followed, including Irving, Bernhardt, Mary Anderson, etc. Here also was seen for the first time the war play "Shenandoah," one of the biggest money makers in theatrical history.

THE Lyceum, a cosy theatre on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fourth St., was originally built for a school of acting. Daniel Frohman secured control in 1887 and organized a stock company which, for fifteen years, was highly popular. Conspicuous successes at this house were "The Wife," "Lord Chumley," "Sweet Lavender," "The Charity Ball." The house was demolished in 1902.

From a photograph by Abbe

## RUTH CHATTERTON

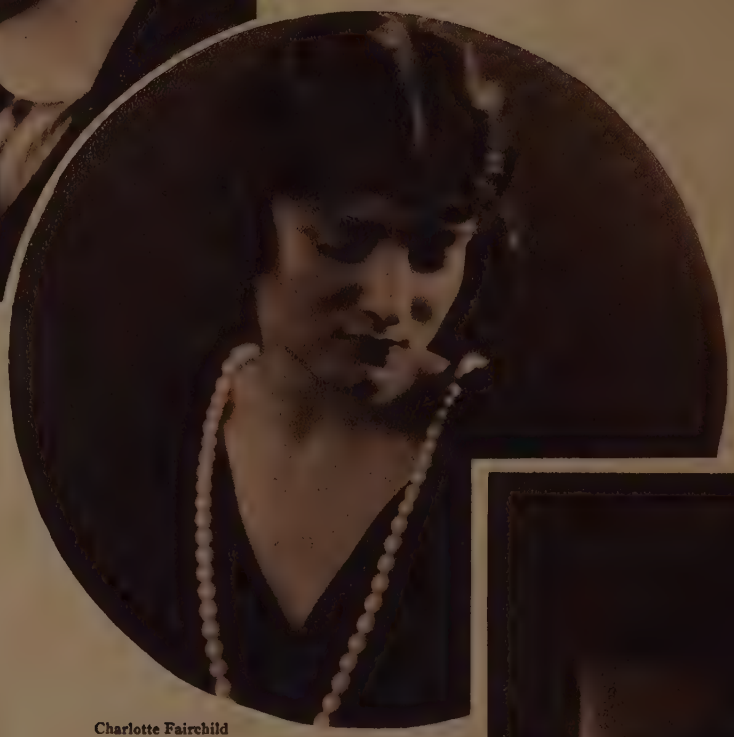
*The fortunate young star who shone at twenty and has continued to shine. Her successive vehicles have been "Daddy Long Legs," "Come Out of the Kitchen," "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," and "Just Suppose." Henry Miller, the sponsor of the star, discovered her through her voice and engaged her over the telephone to play Cynthia in "The Rainbow."*

# A TRIO MAINLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SUCCESS OF "BUDDIES"

Campbell

DONALD BRIAN

*The popular player who is now co-star in "Buddies"*



Charlotte Fairchild

PEGGY WOOD

*With grace, charm and a lovely voice it is little wonder that Julie in "Buddies" is as pretty figure as has trod the boards this season*

RALPH MORGAN

*Whose characterisation of Babe in "Buddies" is a rare treat*

Hixon-Connelly

From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

## NANCE O'NEIL

*One of our most distinguished actresses who has added another to her long list of successes by her portrayal of Raimunda the soul-wracked wife in "The Passion Flower"*

From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton

## GENEVIEVE HAMPER

*A native of Michigan, this charming player made her stage début as a young girl without experience with Robert Mantell in "The Merchant of Venice." Her success as Ophelia in 1913 led to her promotion as leading woman of the tragedian which dignity she has assumed ever since. All Shakespeare's heroines are included in the repertoire of this popular actress who is Mrs. Mantell in private life*

From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton

ROBERT B. MANTELL

*Who has carried the mantle of Shakespeare triumphantly through the United States, is a Scotchman by birth. He made his American début in 1878 in support of Modjeska in "Romeo and Juliet." His repertoire was mainly "romantic" until 1901 when he started on his first tour as an avowed classic star. In 1904 he won great success as "Richard III" and in 1905 appeared in his famous rôle "King Lear"*

Mishkin

**WALLACE EDDINGER**

*Who hit the bull's-eye of success again as Reginald Carter in "Wedding Bells"*

**MARGARET LAWRENCE**

*The delightful comedienne who added much to the joy of "Wedding Bells"*

© Ira L. Hill

**LENORE ULRIC**

*The star and main reason for the popularity of "The Son-Daughter"*

**INA CLAIRE**

*Delighting theatregoers this season by her portrayal of the chorus girl in "The Gold Diggers"*

© Ira L. Hill

## BRIGHT STARS OF THIS SEASON

From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

## FLORENCE SHIRLEY

*The chic little widow of "Apple Blossoms" has scored one of the outstanding personal successes of the season. Her first venture in the musical field was in "Oh, Lady, Lady!" Previous to that she had been seen on the dramatic stage as leading woman with Henry Miller, as the Flapper in "Bunker Bean," as Ruth in "Along Came Ruth" and with the John Craig Stock Company in Boston*

From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

## HELENE KANDERS

*Having scored many notable triumphs in grand opèra abroad, this well-known dramatic soprano will shortly begin an American concert tour. Although born in California she acquired most of her training as a singer in Europe where her personality and remarkable voice won her many admirers*

# THE ADVANCE IN SCENIC ART

*New men with new ideas infuse the modern spirit into the theatre*

*By* CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

WHAT would the managers our fathers knew think of the progress we have made in scenic art?

What would Augustin Daly and Maurice Grau say, if they saw them, of the changes twenty years or so have wrought in our ways of staging operas and plays?

What would they think of Robert Jones and Anisfeld, of Wenger and Urban and Lee Simonson?

How they would hum and haw at the perversities of Pogany and Livingston Platt. With what auger Grau (good, thrifty soul) would stare at the rich rose and scarlet symphonies of Bel-Geddes at the Metropolitan. And Daly might be even more disturbed by the Shakespearian trappings at the Plymouth Theatre.

Perhaps, in time—as they were both intelligent, they would grow reconciled to our strange, modern stage. It might bewilder them at first—no doubt it would. But in a month or two they might get used to it.

Besides, if it upset them very much, they could find plenty of the art they were accustomed to on Broadway. Most managers still cling to their old painted hills and dales, to their mock-realistic libraries and wrinkled skies. Most try to reproduce, not to suggest, the facts of nature and of archaeology. Those who now swear by the new scenic art are a minority. Some scoff at it. Some squirm and compromise.

But no one now would dare to show us scenes which, twenty years ago, would have seemed more than adequate. Gone, gone forever, are those shaky "wings." Gone are the rooms to which there were no ceilings. The public still accepts some mock realities; the boxed-in rooms and painted woodland scenes. But only when they are so well conceived that they produce at least a strong illusion.

Stage decorators of the modern type have many standards. For, though we lump the men whom I have named as modernists, they differ widely as to their art and aims. In one respect, however, they agree. They scorn the old, bald, flimsy scenic shams.

It is quite possible, of course, to go too far in modernism; to overdo simplicity or suggestiveness; or, (sinning in another way) to spoil a play by sheer extravagance and riotous fantasy.

What are the aims of the new scenic art?

They vary, as the artists who create it vary. One group attempts to give us moods in scenery. Another is content to give us beauty. The ultra-modernists, like Gordon Craig, seek the expression of great things by simple means. Long years ago we looked on scenes, stage scenes, as backgrounds. But now we think of them as more than that—or should, according to some stage authorities.

For instance. In a recent interview I had with him, Richard Ordynski, Max Reinhardt's former aid, now stage director at the Metropolitan, attributed a deep and real significance to what, in other days, we called "accessories."

"We should not look on scenes as backgrounds only," said Mr. Ordynski. "They should be complements of plays and aids to authors. They never should distract the ear or eye from spoken words or from dramatic action. Stage settings, on the modern plan, should suit the author's moods and atmosphere. They should, in short, not seem accessories, but part and parcel of the plays themselves.

"To illustrate just what I mean, suppose I take a scene in Goethe's 'Faust.' In the first act we find the doctor in his study, railing at learning and philosophy. What setting is best suited.

"The old way would have been to design a room with walls on which one would have seen weird objects—painted. The audience would have been so much absorbed in the stage scene, that it would not have listened to the words of Faust.

"A little later, the impressionistic scene-painter would have paid less attention to the walls. To suggest the studies of the learned doctor, he would have shown only musty tomes and gruesome skeletons, retorts, alembics, newts and lizards. But this would not have helped the play. For while the audience marvelled at mere properties, it would have missed the words that Faust was speaking.

"The right and modern way, as we believe, would be to devise a scene which, while suggesting an environment of appropriate character, would not prevent the concentration of the audience on essential things. Faust might be reading, at a desk or table. A lamp would throw a light upon his face. Behind and round him there would be vague gloom. Then all would have their minds fixed on the drama, and nobody would fail to hear the words. Of course, my theory refers to plays, not opera—which is at best a hybrid form of art."

In practice, though, the modern scene painters have various plans. They are all supposed to express moods and "atmosphere." But some are more concerned with making pictures, while others almost seem psychologists.

The sensuous art of Urban is in its own way as modern as the far subtler and more spiritual art of our own Robert Jones.

The color schemes of Urban are often beautiful. But they are first and foremost forthright color schemes, and only incidentally assist the author. Indeed, at times they are so rich and fine, that as in the case of Sheldon's "Garden of Paradise," they kill the play. Urban in some of his more tender scenes, recalls the lovely tones of Maxwell Parrish. His gardens are rare dreams of unreal flowers, of trailing boughs, ablaze with wondrous blossoms. His palace halls are gorgeous miracles. His landscapes look like magnified easel pictures. They are planned for their own sake, in many instances. Not for the play, not to assist the author. And, for this reason, some object to them. They make some plays subservient to the scenes.

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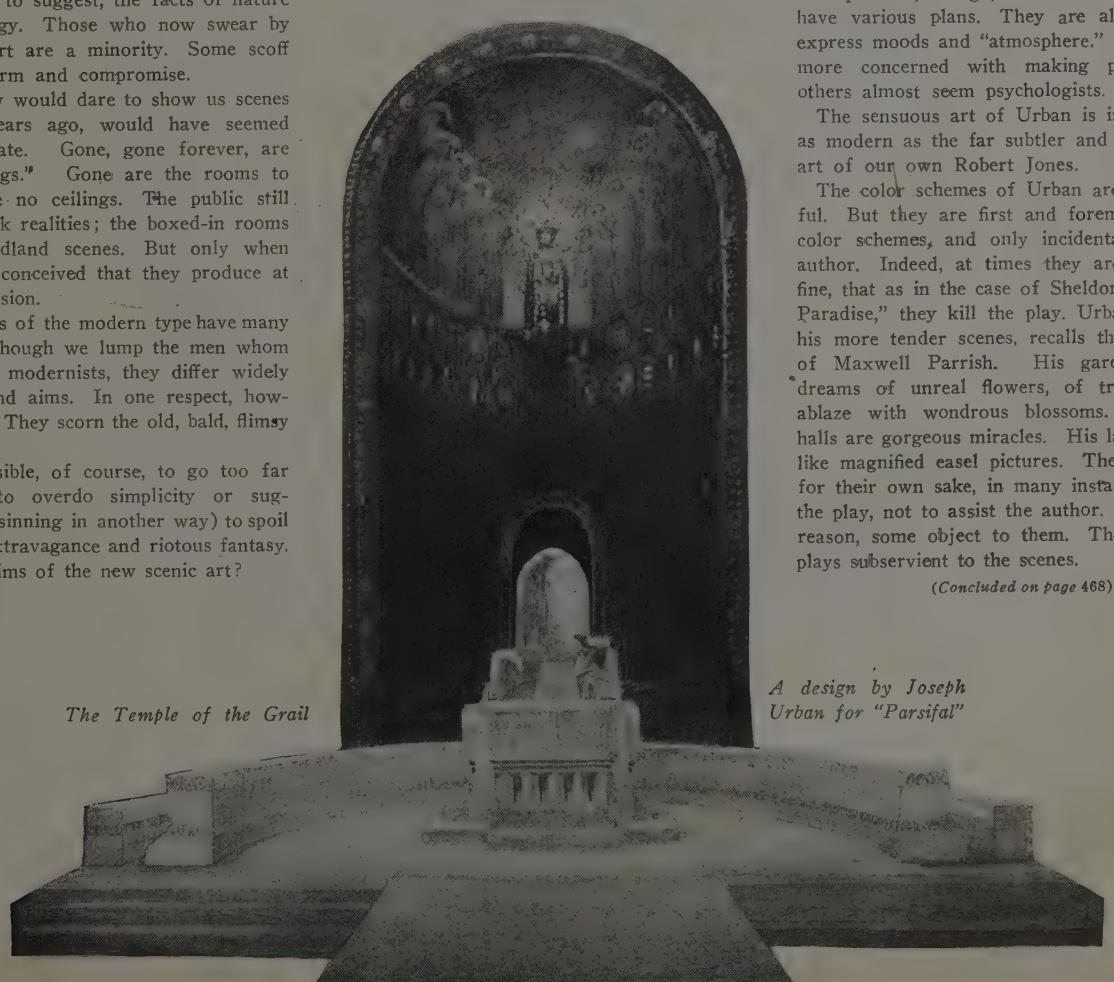


*The Temple of the Grail* — *A design by Joseph Urban for "Parsifal"*

# DRAMATIC CRITICISM—THEN AND NOW

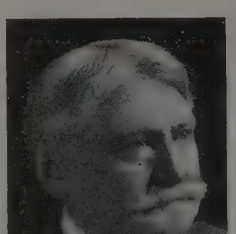
*Writers of the serious school compared with the more flippant theatrical scribes of the present day*

*By* JAMES L. FORD
*Author of "The Literary Shop," etc.*

ONE of the most ardently coveted posts within the gift of a newspaper proprietor is that of dramatic critic. That it is also one of the most difficult for the proprietor satisfactorily to fill is shown by the long tenure of office enjoyed by those who have served in that capacity with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their readers. Consult the archives of nearly any metropolitan daily and it will be found that the official life of a dramatic critic is about four times as long as that of the city or managing editor.

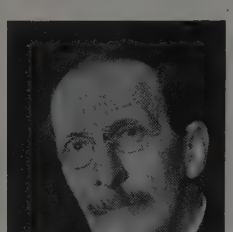
Dramatic critics are few in number but of great variety. There are critics honest and dishonest; old and young; wise and unlearned; serious and flippant and there are many degrees in each class.

In the early days of my acquaintance with the theatre there were many venal critics, some of whom were notoriously on the salary lists of conspicuous playhouses. More than one out-of-town newspaper, and at least one in New York, maintained job printing plants that specialized in theatrical printing and these were not without influence on the dramatic columns.



*William Winter*

*Edward A. Dithmar*



*John Ranken Towse*

AMERICAN DRAMATIC REVIEWERS WHOSE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISMS HAVE ENRICHED OUR DRAMATIC LITERATURE

THE critic of one of the leading New York journals was also the compiler of a volume composed of excerpts from such books as "David Copperfield" and "Oliver Twist," selected with but scant discrimination and called, "The Best Thoughts of Charles Dickens." The dramatic profession has always been a great whispering gallery for the dissemination of information, and it did not take its members long to realize that the quickest and surest path to this critic's favor lay through the purchase of a copy of "The Best Thoughts of Charles Dickens." When a company reached Buffalo on its way to New York, the minor players usually found it expedient to send five dollars for a copy of this valuable work while the stars were expected to take two or three, with the explanation, "one for my own library and the others for certain ladies who swear by your criticisms." There were undoubtedly, "libraries" in those days that contained nothing but a scrapbook and a row of "Best Thoughts."

I recall another member of the critical craft who could not be bribed, but when a manager offered, with becoming gravity, to bet him that Broadway was half a mile wide, he would take the wager, the two would pace off the distance and the critic would find himself richer by fifty dollars because of his acumen in estimating space by the eye. But conditions have changed for the better since then and if there is a single dishonest critic now employed on a New York newspaper I have yet to learn his name.

WITH the exception of John Ranken Towse, of the *Evening Post*, the last survivor of the school of serious criticism to which William Winter, of the *Tribune*, and Edward A. Dithmar, of the *Times*, belonged, the critics of the press of today are young or middle-aged men.

William Winter was a man of letters in the true sense of a term that has become almost obsolete since civilization ceased to have any particular use for it. In American literature he occupied a place not inferior to that held in England by Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. For over half a century he devoted his life to the best interests of the drama. His criticisms, though often written hurriedly on the night of a performance, may be compared with the more leisurely literary essays of his contemporary, George William Curtis. His knowledge of the Shakespearean and other classic dramas was prodigious, and his writings may be read today with infinite pleasure and profit. As the THEATRE MAGAZINE truly said at the time of his death:

"His vituperation and his praise were often out of proportion. He loved those who aimed high and whose lives were amiable. Personal affection commanded too much, perhaps, of his genius. But he was genuine. He has provided fame for many, but they were of the best of his day. Perhaps no other period of the English-speaking stage has been covered more voluminously and comprehensively than he has done it—forty years of the American stage, in which acting genius at least flourished and was close to the people and worthy of record."

MR. Dithmar, who for many years made the dramatic page of the New York *Times* one of the most interesting and valuable features of that successful newspaper, was another admirable critic of the serious school. An earnest student of the drama, steeped in its literature and traditions, his criticisms—forceful, virile and authoritative—commanded instant attention and respect.

Mr. Towse, a scholarly critic of sound judgment, has been rendering good service to the readers of the New York *Evening Post* since 1874. What a wealth of theatrical memories to draw on! A critic with an unblemished record of nearly half a century—that surely is something to be proud of.

THIS brings us to the inevitable discussion as to the relative merits of the critic of long experience and his younger colleague.

The memory of the veteran is a treasure house of knowledge that gives him a great advantage in that it enables him to compare the players of today with those of the past. He can recall the tragic splendor of Edwin Booth, the virile force of McCullough, the versatility of Fechter. Salvini's acting as "Othello" in the scene in which "Iago" implants in his mind suspicions of "Desdemona's" fidelity is unforgettable, as is the scene in "Jim the Penman" in which Agnes Booth realizes that "Jim" is a forger. The critic of an elder day has standards of comparison in his recollection of the classic English comedies presented by Mr. Wallack's company and the perfect harmony achieved by Mr. Daly's thoroughly trained actors. In his judgment of the possibilities of farcical entertainment he can be guided by the satiric wit that illumined Charlie Hoyt's delightful work—a wit that was always aimed at some current foible and seldom failed to hit the target. He has an equally vivid recollection of the emotional gifts of Clara Morris and the humor of the Harrigan and Hart type of entertainment. He has seen the great plays of the past as well as the players and can recognize them when they turn up in new form. Moreover, he has known many actors and actresses and learned from them those tricks of the stage which the inexperienced so often mistake for the player's art.

THE young critic, on the other hand, is liable to all the blunders common to the novice. With a less mature outlook on life, his writing necessarily lacks the authority of the older critic. He is apt to be over impressed by the skill of the star in taking and holding the centre of the stage, and it is difficult for him to detect the early indications of talent because he does not know on what to base his opinion. He knows little or nothing of stage traditions. Never having seen the great actors, he has no standard to go by and in discussing the classic drama he is obviously at a disadvantage compared with his more experienced colleague. As for the old stage devices they are new to him, and if that ancient provoker of mirth, the trick staircase, were to come tottering on the stage today bowed with years and infirmity, he would greet it as a novel and wholesome dispeller of grief, while the older critic would behold it through dimmed eyes as his mind took him back to the old minstrel sketch which gave it birth.

But the young critic has this advantage over his more experienced confrère. He is as young as the average of his audiences and consequently closer in touch with their tastes. If the critic

*Grace George as the blind Louise and Margaret Illington as Henriette in the all star revival of "The Two Orphans." New Amsterdam Theatre, April,* 1904.

*Constance Collier as Nancy, Nat C. Goodwin as Fagin, Marie Doro as Oliver, Lyn Harding as Bill Sykes in the all star production of "Oliver Twist." New Amsterdam Theatre, April,* 1912.

*The all star members of the famous Weber and Fields burlesque company from a picture taken just before that famous organization ceased to exist. From left to right: De Wolf Hopper, Lillian Russell, Lew Fields, John T. Kelly, Frita Williams, Fay Templeton, Sam Bernard, Lee Harrison, Bessie Clayton, Joe Weber*

*All star revival of "A Celebrated Case" at the Empire Theatre, April,* 1915. *From left to right: Robert Warwick, Eugene O'Brien, Elita Proctor Otis, Florence Reed, Nat C. Goodwin, Otis Skinner, Ann Murdock, Frederick de Belleville, Minna Gale Haynes*

© Charles Frohman

*(left to right) Sidney Drew, George Holland, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Louis James, Eleanor Robson, Kyrle Bellew, Isabel Irving, Frank Mills in a noteworthy all star production of "She Stoops to Conquer," New Amsterdam Theatre April,* 1905.

## WHEN STARS CONDESCEND TO BE MERE ACTORS

*Famous All-Star Casts in Famous Plays*

should be led by his readers instead of leading them, we must admit that the younger writer is better fitted for his job than the critic of the old school who stands obstinately for certain standards and tries to make the public understand and appreciate them. But today theatregoers seem as indifferent to canons of art as they are to the League of Nations. I am bound to say that I hear the younger writers quoted more frequently than the older ones, and I suspect that their opinions have greater weight with our adolescent public.

THIS is regrettable, as their work, which should, through enlightenment, raise the standard of popular taste, merely reflects a vapid current opinion and stamps immature judgment with the seal of its approval. It is unfortunate, too, that the deplorable decay of our much-vaunted "national sense of humor" should have permitted various persons of the type called "smart alecks" to pose in the public prints as wits. Largely speaking, the newspaper proprietors of today are quite in accord with their readers in this lack of humorous perception. One may well doubt if they themselves are habitual theatregoers, for they concern themselves more with their shipping, financial, real estate and other departments each one of which is of special value to a limited class, than with the stage, which is of universal appeal.

THE period of apprenticeship to any craft—whether preaching, or skating, or criticism—is fraught with danger, and the embryo critic must make his mistakes and profit by them in the end. He must remember that arrayed against his ingenuous mind are thousands of other intelligences, all anxious for his undoing. Not to mention the vast army of college graduates and newspaper men who would like his job, there are managers, press agents and the bulk of the theatrical profession, who will quickly learn the weak spot in his armor, whether it be personal vanity, the belief that he knows it all or the sympathy that springs from a kindly heart. Space does not permit a complete enumeration of the weapons that will be aimed against him, but the most deadly of all is the tearful whine of the young actress about the temptations of her calling and the conspiracy of managers, critics and actors that stands in the way of her success. Confirming this is the signficant remark of the theatrical mother that 'if Mamie had chosen to do what them others do, she'd be up where some of them are now."

Thoughtful criticism is of greater value than the flippant kind to those interested in the stage and should be of equal value to the actor—when he'll take the trouble to read it. A great deal of the flippant criticism now current in our newspapers is made to serve only as a peg on which to hang the writer's special brand of humor. But I do not think that flippancy, even when it is unfair or the result of personal animosity, seriously injures the player, except with the manager; yet that is the kind that the actors themselves read and talk about. A public that has seen and liked his work finds its liking intensified by the attack, and not even the sharpest jibes can weaken his art or rob him of anything save some of the vanity which is his besetting sin.

SERIOUS criticism endures where the other perishes. The collected criticisms of William Winter, the theatrical reminiscences of Henry Austin Clapp, the writings of John Ranken Towse, will be read with profit and enjoyment by future generations of playgoers long after the more ephemeral reviews of our younger theatrical writers have been forgotten.

# AN INDEPENDENT CRITIC

*The joy of being given a free hand to say what you really think about plays and players*

THE owner of the important metropolitan daily looked up from his desk and waved his caller to a chair. Affably, he began:

"I sent for you because I've been reading your dramatic criticisms for some time and I've come to the conclusion that you're just the man we want—"

The Independent Critic bowed, a flush of pleasure heightening the pallid color of his cheek. The big man went on:

"I've been particularly taken by the boldness and fearlessness of your criticisms. You don't care a d—n who you hit. That's the kind of stuff we want here—a critic who's not afraid of anyone, a man who's got an opinion of his own, and is not slow to express it. I've decided, therefore, to offer you the position of dramatic critic on this newspaper. It is understood that you are to be supreme in your department, answerable to no one, absolutely unhampered in every way. The managing editor will talk to you about the salary. I guess that's all. Good morning."

OVERWHELMED at this flattering reception, so entirely unexpected, the Independent Critic staggered to his feet. Stammering his thanks, he shook hands with his new employer and bowed himself out. As he reached the door, the latter called him back.

"While I think of it," he said, "I'll have a list made for you of certain people—actors, authors, and others—whose names I never want mentioned in my paper under any pretext whatever. There are also certain theatre managers whose productions we always praise. Now everything's understood. There's a first night at the ——— Theatre tomorrow. Let's have something hot."

THE Independent Critic next interviewed the managing editor, who informed him what weekly stipend he might expect. It was not much But a dramatic critic cannot expect nowadays to receive as high a wage as a typesetter. Besides, the privilege of being able to write exactly what one honestly thinks is alone worth some sacrifice.

"By the bye," said the managing editor with a significant wink, "don't roast too much. My wife's perfectly crazy about the theatre. If I listened to her, we'd be there every night, And as we have to ask for a good many courtesies, you understand—"

AS he went out of the managing editor's office, the Independent Critic bumped into the advertising man.

"Hello," exclaimed the latter. "I hear you're going to be with us—"

"Yes—we've just made arrangements."

The advertising man made a grimace. Sourly, he muttered:

"Suffering Moses—that means I'm up against it on my advertising contracts! The way you slash right and left, you're sure to get me in dutch. Don't be too hard, will you, old man? Let things down easy, if you can—"

WHEN he reached home that evening, the Independent Critic's first impulse was to tell his wife about his new job. Overjoyed, the little woman threw her arms around his neck. This was the golden opportunity she had awaited for years. Now things would begin to come her way.

"What luck, my dear! Dramatic critic of a big daily newspaper. Why, it's perfectly lovely! Now you *will* be a power. The managers will eat out of your hand. It's going to be no end of a help to me, too. I'm just as good an actress as any of those being starred. Now you're a real critic the managers will recognize my ability. But you must be very careful, dear, not to offend them. The way you roasted "Milady's Pajamas" the other day was something awful. It's all very well to play independent and all that sort of thing when you've nothing at stake, but now it's different. You have your position to think of. I want to go everywhere, to keep in with everybody. So be careful, dear, not to tread on anybody's toes."

THE following night the Independent Critic went to the ——— Theatre and sat through a revival of a stupid farce which, only a few months ago, he had lambasted unmercifully. The performance over, he went solemnly to his office down-town and, sitting at his desk, dipped his pen in the ink and began to write:

*"The revival last evening of this clever and sparkling comedy—"*

HAMILTON REVELLE

*The original Jean in the much discussed "Sapho." Later he played Cosse Brissac to Mrs. Leslie Carter's Du Barry. A clever photographer as well as a successful actor. Now leading man with Mrs. Fiske.*

ROBERT LORAINE

*An actor of many parts and unquestioned favorite with the matinee girls. Scored a big hit as Tanner in Shaw's "Man and Superman," Now noted air man in the British service*

E. J. MORGAN

*Caused many feminine heartaches as John Storm in "The Christian." Tall and handsome with a forceful personality, it was a blow to his admirers when he died prematurely at the height of his popularity*

JAMES K. HACKETT

*A dashing hero who scored his first great success as Rudolph Rassendyl in "The Prisoner of Zenda." He was popular, too, in "Don Caesar's Return" and "The Walls of Jericho." Still prominently before the theatre-going public*

CHARLES RICHMAN

*A personable actor of many inches who made his first Broadway hit in 1894 as the Christlike Gottwald in "Hannele." More recently he achieved success as the drunken husband in "Bought and Paid For." Now a successful life insurance agent*

E. H. SOTHERN

*Worthy son of a distinguished sire. Captivated theatre-goers in "Lord Chumley," "If I Were King," "The Sunken Bell," etc. With Julia Marlowe he carried the Shakespearian banner successfully throughout the land*

HENRY MILLER

*Favorite leading man at the old Lyceum Theatre under Daniel Frohman. Played Robert Gray in the Lyceum's biggest success "The Wife." As Stephen Ghent in "The Great Divide" he scored another triumph. Continues to be a prominent star*

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

*Another actor who was responsible for the flutterings of many a girlish heart. Made his first hit as the villain in "Aristocracy." A popular leading man for many years, he has made several successful excursions into Shakespeare*

MATINEE IDOLS OF ANOTHER DAY

# TWENTY YEARS OF GRAND OPERA

*From precarious beginnings it has grown until today's receipts would stun earlier impresarios*

*By* RICHARD ALDRICH

IT is in the last twenty years that opera in New York has been developed from something very like a barn-storming enterprise to an established and permanent institution with a claim to artistic distinction. In the jocund days of Col. J. H. Mapleson the colloquial phrase was a pretty good description of his "scratch" performances at the Academy of Music, with three or four famous singers, and an orchestra, a chorus and an equipment of scenery of the sketchiest description. In the palmy days of Adelina Patti it was provided in her contracts that she would not have to go to rehearsals unless she wanted to—and she very seldom wanted to. That fact suggests the standard of finish that prevailed in operatic performances.

The change for the better—leaving out of account such a sporadic phenomenon as the American Opera Company of the middle eighties—began with Maurice Grau's seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House. He still went on the principle, to be sure, that the public's greatest and almost only desire was for famous singers; and he provided famous singers in numbers and at a cost that would have staggered the impresarios of earlier days. In other matters he was sometimes niggardly. But he had a pretty secure tenure of the lease and a pretty firm hold on the public's patronage, and he generally did things in a more artistic way than any of his predecessors.

IN 1903, Mr. Grau's health collapsed and he had to abandon the trade of an impresario. Great was the excitement and speculation as to his successor. Walter Damrosch and Heinrich Conried were the leading candidates. Finally, the directors of the company that own the Opera House decided upon Mr. Conried, who was at that time manager of the German Theatre in Irving Place and whose career had previously been that of a German actor and stage manager. Of opera he knew little or nothing; and in the succeeding years this was to be thoroughly demonstrated. He organized a producing company bearing his name and made some large claims of the high artistic methods he was going to pursue. As a heritage from Mr. Grau he had a company of numerous fine singers; and still more important, he inherited from that astute manager a contract with Enrico Caruso and another with Geraldine Farrar, neither of which had yet been put in force.

Conried's great trump card was his production of "Parsifal" on Christmas Eve, 1904. Never was there a bolder operatic venture, or one better advertised. The "rape of the Grail" from Bayreuth, which the absence of copyright restrictions made possible, was the subject of excited international discussion. Mme. Wagner made a vain attempt to stop it by injunction. There were protests against the sacrilegious character of the drama; there was opposition by certain clergymen, support by others. Yards of newspaper space were devoted to these preliminary debates, of an advertising value simply incalculable. When the performance was finally given it was found to be entirely worthy of the music drama itself in every way, and in certain respects better than the Bayreuth performances.

Mr. Conried defended his course ingeniously, but advanced nothing more ingenious than his offer not to produce "Parsifal" in 1904 if the German association of operatic managers would agree not to produce it in 1913, when they, too, would be freed from legal restrictions. They passed some denunciatory resolutions and made some self-sanctifying speeches at the time—and in 1913 produced "Parsifal" to a man.

PERHAPS even more important in its future results was the appearance of Mr. Conried's new tenor, Enrico Caruso, on Nov. 23, 1903, as the Duke in "Rigoletto." There was admiration, but not an instant capitulation on the public's part. But the admiration speedily grew, became adoration and has remained so to this day, making Mr. Caruso the chief pillar of the Metropolitan.

Geraldine Farrar came in Mr. Conried's third season, 1906-07, appearing first in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." That appearance, in some details foreshadowing some of the lady's daring methods, showed a voice and an ability in operatic acting that were at once recognized; and admiration for her, too, steadily began to grow till it made her also a leading figure at the Opera House.

For the first time prominent European composers began to find it worth their while to come over to New York to adorn the first productions here of their new works. For there began to be an interest in new operas, soon to be stimulated by the rivalry of Oscar Hammerstein. Maurice Grau used to say that if he wanted a small house, all he had to do was to put on a new opera. He thought his patrons liked the old ones that they knew. Perhaps the younger managers found a way to stimulate interest. At any rate, Engelbert Humperdinck came over in November, 1905 to see his "Königskinder" and Miss Farrar's captivating impersonation of the Goose-girl.

THEN came Giacomo Puccini, who was received with tremendous enthusiasm as the composer of the most popular operas of the day, appearing first at the first performance of his "Manon Lescaut" in January, 1907, and coming again for the first performance on any stage of his new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," constructed with an eye closely fixed upon the box office of the Metropolitan, and for that very reason of only ephemeral vogue.

Mr. Conried, seeking for more exciting things to stimulate public interest, put on Strauss's "Salome." Here again he had the prospect of some wonderful newspaper advertising in the controversies over the moral quality of the drama; but it went too far, too quickly; and after an admirable dress rehearsal—unfortunately on a Sunday, when it attracted too many operatic followers from church—and one admirable performance, the directors of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company, exercising a right reserved in the lease of the house, decreed that "Salome" should not be given again. Many stories of the influence that effected this were afloat; most of them incorrect.

But in the meantime, there were great doings that upset the comfortable monopoly enjoyed by the Metropolitan Opera House ever since it supplanted its ancient rival, the Academy of Music. Oscar Hammerstein, after building his big theatre in Thirty-Fourth Street, announced with a flamboyant vigor that aroused a good deal of scepticism, his intention to give "grand opera" there, with plain implications that the other house had better look out. He soon overcame the scepticism by his results. His company was made up of Italian and French singers; but though he had Alessandro Bonci to head the list of his tenors, and Cleofonte Campanini as his chief conductor, its greatest strength lay on the French side.

THERE was not much interest in his first performance, pitchforked on the stage, in which Bellini's dead and gone, "I Puritani," was taken down and dusted off for Mr. Bonci's benefit. But Mr. Hammerstein felt his way to success with some operas more alive. He followed every promising lead and had no preconceived ideas or fixed theories. "Carmen" as he gave it, with Mmes. Bressler-Gianoli and Donalda and Messrs. Dalmorès and Renaud (with Gilibert in a subordinate part) caught the public fancy as that fancy is not often caught, and reached nineteen performances that season. Later in the same season, Mmes. Melba and Calvé joined the company and gave it an added distinction.

But Mr. Hammerstein did not rest. He always had something more up his sleeve. Next season it was Mary Garden and some fine French singers. Later in that season he brought over Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini after one of the most prodigiously successful advertising campaigns, conducted between London and New York, ever manipulated. He began then that systematic exploitation of French opera that gave a special *cachet* to all the rest of the Manhattan's seasons. Only a few French operas had ever made much impression in New York; but "Thais", "Louise", "Les Contes d'Hoffman" and (to the amazement of those who knew the opera) "Pelléas and Mélisande," in that season, followed by "Samson and Delila", "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and some other French works, old and new, opened what the public found to be a new source of delight. Nor was this all. In his third season, Mr. Hammerstein produced Strauss's "Salome," the opera that two years before had been prohibited at the rival house, with the versatile Miss Garden in the chief part. Not a twitter of remonstrance was raised. The next season he produced the same composer's later sensation, "Elektra";

(*Concluded on page* 470)

LILLIAN NORDICA

*American soprano and one of the most distinguished of the Metropolitan's Wagnerian singers*

(Top center)

EMMA CALVÉ

*French soprano conceded by the critics to be the greatest of all Carmens*

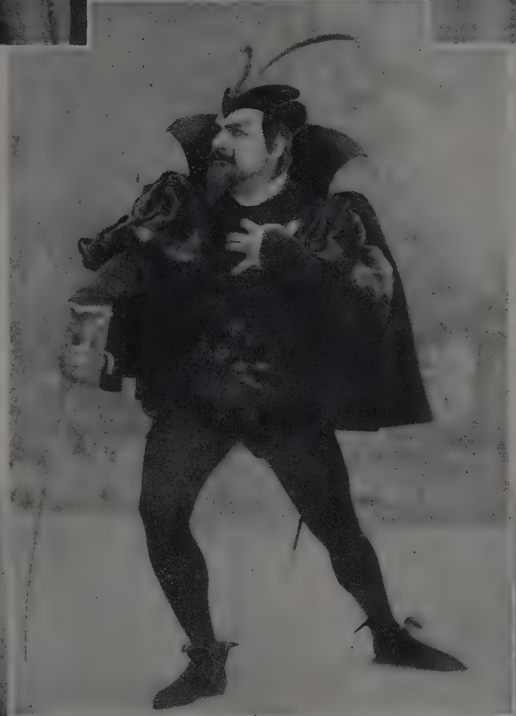
EMMA EAMES

*American prima donna whose statuesque beauty and freshness of voice won her a host of admirers*

(Center)

POL PLANCON

*French basso who won universal fame in the rôle of Mephistopheles*



(Left)

EDOUARD de RESZKE

*Polish basso who was a great favorite with American opera-goers*

JEAN de RESZKE

*Famous Polish tenor and the immediate predecessor of Caruso as the idol of the American public*

Photos copyright Aimé Dupont

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

*Austrian mezzo-soprano very popular at the Metropolitan in Wagnerian rôles*

NELLIE MELBA

*Australian soprano as famous for the quality of her art as the quality of her voice*

(Oval)

MARCELLA SEMBRICH

*World famous-coloratura singer, first heard in America in* 1883 *in "Lucia di Lammermoor"*

# OPERATIC IDOLS OF YESTERDAY

*Each generation has its favorites; these are the songbirds of twenty years ago*

# TWO THEATRICAL MEMORIES

*Peanuts and the Ibsen drama. A playwright in spite of himself*

*By* AVERY HOPWOOD

*Author of "Nobody's Widow," "The Gold Diggers," etc.*

IT is winter, in the early Nineteen Hundred and Something. I am an undergraduate at Ann Arbor. The coming of Mrs. Fiske is announced, in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." The collegiate proletariat are unmoved. The collegiate *intelligentsia* are wildly excited.

The great night arrives. The theatre—to the shame of Ann Arbor—is only partly filled. There is much munching of peanuts—the audience, apparently, feeling the need of physical as well as of intellectual nourishment.

The first act transpires. Mrs. Fiske is superb. The audience, for the most part vaguely uncomprehensive, goes on munching its peanuts. The husks fall to the floor—are scrunched by restless feet. I am in the fifth row, with four other Ibsenian addicts. The munching and the scrunching of the peanuts annoy us. We do not realize it, but it annoys some one else, who is much more important.

The second act develops. Mrs. Fiske, seated at a small table, is having her long scene with Judge Brack. The munching and scrunching of peanuts continues. Suddenly Mrs. Fiske murmurs to her dramatic colleague across the table—"I can't stand this!" I am startled. I know the published version of "Hedda Gabler" from cover to cover. I cannot recall that the line which Mrs. Fiske has just spoken is in my copy of the Ibsen masterpiece. The actor playing Judge Brack looks suddenly worried, but the scene continues. Not, however, for more than a minute. Then, abruptly, Mrs. Fiske turns away from Judge Brack and addresses the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen—there is so much noise that I cannot possibly continue!" And then, turning to the wings: "Ring down the curtain!"

The curtain falls. The audience, for a moment, is startled into complete silence. The proletariat are benumbed—the *intelligentsia* applaud. A pause, then the Leading Man, looking rather pallid, comes before the curtain.

"Ladies and gentlemen—Mrs. Fiske cannot give a satisfactory performance of so difficult a rôle, amid the munching and scrunching of peanuts. If you will be kind enough to assist her by refraining from unnecessary noise, she will be glad to continue."

More applause. The performance is resumed—not, however, from the point where the interruption took place, but from the beginning of the second act. There is no more munching of peanuts—but the husks are on the floor, and there is an occasional, inevitable scrunch. Whenever this occurs, there runs through the house a vociferous "Shoosh!" Every one of these "Shooshes" make more noise than did all the disturbing peanuts. Perhaps the audience realizes this—perhaps, with collegiate humor, they "shoosh" more than is absolutely necessary. Mrs. Fiske, possibly, is conscious of this. There is, at moments, the suspicion of a smile in her eyes. But only at moments. And then, as the play develops, peanuts and "shooshes" alike subside. The greatest actress on the English speaking stage proceeds, triumphantly, in one of her greatest performances. She has the audience in the hollow of her hand. With increasingly dazzling virtuosity, she sweeps on, brilliantly, relentlessly, to the tormented, tragic climax.

The curtain falls. We, who sat in the fifth row, wait outside the theatre for one of our members, the editor of the college magazine. He has gone back stage to ask Mrs. Fiske for a brief interview. We wait five minutes—ten—fifteen—then he emerges. His eyes are glowing—his whole face illuminated. We ply him with questions. He tries, breathlessly, to give us the gist of his interview. And then, as a climax, he breaks out: "When I was going, she put her hand on my shoulder and wished me good luck!" "Which shoulder?" we demand. He indicates the consecrated shoulder. We pay it reverence. And then, under the clear, star-hung Winter's night, we troop garrulously homeward. Ah yes—the stars above are very bright—but we have seen a brighter!

IN Pittsburgh. Under the directorship of David Belasco, we have been giving the preliminary performances of my comedy, "Nobody's Widow." Blanche Bates is in the leading rôle. Bruce McRae is playing opposite her. Night after night, we four—Belasco, Miss Bates, McRae and myself, have been sitting up until all hours, discussing the play, making changes, rehearsing new scenes. We all of us, except the indefatigable "D. B." have arrived at the state where we wish that we had never heard of "Nobody's Widow!" Such labor! An eight-hour day, compared to the ones which we are enduring, would be a picnic.

It is three in the morning. Miss Bates is drooping—McRae is dozing—I am completely wilted—and Belasco is blooming! His color is fresh—his eyes are sparkling. He has discovered a new angle for a scene. The Lord have mercy on us! "D. B." won't!

He sends Miss Bates and McRae, finally, to their respective, belated rests. I remain—wanly. "D. B." supplies me with fresh pencil and paper. It is now only four in the morning. The night is still young. No, confound it—the night is *not* young! Neither am I, any longer. No one, and nothing, in the whole world, is young any more—except that damnably youthful David Belasco! He bubbles with enthusiasm, he paces the floor, animatedly—he can scarcely wait to hear the scene which I am going to write. He *will* wait, though, oh yes—he will wait! I know it only too well! He will wait for me, as surely as Fate or taxes—he will wait—in the adjoining room of his suite.

He departs. I am to knock on the door when the new scene is ready.

An hour passes. It is five in the morning, and the scene is not yet finished. I am. A sudden spirit of revolt sweeps over me. I *won't* go on any longer—I won't— I can't! I'll finish the accursed scene the next day. After all, there are two exits from the room—the one leading to the adjacent chamber, where "D. B." is waiting, and the other opening, blessedly, upon a corridor. I try this latter door. It is locked—whether by Fate or by design, I cannot tell, but I suspect design—alias Belasco!

I return, ragingly, to my task. But, before I launch once more upon it, I make a vow. I write it down, for an everlasting record, It runs! "No more playwriting—so help me God!" I affix my name, and the date. Then I return to the unfinished scene, and, toward six in the morning, complete it.

I rap on Belasco's door. He emerges, more than ever blooming. I read the new scene to him. He approves—he shakes me by the hand—he gives me an apple, and half a dollar! I am forced to laugh, but I think, as I bid him good-night, or good-morning. "If he only knew of the vow which I have taken! If he only knew!"

I drag myself to my room, and fall asleep, my last conscious thought being, "No more playwriting! Digging ditches, perhaps—making bricks, selling neckties, but, by the Eternal, no more writing of plays!"

And now I've gone and done it again! And with Belasco! And the labor of "The Gold Diggers" made the ordeal of "Nobody's Widow" seem like child's play.

Yes—I've gone and done it again—and what's more, I have a haunting conviction that I will keep on doing it again, and again, as long as Belasco wants me to. And why? I am more than half afraid that, like the gentleman in a certain famous song, "The worst of it is, I like it!"

From a photograph by Campbell

## ELSIE FERGUSON

*After winning many laurels in the movies this favorite player has returned to the spoken drama. In Arnold Bennett's play "Sacred and Profane Love" at the Morosco Theatre, her beauty, talent and charm are as much in evidence as ever*

*From a photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe*

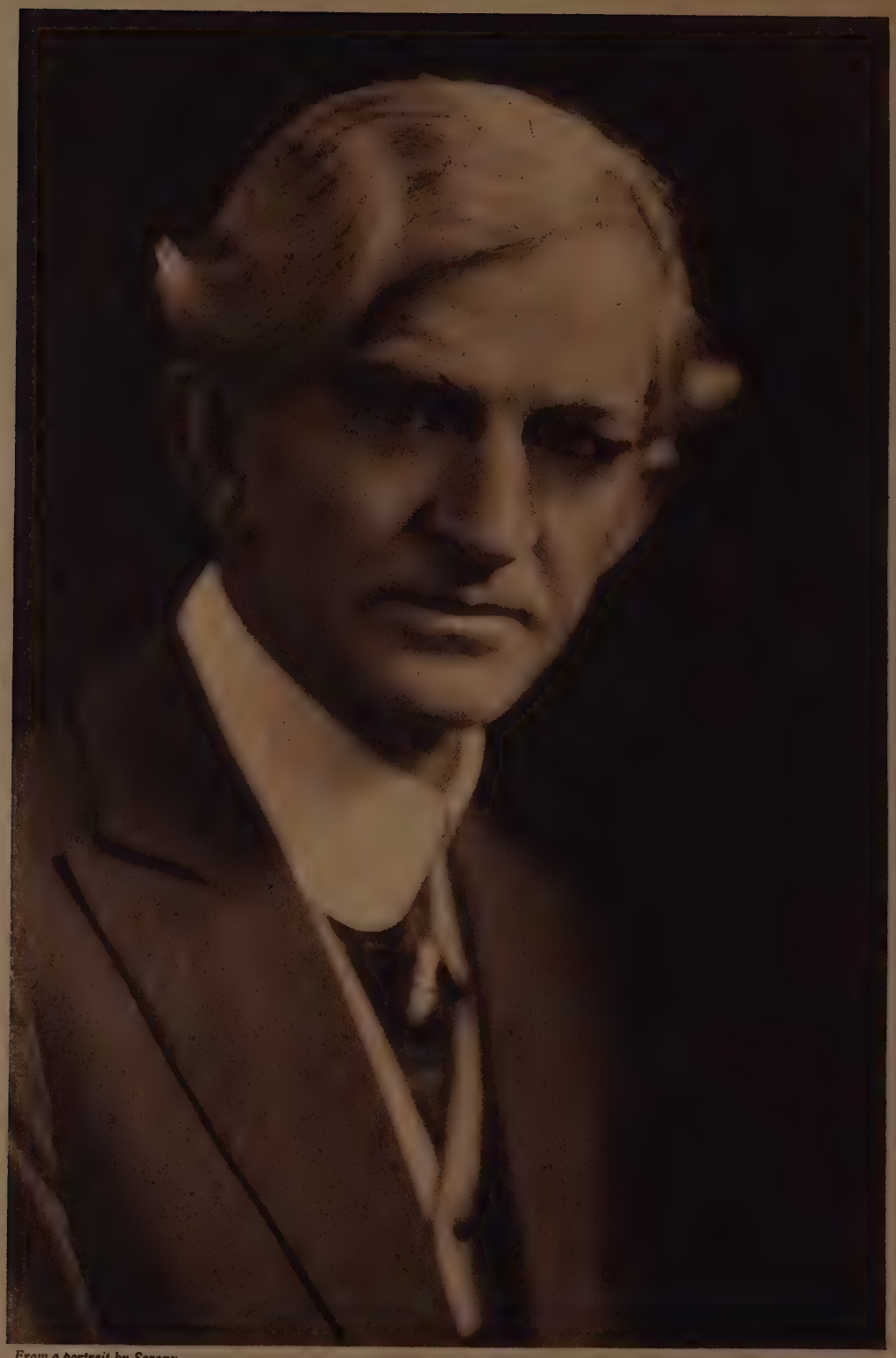
## ALMA TELL

*Who is noted alike for her beauty and ability will be featured shortly in the title rôle of "Susan Lennox" founded on the popular novel. Miss Tell has been successful in Cleves Kinkead's play, "The Maid of the Moon," recently. Prior to that, she starred in "Eyes of Youth" and helped considerably toward the popularity of "The Squab Farm." She has been prominent, too, in the films*

*From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

## OLIVE TELL

*Always a charming figure on our stage is Olive, sister of Alma Tell. As the pampered young society girl who married out of her station during the war in "Civilian Clothes," she proved herself an able comedienne. Her beauty has made her a favorite in the films, and she is now being starred with great success in B. A. Rolfe productions*



*From a portrait by Sarony*

F R A N K  B A C O N

*The lovable Lightnin' Bill Jones in the phenomenally successful "Lightnin'," at the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. Bacon's characterization is one of the most delightful in stage history and it has placed him in the highest rank among players of today*

*From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg*

F L O R E N C E  R E E D

*Who is duplicating in the films the splendid emotional work she has done on the stage. "The Curious Case of Marie Dupont," a United Pictures production, is her latest screen venture*

*From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton*

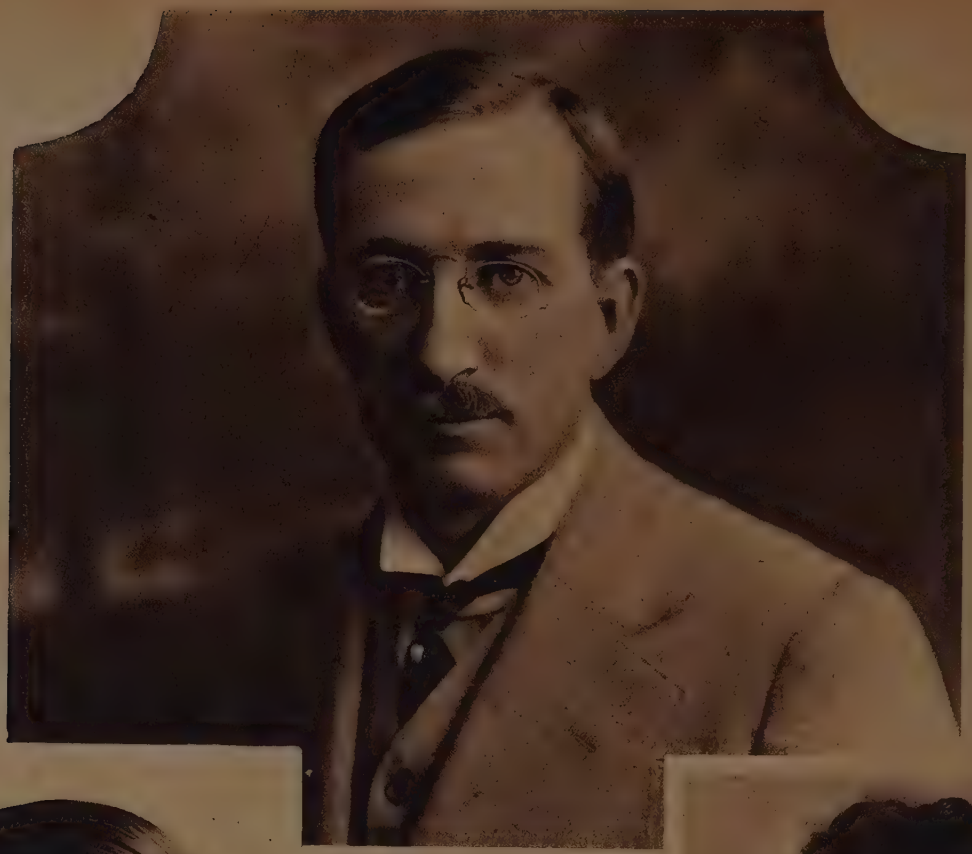
FLORENCE MOORE

*Responsible for many a hearty laugh is this highly entertaining comedienne whom audiences have been applauding this season in "Breakfast in Bed"*

*From a portrait, copyright, Ira L. Hill*

MARTHA HEDMAN

*The popular young Swedish actress who has entwined herself around the hearts of American theatregoers. She is winning favor now as Jean Oliver, the medium, in the thrilling new drama, "The Hole in the Wall"*



RICHARD WALTON TULLY

*The noted dramatist and producer who won fame as co-author with David Belasco of "The Rose of the Rancho." Since then he has written "The Bird of Paradise," "Omar the Tentmaker" and "The Flame." During the past season Mr. Tully produced "The Bird of Paradise" in England, where it is a reigning success of the London season, while two other companies are touring Great Britain*

CECIL LEAN

*The star of "Look Who's Here," whose magnetic personality has made him a musical comedy favorite*

CLEO MAYFIELD

*Singing and dancing her way into popular favor with Cecil Lean in "Look Who's Here"*

*Ira D.*

# THE HAPPY HOODOO

*How a famous actress played Camille against her will and scored one of the greatest hits in stage history*

*By* CLARA MORRIS

THE unwritten law is often more honored by careful observance than is the written one. In the profession of acting one of these inflexible rules has come down to us from the days when we were but strollers and women had not yet appeared on the stage.

A benefit, at that time, generally followed upon disaster, accident, or sickness, and was an expression of brotherly sympathy, and already it was a fixed rule, that no actor, however high or popular, should refuse a part, great or humble, suitable or unsuitable, if he was asked to do it for a benefit performance.

With a theatrical experience of only one year, and at the advanced age of fifteen years, I had taken a violent dislike to the play known to the American stage as "Camille." I had seen three stars in the part, all of them middle-aged and matronly, and all seemingly as out of sympathy, as they were out of character, with the young victim of circumstances.

I had assisted in these performances to the extent of listening for, and taking up, one cue, "Enter all" in the ballroom scene. When the curtain had fallen, in the privacy of the dressing room, while carefully removing my pink paper cambric ball dress, I gravely declared to my chum:

"Hattie, if I ever become a for true actress, I'll never, never play "Camille."

Hattie, never strong on grammar, but ever sympathetic, made answer:

"Well, never mind, by the time you get to be a real actor perhaps there won't be no Camille to bother about." Two bad second sighters were we.

THE season (I think) of 1874-75 was long spoken of as the "dreadful winter." The suffering of the poor became so terrible that public feeling was at last aroused to action. But as usual in any case of great need the actors —God bless 'em!—were the first to offer help. One or two benefits would have been merely so many drops in the bucket, so all the managers met and decided that every theatre in New York should give a benefit performance on the same day. There was to be only one set of tickets issued so that a benefit seat was good at any theatre in the city. The whole affair was done in a rush, yet each manager tried to get up an extra fine bill for the occasion. Messrs. Shook and Palmer decided to give two plays, one at the Union Square Theatre and one for me at Fechter's Lyceum. Mr. Shook asked "would I do something I had never been seen in, in New York?"

"Of course I would—but what? "London Assurance," "Leah," "Unequal Match," "Love Chase," etc.—Shakespeare being barred—but always there was lack of scenery or costumes, or cast. At last Mr. Shook broke his grim silence:

"Say, there's just one play we can do without scenery, with any old dresses and a scratch cast, while giving a chance to tie hard knots in people's feelings. Of course, you've played it before, I mean "Camille."

"No," I cried, springing to my feet, "I have never played the part, and please Heaven I never will! I'll do anything else, go on in someone else's play, as maid or old woman—anything—but not "Camille"!

Everyone talked at once. They reasoned, pleaded, argued, coaxed. I was determined. Then an old actor—a mere looker on—suddenly said:

"Clara, dear, I guess you are forgetting something."

"What am I forgetting?" I asked curtly.

"Why this is for a *benefit* you know," he replied significantly.

I wilted into my chair. The unwritten law was too strong for me. Meekly I said: "Send out for a book of 'Camille,' I'll have to study all night."

As I tearfully confessed my defeat to my mother, my colored maid remarked:

"It shorely is queer how that old play has reached out and got a holt on you, missie, in spite of yourself."

CLARA MORRIS
*as she appeared in the heyday of her popularity*

I studied all night, while my mother worked the coffee pot.

At nine o'clock I was notified that Frank Mayo would be my Armand, and straightaway I fell into hysterical laughter. Mr. Mayo was a mighty fine actor. He had both fire and tenderness. I had loved to work with him. But already the dialect and drawl of "Davy Crockett" had made him their own. "Armand" would be "Davy" in a dress suit. I felt myself a thousand miles from poor Marguerite Gautier.

What a performance! I groaned. My awful gowns, too, just about right for a lady-like governess to wear. I wonder yet if New York ever had a play pitchforked on the stage as was that performance of "Camille." From the making out of the entire cast, to the rise of the curtain on the first act, just fifty-two hours elapsed!

The house was packed to the danger point—there were no laws in those days forbidding the crowding of theatre aisles, and only the coolness and cleverness of two men averted an awful panic late in the afternoon.

In our desire to hide the generaly raggedness of the performance, Mr. Mayo and I rushed it, playing with a force and intensity that approached melodrama. The applause that greeted our efforts at the end of the fourth act was so extravagant that our suspicions were aroused, and we refused to go before the curtain.

"What do you think?" asked Mr. Mayo. I shook my head, not knowing what to say, "I'm afraid they are doing a bit of guying" he added nervously. Not till Mr. Palmer came angrily from his box to drive us out, would we venture in front of the curtain. Out in front was a veritable circus. People were standing on chairs waving anything handy, clapping and shouting themselves hoarse.

I HAD been home an hour when I received this note:

"Dear Clara Morris:

You have scored the hit of your life. Have recalled the new play. Stopped painters and rehearsals. "Camille" called for Monday at 10 A. M. Great cast, will run the season out. At your feet.

A. M. PALMER.

I broke into weak, tired crying, "The season out, the season out" was all I could say. My colored maid drew the pins from my hair and commented:

"I'se seen a lot of Hoodoo business in my life. This play is your Hoodoo, missie. But don't you be scairt honey; I never heard of one befoh. But this is a plumb-*happy Hoodoo* this "Camille."

# YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

*Present improvements in the theatre nothing compared with what the future will show*

*By* DAVID BELASCO

EFFECT! That is the bullseye at which every competent producer, stage director and actor aims.

But not only effect; in order to ring the bell of success, nowadays, we must hit the proper effect, smack, in the centre. And the means with which we do so should be as invisible to spectators as is the rifle ball of the crack shot.

Years ago, the eccentric old showman John Richardson, became dissatisfied at a rehearsal of "The School for Scandal," which he was reviving, because "the climax," the throwing down of the screen in the fourth act, revealing Lady Teazle to her abused husband, impressed him as being too tame. At the evening performance, accordingly, he signalized and enforced that climatic situation by touching off a large panful of red-fire! Well—he certainly created "an effect." But, remembering my varied experience with audiences all over this country during half-a-century, I doubt whether it really "went" much better in the far-off days of Richardson than it would "go" in the exigent present.

Yet red-fire is an excellent thing—properly used and in the proper places. And, as with red-fire, so, likewise, with most other expedients of stage effect, aside from those of electricity the chief field of which is lighting. The improvements over the old-time methods of producing are largely in the application of devices and resources—in the use of them with good discretion rather than in any very radical change in the devices and resources themselves. In producing, as in acting and elocution, the right course is to use all gently, as Shakespeare admonishes us; to present all with temperance and smoothness so that proper effect is created without conscious perception by the audience of the means whereby it is done.

TO do that is the object of most modern managers—and, exactly in proportion to their ability to accomplish it, are they worthy and competent to serve the sophisticated and exacting public of To-Day. Of course, we still have some Richardsons with us; and, in their administration of what they deem to be and designate as "the show business," they, nowadays as thenadays, do some extraordinary things. And, too, some of the best directors and players of the Present, as did some of those of the Past, occasionally lapse, in matters of discretion and taste, in the most singular and startling manner. For instance, I recall that, twenty-odd years ago, in the lovely presentment of "As You Like It" made by Augustin Daly (who has been called—and I think rightly—the greatest of American theatrical managers), the wonderful speech beginning "All the world's a stage" was actually delivered throughout to an accompaniment of descriptive music." I used to marvel—and I do yet!—that Daly could permit, let alone direct, such an atrocity. I wonder what the public and the critics alike would think and say of me, if I should venture to provide "descriptive music" to be sweetly discoursed during for example—the scene of renunciation in "Tiger, Tiger!"

Of course, Daly was a genius and Richardson was a crass showman; but, in the matter of descriptive music for Jaques' Seven Ages speech and in lighting up a pan of red-fire for Lady Teazle's Screen Scene, I think that, for once, they came pretty close together. Yet, so far as I know, only one critic ever commented on and reprehended that strange absurdity of Daly's.

BUT, nowadays, it is mere good luck when such improprieties are permitted to get by—as the phrase goes. The public will, of course, go to see superb acting in almost any kind of setting; but it resents, and quite justly, the presentment of acting of any kind in any setting that is not entirely appropriate and adequate. And it is truly amazing how acute and particular our public has become—especially within about the last twenty years—as to matters of adequacy and correctness. There is a story that old J. R. Planché, the English Garter King-at-Arms and Somerset Herald, who supervised the dressing of Charles Kean's famous Shakespeare revivals, at the Princess' Theatre, London, 1840-1849, once held the curtain on one of the performances, because a super was observed to be wearing "a pair of spurs of the wrong period." I will not go quite so far as to say that our audiences, today, would certainly detect so heinous a blemish. Yet—I would not chance it. And in matters of dress, fashion, usage, taste, I have often—nay, generally—found that the average spectator in my theatres is more alert and observant as to details of execution than even professional critics are. This is true of all classes of the audiences: it is surprising how similar are the comments made by persons who frequent different parts of the house.

About eighty years ago the comedy of "London Assurance" was first acted in London, at Covent Garden, and within a few months was brought to America—and so was introduced to our country what was, at the time, rather contemptuously designated as "the upholstered drama." That is, real rugs and Brussels carpets, real drawing-room furniture and bric-a-brac, were used in setting the principal scene of that comedy—and, ever since, sometimes with sense, discretion and fine taste; sometimes in the most absurdly buggling and ludicrous manner, there has been manifest, and constantly growing, a desire and purpose to present contemporaneous dramas in settings that, at least, approximate to reality.

IN some instances, this method of setting plays was, for a time, so over-stressed (especially by advertising and publicity expedients appropriate to the Circus but utterly wrong where the Theatre is concerned) as to interfere with creation of proper effects. I recall, for example, that when, a little more than twenty years ago, Augustin Daly laid a floor of fine parquetry—which he did for his production of a short-lived play called "The Transit of Leo"—it was much talked of as an extraordinary instance of managerial lavishness. Today, such a thing is but a commonplace of play production and the discreet manager would be silent about it.

There is, however, no question of the extensive progress and improvement that, even within twenty years, have been made in the producing of plays by—if I may so say—generally more intelligent and better judged application of the resources available for the producer's use. But, since we have achieved this progress and improvement, sustainment of excellence in their vocation by producers of the present day must be like Othello's thought—it must "ne'er feel retiring ebb, but keep due on."

Years ago, what the play-goer may have sometimes wanted but seldom—if ever got, he patiently allowed for and did without. Not so nowadays. What the public has had a thousand times over it will now no more dispense with than it will assent to restoration of horsecars on Broadway and coal-burning locomotives on the "L." Whether you have to show, on the contemporary stage, the stoke-hole of a battleship or the boudoir of a society belle, you must look to it that what you show bears the form and semblance of reality—or you will at once find yourself in practical and applied trouble. Blow on your old-time lycopodium-pipe, when you have to show a tongue of flame darting out of an opened furnace-door—but take care you know how to blow it so that the flame produced really seems that of burning gas. Toss and scatter shot on a drum-head to make the patter and swish of rain, and rumble away on the ancient thunder-drum—but mind that you know how to reproduce faithfully the sounds of rain and thunder when you do so.

FOR, if you are even a little false to fact and nature in your effects, the public will find you out and you will hear that most dread and fatal of sounds in a theatre—the low, tittering laugh of contemptuous ridicule.

In the matter of stage lighting there has been, of course, a complete revolution within the last quarter-of-a-century—though I most powerfully and potently believe that the development and progress, to date, are almost as nothing compared to the changes and improvements which will be effected within the next twenty-five years to come. And it is a great grief to me that I cannot expect to be here to see and actively to participate in the making of them. It really is a most vexatious annoyance that we should be granted so brief a sojourn here—in which, as it were we can "steal but a glance from time" before the Dark Prompter, who permits no stage-waits, strikes his solemn bell! I remember reading, somewhere, a letter of the poet Stedman's in which he expressed a wish to remain upon this earth a long time, five hundred years as an author, five hundred as a traveler, and so on. I have a similar desire—but I cannot conceive of a genuine

(Left)

AUGUSTIN DALY

*America's most distinguished theatre manager. The creator of a remarkable stock company. No other manager has been so successful in establishing and maintaining such a select following as Daly's enjoyed*

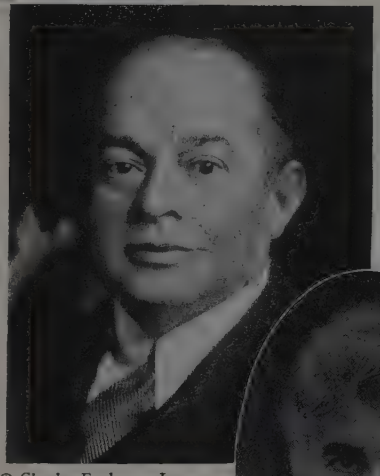
ALBERT M. PALMER

*Manager of the Union and Madison Square Theatres, the last of that famous trio—Wallack, Daly, Palmer—whose careers cover practically the most glorious period of our stage*

© G. G. Rockwood

CHARLES FROHMAN

*One of the most prominent and successful of American theatre managers. Beginning as a ticket seller, he rose to be the theatrical Napoleon. His death on the ill-fated Lusitania, May, 1915, was a distinct loss to our stage*



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Moffett

DANIEL FROHMAN

*Organizer and manager of the famous old Lyceum Stock Company and today the dean of American theatre directors. President of the Actors' Fund of America, which owes much to his energy and ability*

DAVID BELASCO

*One of the most prominent and remarkable play producers of our time and today the leading theatre manager in America*

MARC KLAW

*For many years the senior member of the successful producing firm, Klaw and Erlanger, and now producing on his own account*

ABRAHAM L. ERLANGER

*Formerly a successful booking agent and one of the organizers of the Theatrical Syndicate. Owner of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York*

© Dupont

MAURICE GRAU

*The first operatic impresario who succeeded in making grand opera pay. Originator of the big star operatic casts for which his régime at the Metropolitan was famous*

W. A. BRADY

*A well-known and versatile manager who turned from prize fights to Shakespeare, and has been identified with many Broadway successes*

GEO. C. TYLER

*As executive head of Liebler and Co., he launched Viola Allen in "The Christian" and has since been an important producer himself*

KIRKE LA SHELLE

*Newspaper man who became a successful Broadway manager. Produced "The Heir to the Hoorah," "Bonnie Brier Bush" and other popular plays*

# THEATRE MANAGERS WHO HAVE MADE STAGE HISTORY

*Some Have Answered the Last Call. Some are Prominent Today*

enthusiast of the theatre getting enough of it in a single, paltry five hundred years. Now, give me, say five and twenty hundred—free from strikes!—and I might begin to get the art of producing, of which stage lighting is the very life and soul, into something like the form and state which I desire. But I suppose this is one of the things I cannot arrange.

IT is, in fact, not less than twenty-five years ago, though it seems but yesterday, that my play of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" (with which dear Charlie Frohman had opened his Empire Theatre), was presented at the Harlem Opera House. That was one of the first theatres in New York to be lighted, throughout—stage and all—with electricity and I remember that the electrician there swore his hair was turned white by worrying over how to "carry the load" imposed on his equipment by my lighting effects, and that he was compelled to cut out all his foyer and top gallery lights in order to do so! Twenty-five years from now, the elaborate and indeed electrical switchboard in my present theatre (which has been rebuilt half a dozen times and more) will, I confidently predict, seem even more primitive than does tonight the remembered equipment of the old Harlem Opera House to me.

INDEED, it is my implicit belief that in stage productions of the Great Tomorrow, painted scenery, as we know it now, will be unthought of: that all effects, of the supernatural and the natural alike, through the agency of electric light, will be produced and reproduced with an imaginative power and beauty and with a fidelity to fact undreamt of in our present philosophy, and that—but this is a subject for a volume. In such an article as this it can be but glimpsed in a few words and regretfully passed by.

There is one department of the varied business of play production—and that a vitally important one—in which, during recent years, there has been a prodigous and amazing, even an appalling, advance—but no improvement. I mean, in its cost. A modern, first-class theatre, in New York, does not hold much more than three-fifths as many persons as a first class theatre of about twenty years ago: the capacity of Daly's, for example, is about 1,500; of the Broadway, about 1,200; of the Knickerbocker, 1,400. The present Lyceum seats 957; the Belasco, 1,000.

A PRODUCING manager today, is forced to pay actors four, five, and six times as much as actors (often better ones) of the same rank were glad to take two decades back. He is forced to pay his mechanical staffs at a wage-scale the mere sight of which would have brought death from shock to any old-time manager—to Daly, Irving, Palmer, for instance. For everything that enters into his production—labor, electric current, lamps, lumber, paper, printing, the literally innumerable items that ruthlessly include themselves in the account—he must pay from fifty to one thousand per cent. more than the same things cost twenty years ago. He must, furthermore, confront an income tax on a rising and unjust scale (a tax imposed by the worst piece of class legislation that has ever been enacted in this once supposedly free and classless land). And, by an unreasoned and unjust public opinion, he is forced to do all this on an increase in the charges of admissions to his theatre of only about twenty-five per cent. over what the managers of twenty years or so ago charged. Readers of this article who four years ago paid $40 for a good tailor-made suit pay $100 for a ready-made one now. But if I raised my prices one hundred and fifty per cent. and charged $5 for an orchestra seat in my theatre (which I ought to do), I should be called a villain and a robber, which I could stand, and the public would stay away—which I couldn't stand at all.

IN the happy, far-off days that never can come again, A. M. Palmer told me that he could run the Union Square Theatre for about $2,500 a week. The average over-head of the Belasco Theatre, independent of all actors' salaries, is more than $6,000 a week. When Henry Irving first produced "Hamlet"—also, in the far off days, under Bateman's management—the whole production account was "not more than £100,"—less, that is, than $500. Much later, when he made his superb production of "The Merchant of Venice," which still ranks (and rightly) as a gem among examples of the producer's art, his total production expenditure was less than $6,000. Twenty years ago, many an excellent production was made in this country for between $5,000 and $10,000. My latest production, "The Son-Daughter," when at last I got it delivered to the public, had made such a hole in $100,000 that it was almost impossible to see anything of that sum except the hole in it! "So runs the world away"—and the profits, too.

THIS is an aspect of play production which, I am sure, all other active managers as well as myself perceive in the manner of poor old *Gloucester*, in "Lear": they see it feelingly. And they must, I think, wish that, in this one department, modern play producing would rapidly advance backward. At any rate, I know that I do!

## THE TROUPER'S TRIBULATIONS

IF you've seen the prairies mist-hung
And against the window-pane
You've heard the swishy-swish song
Of a sleeting Kansas rain.
If you've risen at five-thirty,
Taken breakfast on the run,
Had a table-cloth that's dirty,
And weak coffee and a bun;
If you've made some wild connections,
Lugging grips in arms that ache
And you've curled up in a day coach
'Till you're back's about to break;
If you've seen the other players
Looking cross and sour and glum
And you've chanced to whiff the crews breath,
Smelling very much of rum.
If these things have failed to bother,
And you've calmly passed them by,
You're a better sport than most, then,
And been trouping more than I.

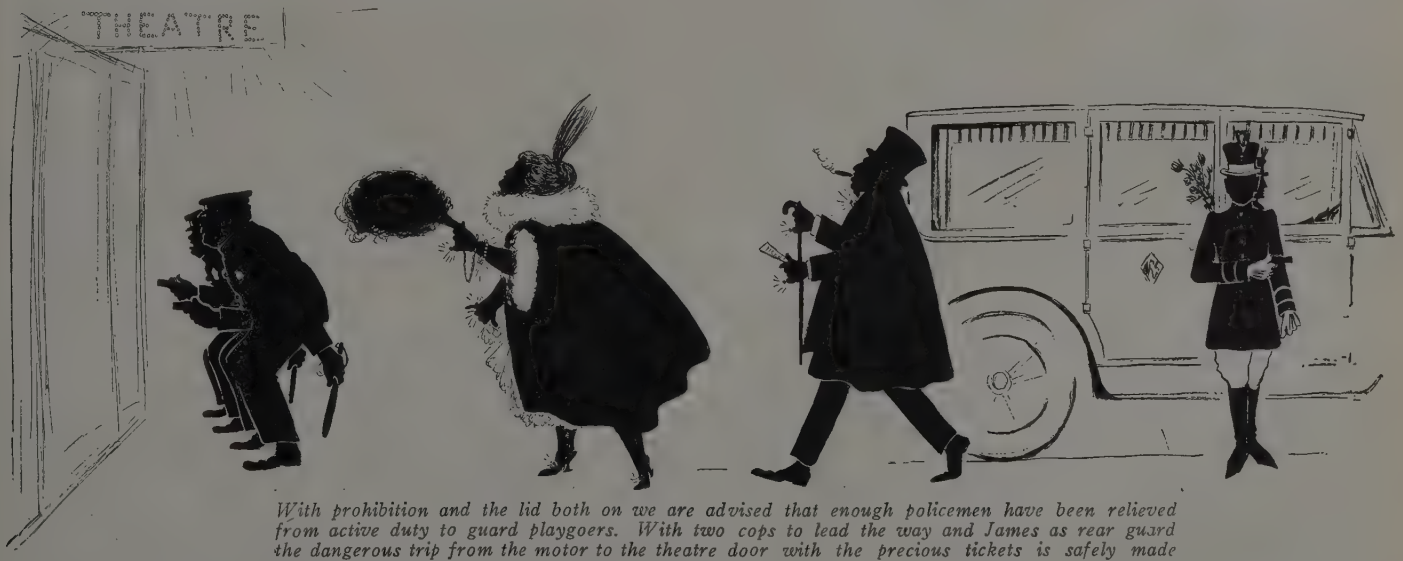
If you've seen a man who's clever
When behind the calcium light,
Looking pasty, fat and puffy
With a derby that's too tight.
If you've seen the leading lady
Who looks twenty in the play,
Have a worn and old and tired look,
And her beauty's slipped away.
If you've tried to play at poker,
Just to pass a weary day.
And the leading man shows rancor,
If he's called upon to pay;
If you've seen them all so often
That you know their ev'ry thought;
If you've heard their same old voices
Till your nerves are overwrought.
If you still can greet them smiling
When they back-bite, gossip, lie.
You're a better sport than most, then,
And been trouping more than I.

KATHARINE HAYDEN

*Certainly the T. B. M. won't cavil at the high price of theatre tickets when he beholds the fine feathers that bedeck these dainty "chickens"*

*A new wrinkle of the ticket speculators, whereby a pay-as-you-enter scheme keeps the vulgar mob away from those who really wish to buy tickets*

*The only way to reduce the H. C. of P. is to buy standing room and wait for an obliging usher with a "Gold Digger" expression to find you seats*




*With prohibition and the lid both on we are advised that enough policemen have been relieved from active duty to guard playgoers. With two cops to lead the way and James as rear guard the dangerous trip from the motor to the theatre door with the precious tickets is safely made*

# THE HIGH COST OF PLAYGOING

*Causes and Effects as Seen by Ethel C. Taylor*

# HAS PUBLIC TASTE CHANGED?

*Daniel Frohman, veteran manager, and George Broadhurst, a leading producer of today, compare the past with the present*

## YESTERDAY

**By DANIEL FROHMAN**

IT has always been a custom of the older theatregoers to deprecate the artistic character of the contemporaneous drama and refer to the "palmy days" of the past. This has been a habit and custom ever since the beginning of the drama; and yet the drama succeeds, thrives, and in a general way is eminently satisfactory.

In 1815 Lord Byron, feeling dissatisfied with the quality and lack of high standard of their contemporaneous plays, associated himself with the Drury Lane Theatre, in order that he might take a personal interest in studying at first hand the situation. In his report later, he stated that he had examined five hundred manuscripts, and that he found not one play worthy of carrying on the traditions of the English stage commensurate with the dramatic value of "She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal," or "The Rivals," and he resigned in despair from his self-imposed task.

Twenty years later Barry Cornwall, the eminent critic, found similar fault with existing conditions and claimed that it was due to the fact that authors were compelled to adapt their work to the needs of the local stars.

We have similar conditions today.

This constant solicitude is due to the great and absorbing interest in the stage, not only because it is regarded as a place for popular entertainment, but as an institution,—one which has long ceased to be a luxury, and which now has become a necessity to the nation.

During my active association with the drama, when I controlled the Lyceum Theatre Stock Company at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, from 1886 for fifteen or sixteen years, the audiences of the time were less sophisticated, as to themes and subjects of dramatic material, than they are today. There was a more discriminating feeling among the theatre community of that period; and managers refrained from presenting plays of doubtful morality. No such realistic dramas as those that have been in vogue at times during the past ten years could have been presented successfully during these days. But the changes in the character of our vast population—always growing greater—the intermingling of European ideas with advanced modern thought here brought about by travel, the alterations in economic conditions, the convenience of modern methods of quick transportation, from one section to another, has changed this attitude to one which admits of a wider range of appeal, through the medium of the stage.

Twenty-five years ago I produced Pinero's charming comedy entitled "Sweet Lavender." In this fable the heroine was the illegitimate daughter of two people whose repentance afterwards brought them together; but the play was considered, on the first night, as having offended the moral susceptibilities of my audience. They were aghast at the idea of the leading character, a charming girl, being born out of wedlock. With the author's consent, I married the two parents before the end of the week. I made the slight change of making the mother an abandoned wife, rather than an unwedded sweetheart, without destroying the value of the man's atonement. The play recovered, and ran the entire season!

When Arthur Pinero sent me "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" to produce, I wrote him that I dared not produce so daring a subject in the regular performances, but I would be glad to have his permission to present it at a series of special matinees, because the subject was too radical and audacious. This is the way I felt it to be at that time, for I had to consider my audiences. The author himself realized that it was rather "strong meat," and wrote that the play would also be tried at a series of matinees in London. This plan, however, was afterward changed, and it was boldly presented in the evening bill at the St. James Theatre in London. It made an immediate success. The piece was afterwards played in this country by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, then under my management. It aroused a tumult of opposition here, as I felt it would, but nevertheless drew large audiences. In these days it would be regarded as food for prattling babes, so remarkable has been the change in public taste; so tolerant and so much more sophisticated.

The best evidence of the taste of that period was reflected in the society comedy dramas which I produced for nearly twenty years and which even from the point of view of today were remarkably interesting, attractive and appealing as admirable works of contemporary dramatic art.

## TODAY

**By GEORGE BROADHURST**

OF course the public taste has changed in the theatre during the past twenty years. The public taste in everything pertaining to art, literature and music has changed during that period; not to change would mean stagnation and then decay.

I remember very well and with unmixed pleasure Mr. Frohman's Lyceum Theatre of which he writes. It was individual, distinctive and reflected a personality. Mr. Frohman catered to a special *clientèle*. He knew its tastes, its likes and dislikes. But it comprised only a portion of the theatre-going public. Even in those days, if my memory serves correctly—I am writing where no records are accessible—Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport and Modjeska were offering to the public a fare much stronger than Mr. Frohman's menu and one equally acceptable to the public taste.

According to its critics, contemporary drama is always at its lowest ebb. At a dinner recently given to Maeterlinck, one of the speakers made a vicious attack on the theatre of today. He recalled that twenty-three years ago he was able, in one season, to witness performances by Booth, Irving, Salvini, Modjeska and Rhea. He asked why the American managers of today did not present such artistes to the public and in eloquent and rounded phrases he paid tribute to the theatre of the days of Shakespeare and wondered why more of the plays of the master dramatist were not now on the boards.

It would have been extremely easy for any one of the men of the theatre present to have replied to this gentleman, but he was taking no chances of their so doing, for he had adroitly stipulated that he was to be the last speaker. He made his assault having carefully arranged that there was to be no chance either for defense or counter-attack.

Had any man of the theatre been allowed to reply he could have pointed out that of the artistes mentioned only one was an American, and he might, pertinently I think, have enquired if England was producing no Irvings, Italy no Salvinis, and Poland no Modjeskas, how American managers could be blamed for not presenting them.

It might also have been pointed out that Sothern and Marlowe are presenting a repertoire of Shakespearian plays this season, that Mantell has been doing it for many seasons, that Walter Hampden could be seen in "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet," and John Barrymore in "Richard III."

Going further, this gentleman's attention might have been called to the fact that, of the very time he was holding up as the golden age of the theatre, Ben Jonson, one of its contemporaries, was saying the self-same things that he was saying of the theatre of today.

As regards the change in public taste one thing is axiomatic so far as the theatre is concerned. On the English-speaking stage it is the clean play that brings the great rewards both to the author and the manager, and it is the clean play that lives. The two dominating successes on the American stage today are "Lightnin'" and "East is West." Of the other outstanding successes in New York, judged by the length of their runs, exception can be taken to only one, and that will be buried and forgotten long before the others have passed away. The bedroom farce, the vulgar comedy, the sensational drama, all may have their day but which of them can compare in longevity or receipts with "Ben Hur," "'Way Down East," "The Old Homestead," "In Old Kentucky," or "The Music Master"? Even in farce salaciousness does not ultimately pay. "Charley's Aunt" plays the English provinces continually; and, if I may say so, "What Happened To Jones," written twenty-three years ago, is still bringing grist to the mill. Please bear in mind that I do not think the theatre should be exclusively a place for the young person for I hold the extremely opposite view.

Another factor in the change in public taste is the change in the audiences. At the time of which Mr. Frohman writes, theatres catered to what the treasurer called "the carriage trade." People who came in their carriages, and not the general public, were the main-stay of the box office. Now the position is reversed. Produce a play which appeals to "smart" people, and to them only, and its New York run is limited to from six or eight weeks, but appeal to the general public and there is no saying how long the run will last. The rich have become the poor rich and the poor have become the rich poor. Their number is unlimited, they have money, they spend it freely and it is only natural that the manager should produce plays which he thinks will appeal to them.

*Always an ideal Shakespearian heroine, Julia Marlowe was and is now, a pensive and beautiful Juliet*

*Long before Margaret Anglin was attracted to the classic drama, she won sympathetic applause in such rôles as Helena Richie, in which she is pictured here*

*Ethel Barrymore's first Broadway success was as Mme. Trentoni, in "Captain Jinks." In her quaint mid-Victorian gowns Ethel was as charming as she is today*

© Burr McIntosh

*Maxine Elliott's beauty has always been something to conjure with. In no rôle has it appeared more radiant than as Portia, acted with Nat Goodwin in* 1901

*Time has been kind to David Warfield, as to most artists. All will recognize in this picture, taken two decades ago, the popular Music Master*

*"Rosemary"—who can forget its fragrant charm? It was Maude Adams' success in this piece that prompted Charles Frohman to make her a star. Her associate is, of course, John Drew*

*Always a favorite in German dialect characterizations, Louis Mann continues to be one of the most popular comedians on our stage*

## HOW THEY LOOKED TWENTY YEARS AGO

BLANCHE BATES
as *Cigarette* in "Under Two Flags." 1901

# TWICE TEN YEARS

TIME that was before the spheres,
Time, the lord of Life and Death,
Time has poured from out his urn
Since that day you first drew breath
Twice ten years.

What new stars have blazed to light,
What stars perished out of sight,
Passed, as ships pass in the night,
To the bourne of What-Has-Been,
In twice ten years.

Miracles your eyes have seen!
Aeroplane and submarine,
All the drama of the screen,
Were as things that ne'er had been,
Till you saw them borne to earth,
In twice ten years.

Men have gone adventuring forth
Under far stars, great and chill,
And with stubborn conquering will
Won the South pole and the North,
Tardy conquests, dearly worth
Twice ten years

Titan war your eyes have seen—
Titan war and trembling peace,
With the vultures of unrest
Tearing at the whole world's breast.
Look ahead with vision, keen,
Oh, beloved Magazine
Pierce the mists that veil and screen
Twice ten years.

Lift the prophet's voice to tell
That God reigns and all is well,
Lift the prophet's eye to see
Peace enthroned triumphantly,
Rich and poor and bad and good,
(Life's deep purpose understood.)
Welded in one brotherhood
In twice ten years.

BLANCHE BATES

BLANCHE BATES

*In the title rôle of "The Famous Mrs. Fair" at the Henry Miller Theatre this noted actress is giving one of the finest performances of the current theatrical season*

*From a portrait, copyright, Havelock Pierce*

GUY BATES POST

*Who for four seasons has been appearing in "The Masquerader" with great success. Previous to that he played the title rôle in Richard Walton Tully's Oriental drama, "Omar, the Tentmaker." One of our foremost actors, his career has been filled with fine achievements, especially in "The Heir to the Hoorah," "Paid in Full," and "The Nigger"*

*From a portrait by Marceau*

NORMA TALMADGE

*Whose charm and personality have won for her a distinguished place among the prominent stars of the screen*

From a photograph by Ritz

HOPE HAMPTON

*A newly risen star in the film firmament whose picture "A Modern Salome" is now being shown throughout the country with marked success*

D. W. GRIFFITH

*A master among producers whose artistry in directing photoplays has placed him in the highest rank*

From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

## MARION DAVIES

*The radiant young Cosmopolitan star will be seen next on the screen as Stephanie Quest, the heroine of Robert W. Chambers' "Restless Sex." Miss Davies' work in the films has placed her prominently before the amusement public*

From a photograph by Moody

EDGAR LEWIS

*A director who has brought to the films his knowledge of literature and the arts which gives unique distinction to his work*

B. A. ROLFE

*Now a prominent moving picture producer, he studied first to be a musician. At eleven years of age he played all over the continent. He next lent his talents to vaudeville and after eight years turned to the newer field of the screen*

# A GLANCE BACK AT STAGE COSTUMING

*Tremendous strides forward in the cost and care given to sartorial embellishment of productions*

*By* BEN ALI HAGGIN

IN the old days the chief characteristic of all stage costuming, whether of musical comedy, of the historical or Shakespearean play, or of the Opera, was decidedly "tinsely." Lighting facilities were so bad they demanded this meretricious gilt and glitter to put the costumes across. And then the manager had relatively very little money to spend on them.

Ballets and comic operas of twenty years ago lived up to certain traditions. If we look back to photographs of that period we find that they were all costumed alike. Individuals had not yet given their attention to thinking out arrangements of costumes as compositions, and the manager turned over his production to some stereotyped professional costumer, who did his work in a wholesale manner. Wherefore every costume was identical with every other costume. Every ballet flounce was the same. Every soubrette had a petticoat that came to just a certain line between her knees and her ankles. Every tragedian carried a cloak and muffled the lower part of his face, even assuming a traditional tragedian step and walk.

INTO this desert stretch of monotony entered Belasco, who was probably the pioneer of the new legitimate costuming in this country. Belasco's accuracy of detail carried over the footlights. His original production of "Madame Butterfly" was thought out in every smallest respect. "The Darling of the Gods" was also elaborately put on. If I am not mistaken, it was the most elaborate production of the time. Belasco took the trouble to send to Japan for authentic costumes, and there was hardly a mistake or flaw in the whole composition. Belasco went to extremes in trying to present a picture of the thing as it might actually have happened in Japan. One realistic bit was to fill both his actors and the audience with the smell of incense, so that they never forgot it. And what's more we all loved it. Interestingly enough, he was the first in America to use the burning of incense in the theatre.

All this was a tremendous step from the Paris-in-New York of the old "Geisha" company, the presentation of which took place about the same time, and which was nevertheless very delightful in its way. The scenes of "The Geisha" were all supposed to be laid in Japan, but they might just as well have been laid in Paris or Vienna for all the Japanese atmosphere they had. One never forgot the gilt proscenium arch. And one never remembered a single costume or carried away in one's mind a single stage picture

THEN from Germany came a tremendous jump. A play called "Sumurun" was brought over—a pantomimic play with accompanying music. It was a revelation in productions, costing very little money, the last word in simplicity, without one actual costume being accurate. And yet never once did you feel that it was unreal. Any unimaginative person with a knowledge of the Orient might criticize the details, but any true lover that had the romance of the Orient in his heart was completely satisfied with the way the play was done. Its producer had eliminated all unnecessary frills and given it the very soul, the nucleus of the East. The costumes were made from gingham and cheap cloth, dyed for the occasion. There was even present a white-faced French Pierrot—or rather I should say, a French tragic clown—who has no logical place in the picture. But when the curtain was finally run down on the last act, you said to yourself, "Well, if the Orient isn't like that, it ought to be." Which is exactly what they wanted.

THIS particular production started people thinking more seriously of simplifying costs, and of grouping on the stage. Following it, we had a run of plays that were so simply costumed that they were bad; because they didn't have the thought back of them that makes a great production. A clumsily executed picture with a splendid motive behind the whole, showing the working of the artist's intelligence, is far better than the most cleverly painted magazine cover or academic portrait in the world. And the same thing holds true for the stage.

Along here somewhere came the Russian Ballet and the Granville Barker productions at Wallick's, the latter memorable particularly for the Robert Edmond Jones presentation of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." Mr. Jones made of this so simple and dignified and beautiful a picture that one would have forgiven him had he never done anything else the rest of his life. The Russian Ballet was wonderful in itself, its artist, Leon Bakst, a great big man who had a great big thought.

But its influence was bad. The Bakst drawings were placed on exhibition in New York, and seen by a whole raft of inferior little people, mostly mere sketchers, who proceeded to work up

(*Concluded on page* 450)

*Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston*

"THE FEAST," A COSTUME GROUP ARRANGED BY BEN ALI HAGGIN FOR THE "ZIEGFELD NINE O'CLOCK REVUE"

# TWO DECADES OF AMERICAN PLAYWRITING

*Serious plays of today fail to show the power of those of twenty years ago*

*By* AUGUSTUS THOMAS

THE last twenty years have covered changes as notable for the playwright as for any other worker in the theatre. The demand for plays has multiplied, and the field for them has widened. As a consequence, writers of plays have increased in number. They have also gained in facility, and it may be successfully contended that the playwright has grown in usefulness, even if he has not grown in individual power.

A playwright's usefulness to the community is that he either entertains, or stimulates or relieves his auditors; that is to say, he diverts their thoughts from less agreeable paths, or he stimulates their emotions, or he gives a vicarious expression to things they themselves, consciously or unconsciously wish to say or to do. The same play may serve in all of these ways to a few persons or in one of the ways to many persons. Certainly, as diversion, and perhaps as vicarious expression, the plays of today are superior to the plays of twenty years ago. In emotional appeal it is doubtful if they are so good. The plays of today are faster than the plays of 1900. Every influence in the national environment has tended to this acceleration, just as, concurrently, the hansome cab has given place to the taxi. The average man lives more rapidly, and the stage mirrors the pace.

THERE is to be noted one other quickening influence in the American theatre running a little deeper than this speeding up of general life. For business reasons and for advertising values, it is almost necessary that a play shall have a run in New York. To run long in New York, which is relatively more of a foreign city than it was, the play must tell its story more by action, and less by lines than the play of twenty years ago was told. Also, the motion picture has taught millions to see rather than to listen. The eye is more educated than the ear. Communication through the eye is more direct. Ocular presentation is the thing itself; aural presentation is the thing in symbols, a message to be translated. Messages through the ear require the recipient to think, and thinking, to feel. Messages through the eye ask him only to feel. And so it comes that the limited vocabulary of the foreign born, and the influence of the screen method, make for faster play in the spoken drama.

Then there is also the poetic, though unintentional, revenge of Africa. The tom-tom in the nation's arteries is finding cutaneous expression in our national complexion. The liberated slave has recovered from the melancholy strains of his captivity. His freedom has sung itself joyously in rag-time, and now mounts instrumentally into jazz. The contagion is in the American blood, and to that degree legitimately in the American theatre.

The Greeks estimated fully this power of music, and sternly forbade some of it.

"The introduction of a new kind of music," says Plato, "must be shunned as imperilling the whole state; since styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institutions. The new style," he goes on, "gradually gaining a lodgment, quietly insinuates itself into manners and customs; and from these it issues in greater force, and makes its way into mutual compacts; and from compacts it goes on to attack laws and constitutions, displaying the utmost impudence, until it ends by overturning everything, both in public and in private."

THIS quotation from Plato is not a plea for another amendment to the American Constitution, but is only the citing of respectable support to the idea that rag-time and jazz are potencies.

Reverting to the question of emotional appeal, it is helpful for us to be reminded of the men and the plays of twenty years ago. Then Bronson Howard had written his last play, although his friends were hopeful of others from his pen. Among the American authors still active then were Gillette, with "Sherlock Holmes"; Belasco, with "Du Barry"; Fitch, with "Her Own Way" and other plays. Klein with "The Lion and the Mouse"; Broadhurst, with "The Man of the Hour"; Crothers, with "Three of Us"; Parker, with "'Way Down East"; Thomas, with "Arizona"; Walters, with "Sergeant James" and Royle, Dazey, Morton and others with serious plays about to be produced. Among the English playwrights with annual offerings were Jones, Pinero, Barrie, Marshall, Chambers, Sutro, with plays like: "The Liars," "Mrs. Tanqueray," "Quality Street," "Second in Command," "Swift" and "The Walls of Jericho." The French were furnishing such occasional plays of importance as "Chanticler," "The Thief," and "Israel."

It would seem that against this array, the serious plays of today will fail to show the seriousness of intent, the displacement, and the power of those older ones. The explanation is not that men writing now, some of them the same men already mentioned, lack the ability of that earlier day, but that they now just as accurately estimate their public and its demand. The best purpose of serious plays is emotional stir, and today, when a great war has shaken the human soul to its center, the call for emotional stir in the theatre is not so evident.

Twenty years ago the base of the social structure the world over was more serenely stratified, and impermeable. In America we were considering the renomination of McKinley, and "taking the single item of tin plate." Leonard Wood was giving eminent satisfaction as Governor of Cuba. Mr. Frick and Mr. Carnegie were at law for the control of steel. John Hay and Lord Pauncefort were endeavoring a document to replace the Bulwer-Clayton treaty and let us build a canal. Depew was one of the newly installed United States Senators. Robert Van Wyck was Mayor of New York. Mr. Coler was agitating for an underground railway in the City. On the other coast, Mayor James Phelan, just elected, was trying to rescue San Francisco from corporations. The national 'paramount issue" seemed to be trust control. In Europe the hope of a Hague tribunal to make war unlikely was tepidly entertained. England was sending Kitchener of Khartoum as Chief of Staff for Lord Roberts in Africa. France had just settled the Dreyfus affair. The German Kaiser was posing as a peacemaker, but recommending a great Navy and an increased Army. Russia and the Orient were equally placid.

In this universal blend, it was natural that Klein should attack private monoply and its power, that Broadhurst should take a theme of a good man fighting civic corruption, and that Crothers, Walter, Royle, Thomas and others should turn to the Frederic Remington country for incident and color, and that their stories should be as stirring as they respectively could make them. Those stories and the European contributions were thus naturally stronger than stories from themes chosen in the present mood, or rather the present national need.

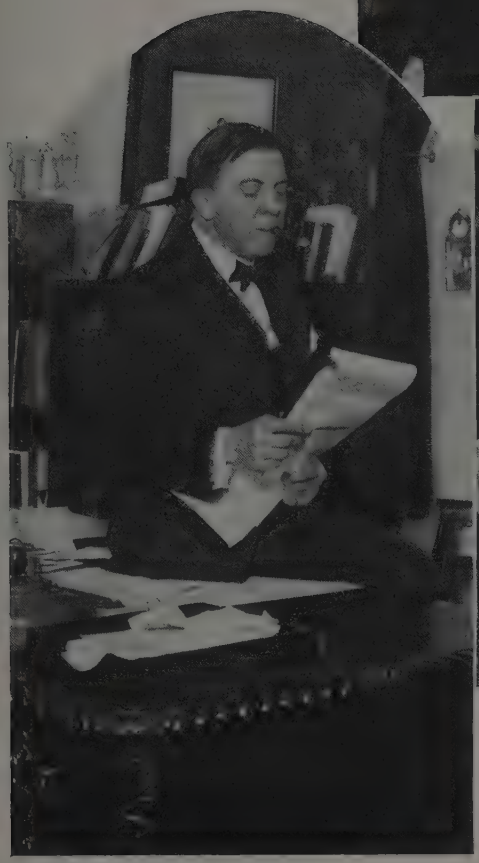
SINCE that time we have passed through the epoch of crook plays, the stories of the submerged individual wrestling with a fate, dramatized by Society's Police Department, and nearly through the mystery plays, in which the contest is the enigma of a committed crime, against the impersonated inquiry. We are now very much interested in the rapidly readjusting social, political, and commercial relations of the sexes, and we are very attentive to the new music and its nerve reflexes. Also, we are very properly amusing ourselves with agile demonstrations of the quickened dramatic technique resulting from the causes already named.

The theatre is sharing the temporary vacation from the Academy that every edpartment of every Art now enjoys. The public is interested in personal styles, and is being highly, and we cannot doubt, profitably, entertained. When it has need to be moved, the power to move it is surely resident behind the numerous hands that are now so expert and so responsive.

Brown Bros.

COSMO HAMILTON

*The author of "Scandal" is an Englishman with a penchant for smart dialogue*



Paul Thompson

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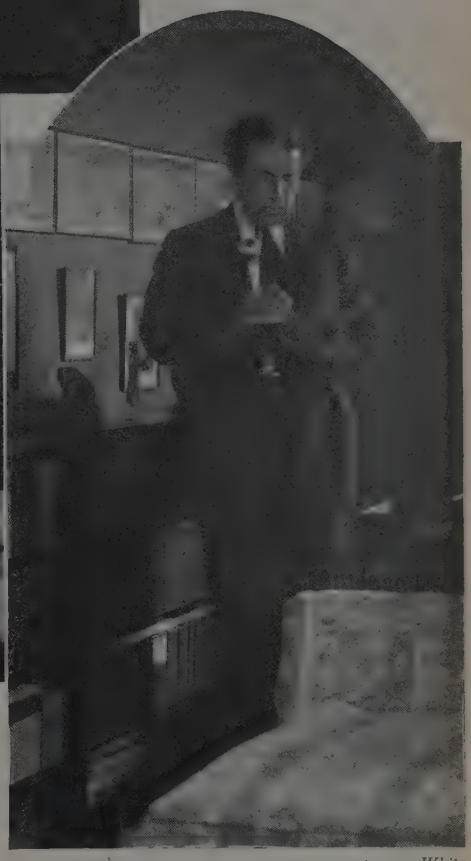
GEORGE BROADHURST

*Who wrote "Bought and Paid For," "What Happened to Jones," etc. He is the director of the dainty New York playhouse that bears his name*



White

RUPERT HUGHES

*Responsible for "Excuse Me," "The Cat-Bird" and many other comedies that have amused Broadway*

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CHANNING POLLOCK

*Author of "The Sign on the Door," "In the Bishop's Carriage," "Such a Little Queen" and numberless plays with a wide appeal*

JULES ECKERT GOODMAN

*"Mother" and "The Man Who Came Back" show how versatile is this popular dramatist with a long list of plays to his credit*

AVERY HOPWOOD

*Whose "Seven Days," "Nobody's Widow," and "The Gold Diggers" have made him one of the most successful of modern dramatists*

## THEIR PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD ON BROADWAY

# TWENTY YEARS—AND MORE—OF STAGE LAUGHS

*Old time audiences fully as responsive to the humor of Harrigan and Hart as we are today to the wit of Shaw and Lauder*

*By* SAM BERNARD

ALL Americans are born laughing!

The American laugh has been an education to the rest of the world. It has not merely skimmed the surface, it has come deep from the source of good humor the world over. I have been making laughs for years, and looking backward, I can see that Americans have always been a laughing race, tolerant towards other nations in their humor, original in their own jokes, if a trifle impatient, with the European brand. An American can always take a joke, and he can retaliate. Americans being gifted with a wit that has no equal in the world, the American comedian has had no easy task to make laughs for American audiences.

It is customary to refer to the audience of today as a superior class, demanding a higher grade of humor than their predecessors. It is a pose. The audiences of Harrigan and Hart's laughing hours were just as appreciative of wit as the audiences of George Bernard Shaw or Harry Lauder. Even the American Indian, with his savage satire of scalps, became a source of comic material. The wooden Indian was one of my earliest recollections of a laugh. Some of us can remember these grotesque figures, symbols of the cigar store, warriors of tobacco. No American street was complete without a few wooden Indians obstructing the corners.

THE old-time American comedian had to be a spontaneous actor, he relied upon his own ideas. He wrote his own jokes, discovered his own laughs. Of course, he had to find them from his own observations of life. I never paid an author for a monologue till a year or two ago. If anything, comedians were funnier years ago than we are now. George Bernard Shaw has created no better laughs than Bret Harte or Mark Twain. Willis P. Sweatman came before Bert Williams, and then there were Emmet, and Jefferson, George Knight and John T. Raymond —the list is endless. The American laugh, like the American people, is still growing up, but each generation fundamentally laughs at the same thing. So we can celebrate the anniversary of a laugh made years ago, since in most cases the modern laugh is a direct lineal descendant.

For myself, that is, my comic self, I can trade from them the source of the laughs I have made. Many years ago—I don't like to think how long ago—there was a laugh-factory located in a cellar near Worth and Baxter Streets, New York, called the five points. It was in this sweat-shop of humor that I began my stage career. We received no salaries because the manager considered that we were being given an opportunity to find out whether we were actors or not. To me, the funniest thing in New York, at that time, was the German-American. He was a pompous, weighty, slow-thinking citizen. Through American influence, he had fallen under the spell of a prosperous sign peculiar to that period. It was the spell of the two-pound watch-chain attached to a five-pound watch. The chain stretched like a huge cable across the mountainous expanse of his colored vest. Usually, this solid citizen was in that pleasant state of fermentation peculiar to the pickle. He always preferred the outdoors, and was generally found standing on the rear platform of the car. When spread out he became a sort of bulwark for passengers wedged near him. He was a joy and inspiration to me. Riding on a car one day, squeezed into an obscure corner, I saw a man snatch his watch, and hop off the car. The chain hung down straight. I waited leisurely the climax of the drama.

THE German emerged gradually from his usual somnolence, looked down solemnly at the chain, straightened up, while his face grew purple. He emitted various gutteral sounds, half finished sentences, clipped words, in an effort to articulate clearly his feelings. Obviously his mind was functioning. Anger, and explanations were incumbent, but no one could understand what he was saying. Finally, he looked sadly at the chain and said:

"This iss the second vatch."

In the joke factory that night, I gave an imitation of this perplexed German, inarticulate, yet outraged. With variations, I have been doing the same thing, ever since. The German-American laugh is a combination of a tragedy and comedy. The theatre deals only with the crisis. The best laugh must be close to human sympathy —but it must be slightly grotesque.

*Sam Bernard as the Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer*

The laughs of two decades ago and more, were the pioneers of the laughs of today. They were not quite so subtle. They were more direct, vital, stouter, than they are to-day. For instance, the Irish laugh was a very popular brand then. I recall distinctly among the actors who appeared in that cellar of comic nights, there were two Irish comedians, who did an act much funnier than anything I have seen since. They came on the stage in the character of hod-carriers. During the act they built a wall between them about eight feet high. In building this wall they kept up a continuous Irish quarrel of wit and gesture. Green whiskers were the stage Irishman's symbol, and the red flannel shirt matched the green whiskers. In the course of my own career, I played Irish comedy too, in those early days.

The laughs that were made long ago, were not written for the comedians. If a man couldn't write his own jokes, create his own funny business, imagine an entire act, there was no hope for him as a comedian on the stage. Those were the days when the variety stage consisted of acts made up by the actors, often as they went along.

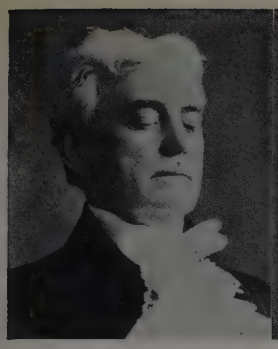
OF course, certain comedians developed a skill in characterization, but those were bad days for the authors who have since sprung up among writers of funny plays. I myself, was the first comedian in vaudeville to receive a thousand dollars a week for a monologue which I wrote myself, having done the same thing for $40 before. That was after some years of success, after I had got the habit of making laughs.

It is a habit. It develops, becomes tenaciously a point of view. Comedy, like the juice of an orange, can be sweet or sour, or stinging. The best, of course, is the sweet orange. There are more people in the world who want to laugh with you, than laugh at you. A good laugh is not sarcastic, nor foolish, nor vicious—it just spills over.

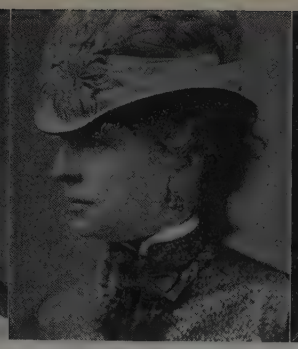
Even the highbrow stumbles happily over. A good laugh is so democratic that it makes friends of bitter enemies, it is the precious antidote of forgetfulness. It is made by men and women who have, not merely a keen sense of humor, but the widest sympathy.

In those first days of incubation I was hatching laughs that grew up till they are now forty years old. They still retain a resemblance to their infancy, which confirms my impression that people laugh at the same thing, told in a different way, from one generation to another. When I began making laughs, I didn't care how much money I got for them. The only time I got any money in the cellarette theatre, was when Tony Pastor came down one night with his company from Fourteenth Street. I received fifty cents for my artistic efforts. To be sure, my laughs were cheaper then, than they are now, but I believe they were just as good, but the high cost

(*Continued on page* 474)



LOUIS JAMES
*Noted classic actor who made Shakespearian revivals at the head of his own company*



MAGGIE MITCHELL
*A prime favorite in the sixties in "Fanchon The Cricket" and other plays*

NAT C. GOODWIN
*Distinguished comedian whose remarkable versatility ranged from Fagin to Shakespeare*

ANNA HELD
*Piquant Polish singer whose eyes and saucíness brought her a large following*

KYRLE BELLEW
*Whose picturesque grace in romantic rôles made him a famous matinee hero*

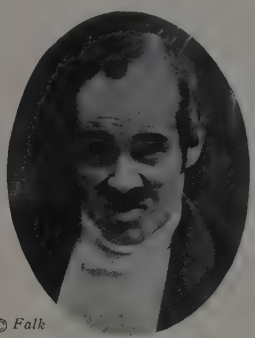
MRS. JOHN DREW
*Head of the famous family of Drews and Barrymores which has given us so many talented players*

© B. J. Falk

JOSEPH JEFFERSON
*As the immortal Rip Van Winkle, this celebrated comedian's best known characterization*

© Dupont

ADA REHAN
*Leading woman at Daly's and an immense favorite both in Shakespeare and the lighter modern rôles*



© Falk

RICHARD MANSFIELD
*America's distinguished character actor as the senile Baron Chevrial, the part which made him famous*

FANNY DAVENPORT
*Leading woman at Daly's Theatre, who later became a prominent American star in such rôles as Gismonda, Tosca, etc.*

DENMAN THOMPSON
*Who as Joshua Whitcomb won the affections of millions in "The Old Homestead"*

HELENA MODJESKA
*Polish Shakespearian actress who made America her home. A delicate and subtle Rosalind*

MRS. G. H. GILBERT
*The "grand old woman" of the American stage, whose acting proved a delight for over half a century*

## THE CURTAIN ON LIFE'S DRAMA HAS RUNG DOWN FOR THEM

*Players Who Have Made Their Last Exit During the Past Twenty Years*

# IN THE ACTORS' CLUBS

*The aristocratic Players, the rollicking Lambs, and jovial Friars favorite after-theatre resorts with the tired thespians*

## The Players

By GUY NICHOLS

TWENTY years ago when the THEATRE MAGAZINE gave vent to its first infantile cry, The Players was a lusty youth of twelve. The former has now reached man's estate and the latter a dignified and mellow middle age. The visitor to 16 Gramercy Park, after an absence of twenty years, will find no great or material change in either the exterior or the interior of The Club. The remodeling of the house, the interior decorations and the general color scheme done by Stanford White are practically the same as when the house was opened December 31, 1888.

The portraits of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Joseph Jefferson by Sargent; of E. S. Connor and John Gilbert by Alden Wier and of Thomas A. Cooper by Gilbert Stuart hang in their old places. The library is still the attractive and musty room that it has always been; but it is better filled now. In the past twenty years there have been many additions both to the library and to the art collection.

THE greatest change is within the Park itself. The old fountain has been removed from the center and in its place The Players has erected a statue of Edwin Booth, founder of The Club. This lasting tribute of bronze, the first statue to an American actor, is the work of Edward T. Quinn, a member of The Club.

In the foregoing I may have given the impression that The Players is living only in the past, that sentiment and tradition are the controlling forces. That would be a false impression. We have kept our traditions and we have fostered them; but it is the spirit of youth that keeps us going.

The entry of the United States into the War proved this. Out of a membership of less than eleven hundred, one hundred and twenty-five men wore the uniform of the Allies and more than half of the total membership was actively engaged in war work. We were represented in the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, overseas theatre and in all branches of governmental work in Washington. Actors gave up their engagements and went to Plattsburgh. Lawyers, editors, journalists, authors, and sculptors went into service in one way or another and all within the first three months of the war.

THREE Players—Lionel Walsh and Robert Stowe Gill, well remembered by theatregoers, and Major Willard Straight, publisher and financier, made the supreme sacrifice.

But we have not forgotten our professions during the war. More especially have we not forgotten our interest in the theatre, that brought men of different professions together. Many of our exponents of the classic drama are gone, but two young Players are making strong and decided bids for the tragic laurels. We have a Hamlet and a Richard—Walter Hampden and John Barrymore, both of whom use the Club regularly.

The Club has had three presidents, Edwin Booth, the founder, Joseph Jefferson and John Drew who succeeded Jefferson in 1905. John Drew's reign bids fair to be longer than that of Queen Victoria, so great is the esteem in which he is held by his fellowmembers. There have been seven vice presidents. Of the seven, Francis Wilson and Otis Skinner, the present incumbent, are still frequenters of the Club. Francis Wilson who was elected to the Board of Directors to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Edwin Booth in 1893, has held office continuously ever since that time with the exception of six months. F. F. Mackay, who has been on the stage some seventy years, is a frisky Player of 88.

SCORES of Players whose names are household words when the stage, literature and the arts are mentioned have died during the past twenty years, but the Players of today are worthy to fill their places. Bronson Howard and Clyde Fitch were two of our best playwrights, but A. E. Thomas, Langdon Mitchell, George Hazelton, Guy Bolton, George Middleton, Austin Strong, Winchell Smith, and Jesse Lynch Williams are writing plays that are pleasing theatregoers wherever the English language is spoken. Joseph Jefferson has gone and Rip Van Winkle will sleep for more than twenty years, but Frank Bacon and "Lightnin' Bill Jones" will probably be a source of delight to our grandchildren. Never again shall we listen to the kindly witticisms of Maurice Barrymore. Nor shall we see again his fine performance of Captain Swift and Rawdon Crawley, but he left a fine legacy to the American stage in his three children, Ethel, John and Lionel.

No, The Players is not living in the past, nor is The Club relying wholly upon young men to carry on its traditions. The old guard is with us and going strong: John Drew, Otis Skinner, Francis Wilson, Henry Dixey, James T. Powers Willis Sweatman, George W. Wilson, Charles Harbury, George Denny, Charles B. Wells, James O'Neill, Russ Whytal, Leo Ditrichstein, Henry Stephenson, W. H. Thompson, William Sampson and "Bogey' Andrews.

LIVING in the past? No, indeed, how about Maxfield Parrish, Edward Simmons, Childe Hassam, Henry Bacon, Jules Guerin, Thomas W. Dewing, Don Marquis, Booth Tarkington, Henry Leon Wilson, Oliver Herford, Reginald Birch, George Bellows, Charles A. Platt, Henry Sydnor Harrison? How about———? Here I find I've got to stop mentioning names or I'll get myself into trouble for practically every one of the eleven hundred members of The Players is doing something worth while in the field of literature or art.

Many members feel that the Federal government in adopting the eighteenth amendment aimed a blow at our most famous function, Founders Night (Dec. 31), but I am very happy to say that no act of Congress can destroy the good-fellowship that exists at No. 16 Gramercy Park.

In the words of Edwin Booth, "Perpetual prosperity to The Players" and may I not add, "to the THEATRE MAGAZINE!"

## The Lambs

By R. H. BURNSIDE

IN some clubs, every member's armchair is his castle, with the bridge up and the portcullis down. It is safer not to approach without invitation.

The Lambs Club is as unlike that as possible.

The old slander about theatrical jealousy finds its best answer in the fact that no other club in the country is quite so famous for good-fellowship and affectionate co-operation as the Lambs.

It enjoys the highest-known percentage of attendance in proportion to its membership. Its atmosphere is that of a college fraternity. Nearly everybody calls everybody by his first name. Everybody knows everybody else, and there is always somebody to talk to, no matter what the hour.

Conviviality is not the only proof of true comradery. The actor's profession is especially given to ups and downs. There is a substantial and increasing number of actors of wealth, but the young actor has a harrowing time, and bad luck strikes many times in the same place.

ACTORS are the readiest of all professions to give their wares free for public charity or patriotism. They take good care of one another, too. Only those who know the Lambs well, know how quick and eager is the response to a case of financial need, or to a need of friendly help.

These manifestations of brotherhood are, however, usually kept dark. The chief effort of the Lambs as a club reflects the ambition of its individual members: to illuminate existence with gaiety and imagination.

Hence the Lambs gives its famous Gambols, where throngs limited only by the size of the ever-increasing clubhouse are entertained by the choicest morsels of dramatic fare that can be devised.

But every day is Gambol day at the Lambs. Its population is unusually various. Someone is always turning up whom success has kept on the road, or whom failure has restored. During the rehearsals of new plays, half of the anxiety of the actors is the hope that it will keep him a year or two in the Lambs' town. Sometimes it does. Sometimes it dies under him, or goes on the road for years. Whenever it is within reach of the Club, he is sure to take a train-jump for a few hours in the Fold.

THE homesickness for the Club is seen in the telegrams on the bulletin-board from some lonely member afar, or from several members met together at a distance. And at the slightest excuse, the Club sends telegrams, round-robins of family affection to its prodigals where they wander.

In a thousand ways, and always under a disguise of hilarity and even of mockery, the spirit of the Lambs reveals itself in a wonderful glow of deep friendship and of mutual responsibility for one another's welfare, happiness and entertainment. I know of no club of which this can be more truly said.

My first introduction to the Lambs took

© Falk

*Library of The Players, the most aristocratic of the actors' clubs*

*Statue of Edwin Booth, founder of The Players, in Gramercy Park*

*Grill Room of The Friars—a jolly actors' club, which scarcely lives up to its austere name*

*Exterior of the Lambs Club, at 128 West 44th Street, New York City*

*De Wolf Hopper enlivening lunch hour at the Lambs with one of his characteristic stories*

## WHERE THE PLAYERS SEEK RECREATION AND COMPANIONSHIP

place in 1894, when the club was in Twenty-ninth Street, and the good friend who introduced me was Digby Bell. To me it was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, for it was the beginning of many friendships that have brought me untold joy—Charles Stevenson, the present dean of The Lambs, the oldest, and, I may safely say, most beloved member; Charles Hoyt, a lovable soul, whose dry and pungent humor is well known, especially in those days. Harry Gillig, a good fellow, good musician, good story-teller, good friend; Frank Unger, his partner in mirth and jollity, a veritable Damon and Pythias—where you saw one you would invariably find the other—always bringing laughter and sunshine to their fellow Lambs. Then De Wolf Hopper, always a tower of strength to the Club, always the optimist and the bringer of good tidings. In the darkest days of the Lambs he never failed to breathe good cheer and a bright outlook for the future. Maurice Barrymore, Lion among the Lambs, I called him—vigorous and valiant in his attitude, sarcastic, but always with fine humor. To be with him in that corner by the fireplace, in the Thirty-sixth Street Clubhouse, for an hour meant a delightful hour. Then Clay M. Greene, Nat Goodwin, L. J. B. Lincoln, Jack Stow, sitting around a table swapping stories, many of which have passed around the world and helped to make it brighter.

Those who have been privileged to witness the monthly gambols held at the Lambs these many years, know what gems have emanated from the brains of such men as George V. Hobart, Joseph Herbert, Glen MacDonough, Clay M. Greene, Augustus Thomas, Edwin Milton Royle, Eugene Presbrey—playlets that were practically the beginning or nucleus of such plays as "The Witching Hour," "The Squawman," "Experience," and other plays now famous everywhere.

There is no other club like the Lambs in the world. It stands alone—of that there is no question. It is unique because of its spirit—because it is so different, because its membership consists of men who know how to amuse the public, and therefore know how to amuse themselves.

Banquets or dinners at the Lambs are unusually unusual because of the fact that the speeches are by such men as Augustus Thomas, Irvin Cobb, Patrick Francis Murphy, Clay Greene, William Courtleigh, Dr. Frank Crane and Wilton Lackaye, whose spontaneous wit and humor is eagerly awaited and always appreciated, because the repartee indulged in is largely a matter of the moment, and not, as in most cases, previously thought out.

We miss such "Lambs" as Harry Woodruff, Francis Carlyle, Walter Hale, James Clarence Harvey, Charles Hopper, Marcus R. Mayer, John Mason, Arthur Lawrence, George W. Leslie, Dennis O'Sullivan, George Perugini, Hugo Toland, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., William Harris, Sr., and James Kilduff. They left the fold for a happier land, but they are not forgotten. They made the Clubhouse merrier and brighter by their presence and genial companionship.

The Lambs have changed their fold many times. Since its inception the club has occupied various rooms and club- (*Continued on page 478*)

# PROHIBITION AND THE THEATRE

*By* CHANNING POLLOCK

*Author of "The Sign on the Door," etc.*

"Nowhere will prohibition bring about a greater revolution than in the theatre. Liquor has played so large a part in drama and musical comedy that it is hard to imagine either without it."—*Daily News Item.*

IN view of the above, we beg leave to suggest a few substitutions.

A DRINKING CHORUS

*Clink, clink, my lads;*
*We'll drink, my lads,*
*And to our sweethearts cleave—O!*
*For ev'ry lass*
*We'll drain a glass*
*Of Apple—Ju or Beevo!*
*In days gone by,*
*With bumpers high,*
*We learned what nature's blend meant,*
*But now we must*
*Not strain or bust*
*Bill Bryan's pet Amendment!*
*So drink, my lads,*
*Nor think, my lads,*
*Of pristine ales and porters,*
*But be as gay*
*As people may*
*On booze two and three-quarters!*

A SCENE FOR A SOCIETY COMEDY.

*A RECEPTION at Lady Agatha's. Enter Lord Tiddledywinks.*

LADY A.: Just in time, Lord Tiddledywinks. We're drowning our sorrows.

LORD T.: Mine are amphibious, Lady Agatha.

LADY A.: At least you can throw them overboard. (*To the Butler.*) Bates!

BATES: Your ladyship?

LADY A.: A glass for his lordship. (*To Lord T.*) A glass of what, Lord Tiddledywinks?

LORD T.: Sarsaparilla, if you don't mind, Lady Agatha. (*Lady A. nods to the Butler.*) It's the family vice, Lady Agatha. My grandfather, the first Earl, was wrecked in sarsaparilla.

BATES: (*Serving.*) Your sarsaparilla, mi'lord.

LORD T.: Thank you, Bates. (*He drinks.*)

LADY A.: (*With exquisite sympathy.*) You are in trouble, Lord Tiddledywinks.

LORD T.: In very great trouble, Lady Agatha.

LADY A.: Meaning?

LORD T.: Meaning exactly that, Lady Agatha.

LADY A.: I *am* sorry. (*Tactfully.*) Another glass, Lord Tiddledywinks?

LORD T.: Yes. (*Bitterly.*) After all, what does it matter? (*The Butler brings more sarsaparilla. He drinks.*)

LADY A.: How did you know, Lord Tiddledywinks?

LORD T.: Gwendolyn came home last night from the Heatherby-Hooters—how can I say it?—under the influence—you understand?

LADY A.: Perfectly. (*A pause.*) Sarsaparilla?

LORD T.: No; Lady Agatha. Sarsaparilla would have meant nothing. As I have told you, sarsaparilla is the family vice. My wife had been drinking—(*with deep emotion*)—orangeade!

LADY A.: And she confessed?

LORD T.: Everything.

LADY A.: My poor Lord Tiddledywinks. (*A pause.*) The man's name?

LORD T.: That she did not confess. (*A longer pause. Orchestra, off L., begins playing "Love's Dream After the Ball." Lady Agatha motions the butler, who brings more sarsaparilla. Sir Gosh Godfrey comes down.*)

LADY A.: Just in time, Sir Gosh. We're drowning our sorrows.

SIR G.: Mine are amphibious, Lady Agatha.

LADY A.: At least, you can throw them overboard. (*To the Butler.*) Bates!

BATES: Your ladyship?

LADY A.: *A glass for his lordship.* (*To Sir G.*) A glass of what, Sir Gosh?

SIR G.: Orangeade, Lady Agatha. (*A pause. The two men stare at each other; then suddenly Lord Tiddledywinks flings his sarsaparilla full in the face of Sir Gosh.*)

LADY A.: What is it, Lord Tiddledywinks?

LORD T.: (*Calmly.*) Sarsaparilla, Lady Agatha. (*He turns away.*)

CURTAIN

SCENARIO FOR A WILLIAM HART "MOVIE"

SCENE XXII: *Ice-cream saloon of The Last Chance, an evil resort at Searchlight, Nevada. "Quick-Trigger" Quirk, in a red flannel shirt, pouring pineapple juice over an Hawaiian sundae. Rose, the Skirt, stands beside the root-beer barrel, sipping malted milk through a straw. "Bowie" Benzine enters, plainly the worse for ginger-ale, and, drawing his revolver, hammers with the butt of it on the marble-topped soda fountain. Pantomime: "Everybody have a drink with me!"*

The rowdies rush to the soda fountain.

With professional skill, "Quick-Trigger" Quirk mixes the syrup and carbonic.

Rose laughs.

"Bowie" Benzine pantomimes: "Drink!"

He brushes her malted milk from the counter, and thrusts before her a chocolate ice-cream soda.

Rose pours it upon the floor.

With an ugly sneer, "Bowie" Benzine grips her by the throat.

Enter Satan Sawbuck.

Taking in the situation at a glance, he wrests Rose from the grip of the merciless "Bowie." Benzine snatches up his weapon, and is about to fire point-blank at Sawbuck, when, seizing an ice-cream cone, Sawbuck hurls the ball of fresh peach full into his face. "Bowie" falls prostrate, and, as he pulls the trigger, Satan Sawbuck drops Rose behind the counter, into a box of cracked ice, and deftly slips out of the room.

*SUB-TITLE: Searchlight, where women love, and men sacrifice their manhood for Lemon Phosphate and Grape Fizz*

# MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

BIJOU. "THE OUIJA BOARD." Play in three acts by Crane Wilbur. Produced on March 29, with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Jules, a servant, | George Dannenborg |
| Richard Annixter | Stewart E. Wilson |
| Winifred Annixter | Regina Wallace |
| Kitty Kemp | Ruth Hammond |
| Barney McCare | Crane Wilbur |
| Norman Kemp | George Gaul |
| Henry Annixter | William Ingersoll |
| Rupe Gurney | Edward Ellis |
| Gabriel Mogador | Howard Lang |
| Bartlett | John Wray |

LEADING the goosefleshly school of dramatic literature by many lengths is Crane Wilbur's play which the shrewd Mr. Woods, at the last moment renamed "The Ouija Board."

Starting with a banal first act, which might as well be omitted and which is padded out with impertinent bits, it develops a high shudder-power at the rise of the second-act curtain and maintains its thrillage thenceforward to the end of the play.

The story is all about a fake medium who is betrayed to his death by an honest-to-goodness spookess. Using the charlatan's hand, she writes a note to her widower husband, informing him that the medium is the man who once lured her from her legal fireside and then deserted her. The widower promptly slays the medium, whose dead hand continues to write messages from the other world.

In the last act the widower himself is killed by a pistol-shot fired from a phonograph which is playing a record of his dead wife's voice. The automatic has been cunningly installed by the old man's adopted son who is a cocaine addict—prohibition having brought upon us the open season for "snowbirds."

Involved in the rather complicated plot are two love stories. The chief interest, however, is centered about the weird contrivances in the medium's séance room with its bluish lights and its self-acting doors.

The piece is admirably staged and acted. Mr. Wilbur, the author, plays a minor rôle, leaving the most important part—that of the charlatan—to Howard Lang, an actor who will be better known in America henceforward. Sharing with him the honors is Edward Ellis who, as an openly-avowed coward, furnishes excellent comic relief. George Gaul's well-shaded performance makes a secondary rôle seem of primary importance, and Stewart E. Wilson gives us the traditional drug fiend. Regina Wallace is the harassed heroine.

"The Ouija Board" is the best thriller since "The Thirteenth Chair."

---

SHUBERT. "THE BLUE FLAME." Melodrama in four acts by George V. Hobart and John Willard, founded on Leta Vance Nicholson's play of the same title. Produced on March 15th, with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| John Varnum | Alan Dinehart |
| Ah Foo | Jack Gibson |
| Larry Winston | Donald Gallaher |
| Cicely Varnum | Helen Curry |
| Ned Maddox | Kenneth Hill |
| Clarissa Archibald | Thais Lawton |
| Ruth Gordon | Theda Bara |
| The Stranger | Earl House |
| Nora Macree | Tessie Lawrence |
| Tom Dorgan | Harry Minturn |
| Miller | Tom O'Hara |
| Patterson | Frank Hughes |
| Inspector Ryan | DeWitt C. Jennings |
| Quong Toy | Henry Herbert |
| Barnes | Joseph Buckley |
| Grogan | Martin Malloy |
| Wung Ming | Robert Lee |
| Ling Foo | Royal Stout |

"THE BLUE FLAME," wherewith Miss Theda Bara, that justly celebrated screen vampire is introduced to the speaking stage, is as incredible as the ruralist's giraffe. Looking directly at it, in spite of the evidence of one's eyes and ears, one is prone to insist, "There ain't no sich play!"

If you have ever wondered what people meant when they said that some person had no soul, "The Blue Flame" will enlighten you. In this opus an atheistic scientist galvanizes back to life the corpse of a young woman a few moments after her soul, looking rather like a pigeon's wing, has flickered up the wall-paper to heaven. The soulless young woman, hitherto irreproachable, instantly launches herself upon a career of crime, that is, to say the least, horrendous.

She begins by inviting her lover to marry her, lacking, as she explains, only a legal excuse to demonstrate that she is far from being the cold creature he has imagined her. Later, she flirts with various men, murders one of them for his life insurance, drives another to cocaine and the theft of an idol's eye, causes the woe and death of an innocent young girl, says "hell" and "damn," and smokes a cigarette. Such is soullessness!

Of course, it all turnes out to be a very bad dream—the atheistic inventor's nightmare, which naturally converts him instantaneously to theism. Meanwhile, the audience has laughed heartily in the wrong places at the most incredible collection of bathetic mock-heroics of our generation.

Miss Bara has obvious gifts. With a few years of hard work in some western stock company she might develop into a very capable actress. She is supported by a competent company, most of whom are overwhelmed by the impossibilities of the play. Donald Gallaher contributes some vivid moments as a dope fiend, Henry Herbert lends distinction to a Chinatown episode. But Alan Dinehart, as the scientist, is in far beyond his depth.

---

NORA BAYES. "LASSIE." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, music by Hugo Felix. Produced on April 6th, with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lily | Miriam Collins |
| Mrs. McNab | Louie Emery |
| Winkie | Colin O'Moore |
| Sandy | Ralph Nairn |
| Jean MacGregor | Alma Mara |
| MacGregor | Percival Vivian |
| Meg Duncan | Molly Pearson |
| Kitty MacKay | Tessa Kosta |
| Lieut. The Hon. David Graham | Roland Bottomley |
| Philip Grayson | Carl Hyson |
| Lady Gwendolyn Spencer-Hill | Dorothy Dickson |
| Lord Inglehart | David Glassford |
| Mrs. Grayson | Ada Sinclair |
| Robbins | Robert Smythe |

AT last we have a musical comedy with a plot! It has enchanting music, too, and real singers to sing it, genuine not slapstick comedy, and delightful dancing. All New York is sure to love "Lassie," the bonny Scotch piece with its kilties and hoop skirts at the Nora Bayes Theatre.

A musical version of our old friend "Kitty MacKay," it has lost none of its charm in its new guise. The story of the ill-treated Scotch Cinderella who comes into a fortune and hies off to London with her prince, only to return to the highlands with a broken heart (which is mended of course in the last act) is a wee bit sentimental. But the picturesque settings, the lilting tunes, the dainty costumes more than make up for it.

It's a long step from the hoop-skirted dances of the sixties to the jingly jazz of today, but the minuet in Act II of "Lassie" for grace and charm can certainly stand on its own. Dorothy Dickson, whose every move is a picture, injected verve where it was most needed. Her undulating shoulders, pertness and artistic costumes made her the center of attraction whenever she was on the stage. In "Boo-Hoo" a catchy cry-baby song with Carl Hyson, an able partner, she proved that she could put over a song as well as dance. Miss Dickson was just the necessary "little bit o' Scotch."

Molly Pearson was Meg Duncan, Kitty's bosom friend and adviser. Her's is a real characterization. With a true accent (as much can't be said for the others) she was the thrifty, canny, sharp tongued Meg to a T. The scene in which she and Kitty plan to revise the Bible in order to make the road to Heaven easier was a delightful comedy bit.

Tessa Kosta, who knows well how to take a high C, was given ample opportunity to display her lovely voice. A little less sugar and a little better accent would have made her a happier "Lassie," but her songs were excellently sung. Colin O'Moore, another John McCormack, sang "Kitty of Juniper Green" in true ballad style. His is a sweet voice, indeed! Other numbers that will not be forgotten are "Lassie," well sung by Roland Bottomley, "A Teacup and a Spoon" and "Skeletons."

---

SHAKESPEARE PLAYHOUSE. "THE PIPER." By Josephine Preston Peabody. Presented on March 25th, with this cast.

| | |
|---|---|
| The Piper | A. E. Anson |
| Michael-the-Sword-Eater | William Williams |
| Cheat-the-Devil | Joseph Allenton |
| Jacobus, the Burgomeister | Reginald Barlow |
| Kurt, the Syndic, | Elmer Buffham |
| Peter, the Cobbler, | R. Henry Handon |
| Hans, the Butcher, | Forrest Woods |
| Axel, the Smith, | W. I. Clark |
| Martin, the Watch, | Paul Hayes |
| Peter, the Sacristan, | Alan McAteer |
| Anselm, a Priest, | William Vaughan |
| Old Claus, a Miser, | Leigh Lovell |
| Veronika, the Wife of Kurt, | Olive Oliver |
| Barbara, daughter of Jacobus, | Mabel Taliaferro |
| Wife of Hans the Butcher | Eleanor Hutchison |
| Wife of Axel the Smith | Gina Grey |
| Wife of Martin the Watch | Marie Booth |
| Old Ursula | Elizabeth Patterson |
| Jan | George Walcott |
| Hansel | Raymond Guion |
| Ilse | Etna Ross |
| Trude | Dorothea James |
| Rudi | Chester Hermann |
| First Acolyte | George Lister |
| Second Acolyte | Walter Crowe |

THE PIPER"—Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody's play in verse, lately revived by the Shakespeare Playhouse—is a theatrical hobbledyhoy. Whereby I mean that it is too grown up to be appreciated by children (who, by the way, are taken to it in droves) and rather too childish for adults (who attend much less numerously).

It tells the story of the pied stranger who, having been refused pay for luring the rats away from Hamelin, punished the populace by luring away their little ones. He brought the darlings back, however, after a painful interview with a wayside image of Christ. Whether he succeeded in making those mediaeval Huns any more honest and appreciative, remains an unsolved problem.

In the present revival, which has been pleasantly backgrounded and conventionally staged, A. E. Anson plays the piper. He makes the part a thing of rant and fustian merely.

The rest of the cast is adequate. Mabel Taliaferro makes a frail and appealing heroine of the burgomaster's daughter who elopes with one of the piper's band of mummers. Reginald Barlow lends the burgomaster rôle distinction. And there is a stageful of children who appear to be having the time of their lives.

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HARRIS. "3 SHOWERS." Comedy with music in two acts. Book by William Cary Duncan. Lyrics and music by Creamer and Layton. Produced on April 5th, with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Col. John White | Walter Wilson |
| Anna Mobberly | Vera Ross |
| Roberta Lee White ("Bob") | Anna Wheaton |
| Ray White | Edna Morn |
| Willie Mobberly | Andrew Lawlor, Jr. |
| Peter Fitzhugh | Paul Frawley |
| Hudson Gatling | William W. Jefferson |
| Rastus Redmond | Lynn Starling |
| Kinsey McAllister | Henry Ward |
| Stuart Thompson | Alfred Siegler |
| Norman Castleman | Frank Slater |
| "Worthless" Akers | Wilbur Cox |
| Washington Black | Eddie Gray |
| Jackson Gray | Arthur Porter |
| Lincoln Brown | Richard Cooper |
| Harrison Green | Charles B. Foster |

THE COBURNS, who used to give us Yellow Jackets and Imaginery Invalids, are now devoting some of the earnings of "The Better 'Ole" to a musical play called "Three Showers." The book is by William Cary Duncan. Instead of making his showers refreshing April ones, he has produced merely a drizzle of inanity as depressing—most of the time—as a February fog. For example, one of the best lines in "Three Showers" concerns that something trembling on the juvenile's lip which the heroine soubrette begs him not to shave off. This quip wore the beard of an octogenarian when it appeared in "Under Cover" six years ago.

The music of "Three Showers" is of the familiar, "song-plugger" type, reminiscent and uninspired, although lively and at times melodious. The most tuneful numbers are entrusted to Vera Ross, whose beautiful voice is worthy of better things. Other bright spots between showers are supplied chiefly by a negro quartette, which should have more to do, by Master Andrew Lawlor, Jr., who created the stage Penrod, and by Anna Wheaton, who works indefatigably to enliven the proceedings.

The plot concerns a Southern colonel who loudly deplores the coming of prohibition and tryannizes over his three daughters. The hand of one of these young women is sought by two strangers, one of whom seeks to becloud the other in old-fashioned melodramatic fashion. But the hero soon emerges from the fog and wins the tomboy heroine, after much barn-dancing in 1830 costumes to an accompaniment of jazz.

Walter Wilson is the colonel, at best a contemptible figure; Paul Frawley is the unjustly besmirched juvenile; and William Winter Jefferson is the vilyun who boldly seeks to barter "the evidence" for the tomboy's almost incredibly popular hand.

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PRINCESS. "MRS. JIMMIE THOMPSON." Comedy in three acts by Norman S. Rose and Edith Ellis. Produced on March 29th, with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dorothy Delmar | Minna Phillips |
| Julia | Sara Enright |
| Louise Clark | Peggy Boland |
| Edgar Blodgett | Warren W. Krech |
| Richard Ford | Richard Taber |
| Eleanor Warren | Gladys Hurlbut |
| Philip Bennett | George L. Spaulding |
| Remington Gilman, | Gordon Johnstone |
| Katherine Sumner | Anita Rothe |
| Mrs. Atwater | Gertrude Perry |
| James Thompson | Thomas A. Rolfe |
| Rev. William Woolley, | John Clements |

ONLY a strong sense of justice nurtured in early youth brought me back from a friendly tavern in 39th Street to witness the last two acts of "Mrs. Jimmie Thompson," a farce without music on exhibition at the Princess. Poor old Princess! I trust that the news of "Jane Clegg" and "Lincoln" and a few other of the good plays in town will sustain her in her recent bereavements. First, a very bad bill of playlets by the Workers' something or other, then a jazzed concentration of all the burlesque shows that played Hurtig & Seamon's in 1907, and now "Mrs. Jimmie." Shades of Holbrook Blinn and "Oh, Boy"! and the dignity that has marked the career of this little playhouse *élègant* since its beginning.

There is no need to dwell at length on this nondescript piece by Norman Rose and Edith Ellis. Suffice to comment that it becomes gloomy to the point of silliness in the first act and silly to the point of gloom in the rest. A few situations and an occasional chuckle relieve the condition at times but fail to save the patient.

The playing for the most part is amateurish, and one is grateful to Minna Phillips for an experienced and amusing performance of Mrs. Delmar, mistress of the theatrical boarding-house in which the action of the play is laid. No brother or sister of the large and struggling fraternity of the calcium lights would fail to appreciate this immensely faithful portrait of an old, old friend. Gladys Hurlbut and Richard Taber acquit themselves creditably in other rôles.

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PUNCH AND JUDY. "THE HOLE IN THE WALL." Drama in three acts by Fred Jackson. Produced on March 26th, with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Limpy Jim | Charles Halton |
| Deagon | William Sampson |
| Margaret Lyons | Muriel Tindal |
| Danny MacKeaver | Vernon Steele |
| Gordon Grant | John Halliday |
| Jean Oliver | Martha Hedman |
| Nichols | Robert Stevens |
| Police Inspector | Leighton Stark |
| Mrs. Ramsay | Cordelia MacDonald |
| Donald Ramsay | Walter Lewis |
| Cora Thompson | Doris Moore |

HERE I was, settling down to a nice quiet Indian summer of the 1919-20 season and marvelling at the fact that not a single crook-play-with-a-punch had been launched all year, when along comes "The Hole in the Wall," full of crooks, punches, and mellow suggestions of all the good crook plays ever written.

"The Hole in the Wall" is thoroughly entertaining. It contains all of the 39 ingredients of an engaging mystery play, and were it not for a vast quantity of piffle on the subject of spiritism clogging up the amusing nonsense of policemen, reporter-detectives, a deadly air-bubble gun, a haunting perfume, sliding wall panels, electric wirings, messages from the dear departed, debonair thieves wearing evening clothes and an English accent, I should say it was a first-class melodrama and bid you be off to see it.

A lunge at the pocketbooks of the gentry who paid many dollars to hear Sir Oliver tell dreary facts about everything but messages from the dead, is intended by the obvious effort to treat seriously from time to time of psychic things. The biggest moment in the play is an unexplained demonstration of the certainty of spirit communication. A band of crooks obtain information from gullible old ladies concerning the whereabouts of their valuable chattels through Madame Mystera, a fake medium, who pretends to pass on messages to them from the other world. The information she gives them is telegraphed to her chair from an interior chamber by a sort of master-mind-camera-eye fellow. The police become suspicious and introduce a young girl stool pigeon into a seance dressed as an old woman. Mystera fails to penetrate the disguise, and proceeds to deliver the usual buncombe. A bright young reporter in the room finds the wires to Mystera's chair and cuts them. Mystera hesitates and is almost lost, when suddenly the power they have been counterfeiting actually expresses itself and Mystera receives from "the outside" a message, not for the seeming old woman, but for the young girl herself.

The cast is capable throughout. John Halliday and Vernon Steele as the detective-reporter and the kingpin of the underworld respectively share honors with Martha Hedman, as Jean Oliver, the Mystera. Leighton Stark as Police Inspector and Doris Moore as the stool pigeon, gave, in small parts, most intelligent performances.

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GARRICK. "MEDEA."

I WONDER if our present day physical conformation is the same as it was with the ancient Greeks, or rather perhaps it is that the modern spirit of restlessness is responsible, for I confess that though splendidly interested, I found it a fearful strain to sit still for two hours while Mr. Maurice Browne's talented associates gave their highly interesting and impressively artistic rendering of the "Medea" of Euripides at the Garrick.

For some years director of the Little Theatre of Chicago, and soon to take up the direction of a similar enterprise in Seattle, Mr. Browne demonstrates by this venture an artistic intelligence and a physical grasp of stage opportunities that puts him in the front rank of *entrepreneurs*. I thought he not only splendidly brought out the spirit of the Greek author, but by his varied treatment—not limited to movement and lights—sustained to a quite wonderful degree an undisturbed interest in the Colchian tigress' very long-winded and bloody career. What was particularly gratifying was the demonstration that intelligence both in staging and acting can accomplish so much independent of adventitious and distracting detail.

Personally I thought his use of the colored lights in giving heightened expression to the emotions a most convincing adjunct. To me its theatrical phase never obtruded itself. I thought it an illuminative touch—no intention here to play on words—as soundly artistic as it was pictorially effective.

The title rôle is acted by Ellen Van Volkenburg, an elocutionist of fine variety whose reading, devoid of the pedantic characteristics of that type of interpreter, brings to her rendering the human note and the suggested undercurrent of tumultuous accomplishment. Maroni Olsen's Jason was vigorously and uncompromisingly masculine, while the messenger's long descriptive account was delivered with admirable dignity, feeling and change by Ralph Roeder. Very beautiful in movement and static pose was the chorus of Corinthian women.

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NEW AMSTERDAM. "ED. WYNN CARNIVAL." In two acts with dialogue and some songs by Ed. Wynn. Produced on April 5th, with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| The Lion | Ted Roberts |
| The Gladiator | Frank Ridge |
| The King | Sherman Wade |
| The King's Daughter | Helen Durkin |
| The Slave | Herbert Russell |
| The Walking Delegate | Henry Regal |
| The Wrestler | Simeon Moore |
| The Tourist | Ed. Wynn |
| The Heroine | Marion Davis |
| "Queen of the Nile" | Evan Burrows Fontaine |
| Yum-Yum-Sing | Lillian Wood |
| Yum-Yum-Sang | Fay West |
| The Atmosphere | Lillian Fitzgerald |
| Real Japanese | The Meyakos |

(*Continued on page* 460)

# THE CHORUS GIRL—OLD AND NEW

*From the days of the famous "Floradora" Sextette the stage has been an irresistible lure to America's most beautiful women*

*By* NED WAYBURN

IF I were at all smitten with the intellectual germ, my recollections of the chorus girl might lead me into all sorts of romance. She has been my inspiration and my despair for a long time, but the task of transforming her into a raving beauty is not a romantic occupation.

She has been misrepresented, that is the worst I can say for her. She has been helplessly pushed into a false glare of publicity. In spite of the recent change in her relative importance to the modern musical show, she is not any different than she was when I first met her in my faculty as director of Mathew and Bulger's "Sad Sea Waves" musical show.

My experience with her does not go back to the days of E. E. Rice, the most prolific producer of girl-shows in his day. I began to take notice of her about the time the "Floradora" Sextette put heart and hope into her toilsome life. Since then I have met most chorus girls, helped many of them, and have usually found them smart, ambitious, energetic women. In the feverish anxiety of press agents to get their theatrical goods displayed in the newspapers, they have found the chorus their easiest prey.

THE notion that newspapers like to print spicy stories about the stage, made it always an easy matter to write any kind of a yarn round an attractive picture of a chorus girl. She herself conspired with the press agent, too, believing that publicity is fame, and that with fame artistic talent might be discovered. The mistake in this reasoning is that many chorus girls got into newspapers who had no artistic talent in them to be discovered. The crowd, always keen to look at girl pictures, came to the conclusion that the chorus girl was a high-tensioned vampire, with no other thought in her head but dissipation and no other aim in life but a round of pleasure. Much like men and women in other occupations, the chorus girl became a Sunday supplement standby. As a Sunday story in the newspapers she was one kind of a girl. In real life she was quite another. Although her reputation among those who know nothing about her is still mysterious, she has recently re-established herself in the public eye, by the sheer beauty of her presence and the intelligence of her work on the stage.

SINCE we are dealing with the chorus girl as our theme, it is necessary to understand the difference between the chorus girl of the newspaper story and the chorus girl of the theatre. The former are fakers; the latter are ambitious girls engaged in the theatrical profession. There are very few fakers left, if any, because the producers of musical plays today are jealous of the reputation of their company. There is a discipline behind the scene of a girl-show that is a constant reminder of this fact. There always was, for that matter, in any company which I directed. The working hours of a chorus girl are as subject to discipline as the working hours of any other girl who earns a living. They soon learn that they are in the theatre to work. In all my experience I cannot remember an occasion when a girl who has failed to attend to business in a theatre has ever accomplished anything but get herself into entanglements that have ended her stage career. Managers don't want chorus girls who get their names into spicy newspaper stories. That time has passed.

It reached its highest efficiency, probably, when Mr. Thomas W. Riley, of Fisher, Dunne and Riley, managed to turn the failure of "Floradora" into a classic success, by his energetic publicity for the girls of the Floradora Sextette. These six goddesses of the chorus were the first of their class to immortalize the lure of the chorus girl. They were perhaps the most beautiful women on the stage of their time, and they passed from the front row of the chorus into the pleasant oblivion of wealth and retirement. Occasionally I hear from them. Only the other day, one of them, Daisy Green, came to see me, to ask me to make room for a little friend of hers on the stage.

Beauty in a woman of the theatre is largely a matter of stage management, of costume, of make-up, of fictious accessory; but even the stage manager cannot overcome its limitations. These are various. Chief among them, of course, is the double chin, the lines of many harvests, the handicaps of ill health and frequently too much husband.

Whatever romance there may be about the life of a chorus girl, she herself is the last one to see it. Nor is she, what some people insist upon calling, the romantic type. Personally, between ourselves, is there really a romantic type of woman? If so, she is not on the stage, because it's no place for her. Whatever nebulous ideas about the romance of an actress she may have are soon rudely quashed when she becomes a chorus girl.

IN the theatre we manufacture romance, in a girl-show, as mathematically as a builder constructs from the architect's blue prints, which are the music and lyrics of the play. We use all the tricks of our trade to make the show, as nearly as possible, an appeal to the romantic and the beautiful. Nor have we just begun to do this; we've always done it. The evolution of the chorus girl has been because of it.

The text of a musical show is woman. Woman—of all sorts, of all sizes, all temperaments, all attractions—woman. The chorus girl is the principle part of this text. Upon her we rely for the color, the langour or the speed, or the fancifulness of this text. She is the life of a good musical show, and we (*Concluded on page* 472)

*Byron*

THE ORIGINAL "FLORADORA" DOUBLE SEXTETTE SINGING *TELL ME PRETTY MAIDEN*, AT THE CASINO IN 1901

*A charming feature of "What's in a Name" is the song, "The Bridal Veil," with the brides of yesterday, today and tomorrow serving as a picturesque background. The costumes for this scene, designed by Robert E. Locker, are a feast for the eye*

*Photos Campbell*

*Mary Lane as the Elizabethan Bride*

*Helen Lee Worthing as the Louis XVI. Bride*

*Corone Paynter as the bride of* 1870

*Rosalind Fuller as the bride of today*

*Juliette Compton as the Medieval bride*

*Hildred as the Directoire bridesmaid*

# BRIDES OF ALL PERIODS IN "WHAT'S IN A NAME"

# SOCIETY AND THE STAGE

*Popular actresses who have become social leaders and fashionable women who have adopted the player's calling*

*By* HELEN TEN BROECK

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when humorists and comic-pages could always depend upon winning a laugh by any sly reference to the ephemeral quality of stage marriages. If the mother-in-law joke happened to be out of season, or the inebriated citizen failed to evoke the usual smiles, the little stage-marriage certificate with divorce coupon conveniently attached, never lacked recognition as a provoker of happy and refined hilarity.

Nowadays, however, the player and the public have grown nearer to each other, and the old tradition of the brief bliss of stage couples is regarded an exploded fiction mourned only by the man who writes funny paragraphs and the weary antiquarian who exhumes jokes for vaudeville and comic opera. As a matter of fact, not only is the average of happy and enduring marriages within the dramatic profession a high one, but stage women who have contracted matrimonial alliances outside their profession, even within the generation to which the memory of the THEATRE MAGAZINE runs back, have contributed almost no statistics of misery to the divorce court.

EVEN before this, the American stage had furnished a number of eminently permanent wives to that happy element vaguely referred to as society. From the old company at Daly's, Agnes Ethel, a lovely actress of earlier days, wedded into society to the amazement and indignation of her stage friends, when she became the wife of General Tracey, a scholarly man of fine birth and breeding, occupying an unassailable place in the respect of the community. As Mrs. Tracey the Daly actress carried into the drawing rooms of fashionable New York the same grace and charm, the same refinement and loveliness that had made her a beloved contemporary of Fanny Davenport and Clara Morris in the olden days of the Daly *régime*. After the death of General Tracy, his widow married into another prominent old family, and became Mrs. Roudebush. As near an approach to a *Salon* as New York has known was that over which Mrs. Roudebush presided for many years before the approach of age curtailed her social activities some time previous to her death a few seasons ago.

Daly's theatre furnished another "society" marriage by which a charming actress progressed triumphantly through the various stages of married life until she is now one of the most popular and successful grandmothers in the social register—of course, I refer to lovely Edith Kingdon, who as Mrs. George Gould has been for many years a recognized leader in New York's most exclusive society. The Gould family, by the way, has been rather addicted to stage marriages as a matrimonial habit. Another alliance, is that of Howard Gould, Edith Kingdon's brother-in-law, with Katherine Clemmons, a protegée of Buffalo Bill who starred for a number of seasons before her marriage and subsequent retirement from the footlights. A third of the sons of Jay Gould, married for his second wife, a pretty chorus girl named Kelly, who as Mrs. Frank Gould, was a prominent member of the younger and livelier set of American women in Paris for several years. It was from the stage of Daly's theatre, too, that Mabelle Gilman's sparkling eyes struck lightning in the heart of W. E. Corey, a multi-millionaire of the steel industry, whom she married several years ago.

PRE-EMINENTLY successful among many successful stage-society alliances has been the marriage of Mary Anderson—our beloved Mary, to Antonio Joseph de Navarro, the son of a prominent Spanish-American banker which took place at the height of Miss Anderson's dazzling historic career, when "Our Mary" was the idol of New York and London. As Mme. de Navarro, the stately American actress—last of the tragediennes of the old school—is held very close to the heart of English society. Just before the World War stunned the whole earth, I was showing the beauties of old Worcestershire to some American friends, and prior to paying a visit at tea time to "our Mary," was showing them the charming old inn in the neighborhood where bonnie Prince Charlie—who seems to have hidden in chimneys equal in number to Washington's headquarters in this country—once lay concealed in the cavernous fireplace. A flutter of unaccountable excitement seized the people at the Lygon Arms when our intended visit to Mme. de Navarro was mentioned, and we were gazed upon with something akin to awe by every one on the premises. We have yet to learn whether this reverence was due to the fact that we were Americans who knew Mme. de Navarro, or to the knowledge, later discovered to our own immense surprise, that the King and Queen of England were also guests at the tea table spread on the beautiful lawn of "The Priory"—Mme. de Navarro's home at Broadway.

An international stage marriage that proved less happy than most similar alliances was that by which May Yohe, a musical comedy favorite of twenty odd years ago, became Lady Francis Hope through marriage to the heir to the Duke of Newcastle. This union which was childless was dissolved by the courts and both parties long ago remarried.

WHEN May Yohe became an English peeress, the sceptre of supremacy as footlight favorite among American beauties in London fell into the hand of Fannie Ward, who, after a brilliant little career as a favorite of the musical stage, married "Joe" Lewis, one of Cecil Rhodes' group of South African billionaires, whose cousin "Sam" Lewis was a great favorite of the late Queen Victoria who knighted him—an honor never before conferred by that sovereign on a professional money lender. At about the same time a well-known divinity of the New York chorus, Nina Farrington (now a forgotten name!) married a Captain Douglass Gordon, a popular young aristocrat related to half the Dukes of England. At this period of matrimonial activity on the part of American actresses in London, pretty Frances Belmont, who was a popular chorus girl here until Charles Hawtrey transplanted her to the speaking stage, became Lady Ashburton through marriage with an English peer descended from Lord Ashburton—a British diplomat who figured with our own Daniel Webster in the construction of a famous treaty upon which our relations with Canada rested for many years.

When "The Belle of New York" took London by storm many seasons agone, Manager Lederer's bevy of American beauties headed by Edna May and Merri Osborne, who succeeded Phyllis Rankin in the rôle of "Fifi," were the talk of the town. Miss May is credited with having declined more coronets than any beauty of her day in Europe, and she shook her head at one after another English suitor to become the wife of Oscar Lewisohn of New York, whose brother, Jesse, married Edna Macaulay, another stage beauty of a later day.

TWO pretty sisters named Powers married most opulently from this famed chorus, Mabel Powers becoming the wife of Harry Marsh who leased Warwick Castle not so long ago to the dismay of the English peerage.

From the chorus at Weber and Fields the statuesque Vera Morris descended upon London a few years ago, and is now well known as Lady Gooch from whose home first Dorothy Taylor and later Ethel Levey married Claude Grahame White, well-known in aviation circles. Before we come back to Broadway, mention must be made of Ola Humphreys and Ruth Maycliffe, two American actresses who are entitled to whatever of dignity attaches in these troublous days, to the title of Princess. Miss Humphreys, by her marriage to a relative of the Khedive of Egypt, became Princess Hassan, and has recently, through the death of her husband, become one of the very rich widows in London. Pretty Ruth Maycliffe, who was a great favorite a few years ago in Clyde Fitch plays, married one of the Braganza princes of Portugal, and is by marriage related to the present sovereign of Spain, no less! Like Princess Hassan, the Princess Braganza (or Braganca, you can spell the royal name to suit yourself), has been a widow for some time and is at present, I believe, in America.

Clarice Agnew, a beauty of the later Hoyt farces, so popular some years ago, who is remembered for her brilliant wit—a sparkling gift which made her noted in her day, quite as much as her loveliness of face and figure, married an American millionaire, Daniel G. Reed of tin-plate wealth, and until the time of her death a few years ago, was very popular with the social elect of Fifth Avenue and Long Island.

The first actress launched by Manager George Tyler, whose stars have always been accounted lucky, was Viola Allen, daughter of a well-known theatrical couple. (*Concluded on page* 476)

Photos White

*Anna Wheaton and the chorus in Act II of "3 Showers" at the Harris Theatre*

*Roland Bottomley, Tessa Kosta, Ada Sinclair, Molly Pearson, Carl Hyson and Dorothy Dickson singing "The Teacup and the Spoon" a song hit in "Lassie" at the Nora Bayes Theatre*

## HOOPSKIRTED MUSICAL COMEDY ON BROADWAY

# TWENTY YEARS OF VAUDEVILLE

*Amazing progress in quality and cost of entertainment offered the public during last two decades*

By E. F. ALBEE

*President of the B. F. Keith Circuit of Theatres*

BEFORE answering your question about the progress of vaudeville in the past twenty years, I want to congratulate the THEATRE MAGAZINE upon its twentieth anniversary and to express my thanks for the unfailing pleasure it has given me month after month since its inception. It seems to me that the THEATRE MAGAZINE has done in the field of national theatrical publications what the late B. F. Keith did in vaudeville—grow month by month and year by year from small beginnings to greatness, prosperity and power, using all the resources of modern progress on the way to expand, refine and dignify a product dealt directly to the public for its immediate verdict.

E. F. ALBEE

Twenty years ago, B. F. Keith had his idea of vaudeville well worked out and had won the support of theatregoers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Providence and other eastern cities. Beginning in 1882 he had lifted in the following eighteen years the one time variety to the front rank of amusements, and other managers were asking for Keith acts and ideas with the result that the B. F. Keith Vaudeville Exchange was organized to give general booking service to its members, who represent houses and circuits from coast to coast.

PROGRESS in the twenty years that have elapsed has been marked in every direction. Of course, vaudeville artists were clever from the beginning of the music hall in America. I cannot remember a time when there was a lack of great dancers, singers, comedians, acrobats and strikingly attractive personalities which have always counted for so much in the two-a-day. Many of the old time favorites would have been Broadway stars had they been born a generation later. They certainly had the entertainment goods. That they had the right idea is proven by the enormous expansion of vaudeville everywhere.

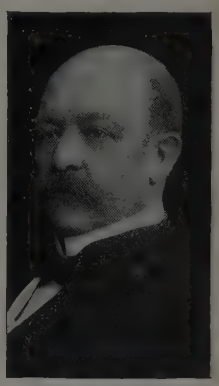
The improvement has come in the methods of presentation, in the matter of scenery, costumes, musical accompaniment, the playing order of programmes, greater speed, and the adroit effects of producers. Artists are richly framed today in vaudeville; they have fully equipped stages to appear upon, large and excellent orchestras, big, appreciative audiences, long tours, liberal salaries and fair and square contracts. Is it any wonder that they show to better advantage than in the old days? The best brains in show business are arranging acts for vaudeville and the crack producers of musical comedy or drama are glad to stage tabloid revues or playlets for our houses and, furthermore, the most distinguished artists are happy to appear in them.

The latest tendency toward novelty in vaudeville is the appearance of the tabloid musical revue. Hardly a bill in a vaudeville theatre of importance today is booked without a bright and attractive girl act in the form of a condensed musical comedy. The legitimate producers have been scoring their recent hits by taking vaudeville stars and surrounding them with girls and scenery and we find that we can do the same and hold our artists.

I THINK that vaudeville has the better of it for there are few librettists or composers or comedians who can be interesting and at top-speed for more than forty minutes to an hour, so when we make them prune and speed up and only hit the high spots we have delightful little musical pieces running at vaudeville speed and giving in one act what the legitimate theatres take a whole evening to present. Vaudeville is making the tabloid *revue* the favorite form of entertainment as it already is in London. I am really very proud of the musical shows in essence which are being presented in our houses. Our audiences like, too, the novelty of seeing their favorite vaudeville artists in these new settings indulging in the give and take of bright comedy.

In twenty years the art of costume and scenery has made striking advances. Today, fortunes are expended in artistic gowns and stage settings. The foremost artist-milliners and stage decorators design for vaudeville and an evening in one of our theatres is an education in the elegance and charm of de luxe presentation. Nothing is too rich for the vaudeville stage and the artists vie with one another in seeking strikingly beautiful effects. We, in our turn, spare no expense to equip our stages with a great variety of scenery and properties affording appropriate sets for every variety of feature. Never before has vaudeville had such a range of talent to choose its bills from. All the best in the amusement world is at our disposal for the life is pleasant, the pay splendid, and the public approbation loyally warm.

IN twenty years there has been a great and steady advance in the theatres themselves which season by season have grown in splendor, comfort and efficiency. Mr. Keith believed that nothing achievable was too good for his public and I agreed with him from the first when we worked together on Keith's Boston Theatre which set the then record for magnificence. Our newest houses, the Albee Theatre, Providence, and Keith's Theatre, Syracuse, set the latest and highest standard for an amusement plant calculated to the minutest detail to cater to the comfort and well-being of both patrons and artists. The dressing rooms are like rooms in a high class hotel, with completely equipped dressing tables, private baths, light, heat and ventilation, all modern, broad, carpeted halls and a roomy elevator. This is certainly an advance in vaudeville and one that numerous letters from artists, convince me is appreciated.



B. F. KEITH

In building a vaudeville theatre today, we go into every detail scientifically, artistically and psychologically. The color scheme is selected upon scientific, as well as artistic grounds, for it must be suave, cheerful and restful as well as beautiful. The acoustics must be a matter of mathematical certainty and the lighting must be according to the laws of optics as regards lines of sight, the concealment of all lamps in coves, and the control of color effects. According to the necessities of the human eye, we avoid strain, cross rays, glaring footlights and borders and any effects that tire the vision. The question of finding the most comfortable seats, the pitch of aisles, the height and angle of stairs, the most satisfactory arrangement of the balcony, the comfort of the retiring rooms, the vital questions of ventilation and heating—these and a hundred other points are gone into and precisely charted and planned when a new Keith vaudeville theatre is under way.

I AM convinced that the beauty, comfort, and scientific efficiency of the Keith theatres have been a large factor in their consistent success in every community possessing one. Keith theatres will continue to be bettered. Eternal vigilance is necessary in successful catering to the American public and we do not relax our efforts a moment in the daily study of ways and means to improve theatres in construction and operation, to make our bills stronger and more interesting; and to make and maintain vaudeville one of the most important amusement forms in American theatricals.

To show how ceaseless and thorough our search for new material is, I may instance here that at the present time our experts are studying the concert and higher musical fields with a view to presenting great instrumentalists, choirs, symphonies and chamber music organizations in vaudeville. We have already booked a number of musical celebrities and they have found popularity without lowering their artistic standards. The concert stars are now interested in vaudeville and when they find that we not only can meet their demand in salaries but that we can give them long and certain booking and appreciative audiences, they begin to figure with us upon tours in the two-a-day.

In the business (*Concluded on page* 450)

# MOTION PICTURE SECTION

© Evans Studio

MAY ALLISON

*This popular Metro star, recently seen in "The Cheater," will appear shortly in a new picture, "Held in Trust," from the story by George Kibbe Turner*

# WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

NOT so very long ago, the announcement that a film company was about to put a well-known classic on the screen was a signal for all lovers of that classic to lift up their voices and wail. And they were not without reason. The crimes committed against familiar and well-beloved books by the scenario writer were many and grotesque.

PERSONALLY we can remember sitting through a nickleodeon version of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," which made Nora a vampire and Dr. Rank a villain, and which was run in a series of jumpy reels with an organ wheezing out *"In the Good Old Summer Time."* But time, with skillful directors and more brilliant stars, has changed all that. No better proof of the ability of the screen to reproduce worthily the work of a great author is needed than the two Famous-Players production of Robert Louis Stevenson's—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Treasure Island."

THE "Jekyll and Hyde" production had first of all the greatest of assets with John Barrymore in the dual title rôle. No better assurance of success could be given than the knowledge that the same actor who made "The Jest" and "Richard III" what they were on the stage, should assume this inconceivably difficult rôle on the screen. His performance ranks among the character studies that will be a part of screen history. It is true that his characterization does not follow the description of the author in every respect. The picture of Hyde, especially, he has exaggerated into a monster, a clawing demon who frightens the little boys in the topmost gallery. Whereas, Stevenson's story makes Hyde quite an ordinary little man with only a sickly, unpleasant smile to indicate his evil personality. This distinction, however, is too subtle for the screen, and the sensation that this film has caused in the New York Theatre alone proves that the monster Hyde has his box-office value.

BUT even Jack Barrymore might not have been able to save the picture if its direction had been in less skillful hands than R. S. Robertson. This masterpiece of London lights and shadows, of lingering suspense and sudden climaxes has placed this director in the class with the big four who at the present time are the only picture-makers to be trusted with a classic.

A STEVENSON tale served again as the basis of the second best film of the month produced by the same company. "Treasure Island" opened triumphantly in New York with a "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum," with the wild Long John and the little boy called Jim and the parrot who eternally shrieked "pieces of eight." Maurice Tourneur is responsible for this vivid and rushing picture of the mad old adventure which has delighted small boys since Stevenson first wrote it just to please a small boy whom he loved.

NEVER having been a small boy ourselves, we must admit that the action interested us less than the atmosphere. This is curiously and wonderfully devised by a system of lighting and direction which reminds you of the eerie scenes from a Maxfield Parrish portfolio. There is Jim's picturesque home in England, there is the wild sea voyage with mutiny aboard and there is the breathless struggle on the island of the treasure with the most murderous pirates that ever carried knives in vicious teeth!

Charles Ogle, who has been doing remarkably good character work on the screen of late, plays the part of Long John Silver, the good-bad pirate who protects the boy hero. Shirley Mason plays this same Jim with obvious earnestness, although she looks and acts far less like a boy than like the very pretty little ingénue which she is. The rest of the cast is uniformly excellent and give a thrilling picture of the dark deeds that went on under the black flag of the pirates.

ANOTHER juvenile film of a much milder type, however, was given in "The Stolen Kiss," a Realart production. Constance Binney starred in this story, which pictures the life of one of those cloistered ingenues who reach the age of sixteen without any knowledge of physiological facts. The story winds its delicate and inconsequential way through her childhood in the walled garden, where romance with the choir-boy in the church yard nearby and her final happiness as a grown-up heroine in the arms of her school-day lover.

CONSTANCE BINNEY, however, is never inconsequential; she is always a joy and a surprise to watch. In an "Alice in Wonderland" pinafore and side-combs she gives an amazing mimicry of childhood which isn't so surprising when you consider that Miss Binney hasn't been out of the schoolroom for very long herself. Rod Leroc, a young man with an ingratiating smile, plays the choir-boy, who is not as angelic as his voice sounds. It is a pleasant little production for those who like the sugar-plum and treacle variety of entertainment.

PAULINE FREDERICK in "The Woman in Room 13" offers a violent contrast. This melodrama tells the story of the wife who, while living happily with her second husband, is persecuted and driven nearly mad by the husband of her first unfortunate union. There is the usual murder and the usual sacrifice, which Pauline Frederick is so adept in making with just the right degree of emotionalism. If you saw the stage version you remember that the plot centers on a dictograph; it requires no little skill to feature a dictograph in the silent drama, and this the Goldwyn Company have done very effectively.

A NEW Griffith production always marks a red-letter month on the screen. In "The Idol Dancer" this Dean of all screen directors has produced a vivid picture of the South Sea Islands, which is half like a painting by Winslow Homer and half-like an evening in the "Cocoanut Grove" roof garden. The very remarkable background was obtained on that Florida trip which so nearly proved fatal to the entire Griffith party. Claurine Seymour is featured as the volcanic little hula dancer; she is a colorful little creature with provocative eyes and movements, and her dance in the third reel shocked all the missionaries in the cast and those (if any) in the audience.

THE plot deals with the old conflict between primitive life and the restraints of civilization. Robert Haron as a wandering beach-comber does his usual excellent work. It is Griffith's first long film of the tropics, and, in spite of many crudities, one of the best pictures of many months.

LITTLE Shirley Mason, while playing the boy Jim, in "Treasure Island," had time to act also a very charming, very feminine, girl in "Molly and I." The plot of this pretty and elusive bit of fluff was probably written especially for the sort of girl that Shirley is, on and off the screen. It is the old-time romance between a melancholy hero and an ingratiating little heroine with enough suspense and danger in the path of true love to keep the plot moving. Fox has produced this delicate cameo of a story as the successor to Miss Mason's first picture "The Elephant Man."

EUGENE O'BRIEN, having acquired a permanent reputation as a "Perfect Lover," now is feeling the necessity of living up to the standard that the fans expect from him in this respect. His latest Selznick production is a screen version of "A Fool and His Money," a George Barr McCutcheon novel of the six-best-seller variety. He is featured as a young American author who buys a castle as the most convenient place in which to write his novel. A family ghost and a villainous nobleman contribute to the adventures started by the beautiful women, who, like the poor, are always with Eugene O'Brien.

Rubye DeRemer plays the rôle of this weaver of his destiny. Her blonde prettiness has a most effective background in the old medieval castle which Robert Ellis, the director, designed as the principal set. The novel lends itself to film translation rather better than most summer fiction, and gives Mr. O'Brien one of the most thrilling if not the most hectic of all his innumerable screen romances.

ALISON SMITH.

*A picturesque Babylonian episode in "Why Change Your Wife," a Cecil B. DeMille production of a Paramount Artcraft picture with which the Criterion Theatre reopened as a motion picture house*

(Left)

*Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan*

(Right)

*Bebe Daniels and Theodore Kosloff*

## "WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE" BASED ON DOMESTIC FOIBLES

MADGE KENNEDY

*The appealing young star of Goldwyn Pictures has been seen last on the screen in "The Blooming Angel." Film fans are to see her next in a human interest comedy entitled, "Dollars and Sense"*

DIANA ALLEN

*A Ziegfeld beauty who succumbed to the lure of the films and met with success in H. H. Fischer productions*

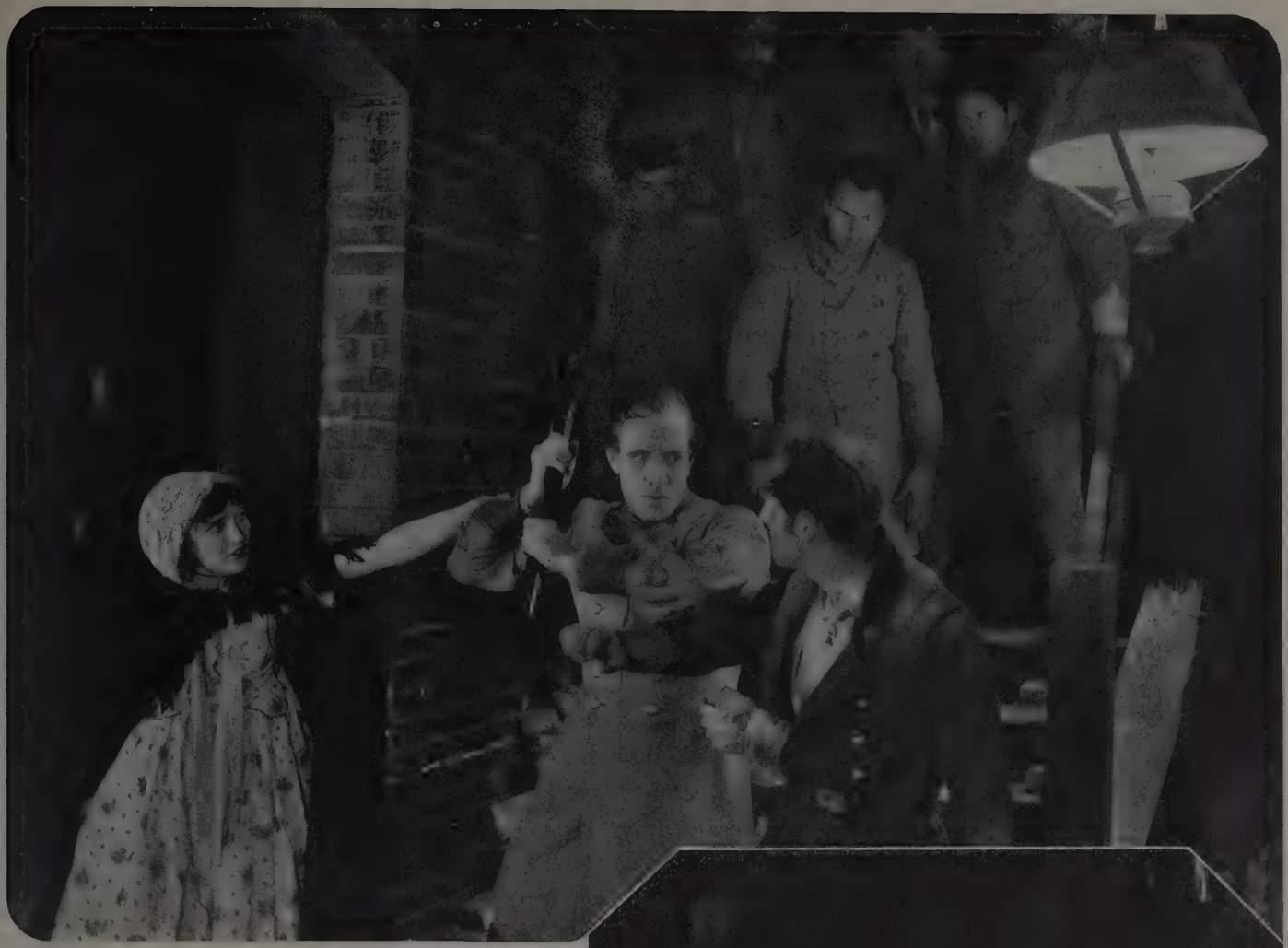
WINIFRED WESTOVER

*An attractive young player on the Fox film roster who is leading woman for Buck Jones in "Forbidden Trails"*

MADLAINE TRAVERSE

*Who has ample opportunity to display her emotional gifts in "The Tattlers," her latest Fox film. She is to appear next in "The Iron Heart"*

PRETTY SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN



*Lewis Stone in "Held by the Enemy," a stirring picture of the Civil War full of thrills and suspense released by Paramount-Artcraft*

*Olive Tell is a charming figure in her latest B. A. Rolfe picture, "A Woman's Business"*

(Left)

*Katherine MacDonald is the star of "Passion's Playground," the First National attraction with Monte Carlo as a picturesque background*

## GLIMPSES OF POPULAR PHOTOPLAYS

# A GENIUS OF THE SCREEN

*Edgar Lewis understands not only life but art and literature as well*

*By* HELEN HARRINGTON

THE art of the screen has called forth and developed its men of genius as surely as has any other channel of expression. The motion picture director must not only be master of his own particular medium, but he must, to a very great degree, possess the qualities that make for greatness in any of the other parts. He employs, in a measure, the dynamic force of the musician who leads a great symphony orchestra, for it is as he directs and inspires, that individual actors or actors in mass, walk, pause, run, shout, struggle, or breathe softest sighs of love. At the lifting of his metaphorical baton they give forth their dramatic crescendo, or tone their feeling down to a movement of the muscles of the face. Then, as a painter, he must conceive his screen as a canvas upon which he paints his picture. He must have a sense of composition, of grouping, and above all he must understand that rock against which the early painters, and both early and late motion picture directors have stumbled—perspective—and the patience to work until the right effect is produced.

THE art of the canvas has it dabblers, its lesser geniuses and its great geniuses, but if one were to ask who were the four great painters of the Renaissance, the names that would immediately come to mind would be Angelo, Raphael, Del Sarto and Leonardo. Because their conceptions were mighty and their execution skillful, their names loom large through that golden period of Italian art.

The screen also has had its "primatives" and its dabblers, those early directors who proudly sent out their reels filled with characters, whose mechanical acting and stiff wooden gestures were as far removed from life or reality as were the wooden, stiffly drawn saints of the early painters. Those early records of the attempt at drawing, nevertheless, are now carefully preserved in our museums. Then, we have the overwhelming volume of the motion pictures frankly commercial and hastily thrown together with no art at all, which corresponds to the chromos which you find stacked up in the department stores where the engaging clerk tells you that the frame alone is worth the price. Rising head and shoulders out of all this mass of workers stands Edgar Lewis, whose genius is steadily gaining and making its impress on the public mind, for he possesses the fine combination of qualities that go to make up genius.

Just what is this quality that we call genius?

The hackneyed definition that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, does not quite cover the point, for a work of art must not only be great in execution, but the subject must also be great. It must have some underlying spiritual principle, it must touch the heart and stir the imagination, it must reveal life in some way which not only challenges the thought of people of intellect, but which the simplest may also understand.

TO choose such subjects and execute them nobly, is Edgar Lewis's particular contribution to the screen. To begin with, he has the clear vision of one who draws his inspiration from the depths; he loves to study the mysterious working of the forces back of life as well as the obvious and sparkling bits that play upon its surface. Take for instance his production of "The Light at Dusk," founded on Hoffman's famous painting of "Christ and the Rich Young Man." In the range of motion picture making there is nothing finer than the way the dramatic moment of the painting itself is reproduced. Christ, with outstretched hands, is looking into the eyes of the rich young man, who stands, with an easy, indifferent grace, only half understanding what he hears, gazing into the lovely bit of landscape beyond—the world, which he loves so well. This is a fine example of a characteristic thing in the Lewis pictures—his marvellous way of presenting on the screen some famous painting, giving an audience that unexpected thrill that a reader feels when turning the page of a novel he comes upon the description of some picture or statue he may have seen somewhere in his travels.

It is from his long study of the masters in painting that Lewis has caught the secret of lighting and composition. Like any of the great painters he waits and watches for just the right moment, or light, or mood, whatever it is, that gives his pictures that touch of enchantment that marks the difference between motion picture photography and motion picture art. In his handling of magnificent distances, and in capturing with the camera the elusive beauty of nature no one has outstripped him. There have never been more wonderful effects on the screen than he has produced in "The Great Divide," where he has verily caught the vast, mysterious beauty of the Grand Cañon. This is one of the examples where he demonstrates his power to put into his pictures what painters call "feeling." And feeling is the thing in any art that never fails to go straight to the human heart. In some hands it might have been merely a good piece of motion picture photography. But no painter ever felt beauty nor worked more sincerely to reproduce it so that others, too, might see, and that is why these "shots," instead of being photography only, become glimpses of beauty eternal and real.

These are the effects that no one but a genius can call forth. It is a certain *something* that stirs us. It doesn't matter whether we find it in a landscape by Millet, a poem by Edgar Allan Poe or a motion picture by Edgar Lewis. We know it when we meet it, and we never fail to meet it in the Lewis pictures.

THE mission, whether he is personally conscious of it or not, of every creative artist is to create something that will leave the world better and richer in beauty than when he found it. Everyone from the writer of a cheap novel to the producer of a rural melodrama sets out to do this. Indeed the clever, though entirely commercial, producer of melodrama knows that no play, however thrilling may hope to succeed unless noble deeds are done and unless the good triumphs. The demand of the world is for ideality. But it is the way a given theme is developed that separates the clap-trap from the dramatic. In "The Barrier," that story which balances so precariously between melodrama and drama, how easy it would have been to turn the intense emotions and elemental passions of its homely characters into melodrama of the crudest kind. But with what fine dignity Lewis handled the pathos and the humor of those simple natures, how marvellously he understood how to give just the right touches to the character of 'Poleon, and the poignancy with which he makes you feel his silent, hopeless love for the girl that he has no hope of winning. In "The Sign Invisible" he seems to have stood back and watched the spirit of God working in the hearts of his characters, powerfully, inevitably. In its last analysis no picture is great unless it leaves, after the conflict, some spiritual essence. This is the secret which Edgar Lewis understands. In not one of his productions has he failed to reach this touchingstone, and herein lies his genius.

*Reproduction of Hoffman's famous painting, "Christ and the Rich Young Man"—Edgar Lewis' production of "The Light at Dusk"*

(Right)

ANITA STEWART

*The well-known star of the films in "The Yellow Typhoon," a First National photoplay adapted from the popular novel by Harold McGrath*

(Below)

MARION DAVIES

*Who makes a classic figure in the gorgeous robe she wears in "Restless Sex", a Cosmopolitan film from the novel by Robert W. Chambers*

# FAVORITES IN NEW PHOTOPLAYS BASED ON POPULAR NOVELS

*A picturesque view of William Farnum's villa in California situated high up in the Santa Monica Mountains*

*William Farnum, the Fox Film idol, on the porch of his beautiful home*

(Below)

*Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, the well-known sisters who are both stars of the screen*

*A bit of the garden—Ethel Clayton, Paramount Artcraft star, at her home on the outskirts of Hollywood, Calif.*

## FAR FROM THE STUDIO'S GLARE

© T. Kajiwara

*A picturesque set for "Pierrot's Christmas," a pantomime with music, produced by the St. Louis Artists' Guild. The lighting from fire-place and window makes this scene effective*

# AMATEUR THEATRICALS

## CHANGE IN THE AMATEUR ATTITUDE

By CLARENCE STRATTON

TWENTY years ago college participation in dramatic production was typified by the annual spring "shows," in which histrionic endeavor consisted of washed-out imitations of such actors as the Rogers Brothers or a burlesque of Mrs. Leslie Carter. The "feature" of such academic exhibitions was always the group of female impersonators, who, trained to the second and costumed like fashion plates, created an air of exact verisimilitude until the heartless exigencies of the songs or plot required them to open their mouths or to sit down. In the former instance the unfeminine squawks were enough to kill all antiquarian interest in the Elizabethan stage. In the second the "ponies" always forgot the last little touch of impersonation and instead of pushing their skirts down to hide their athletic calves, they always pulled them up as though they were trousers to be saved from bagging at the knees. There is no denying that for the undergraduate a part in such a musical melange was great sport, but it must be admitted that from "1492" down to "Captain Kidd of the U. S. N." no one of them contributed much to appreciation of the drama as taught in the curriculum.

At times an enthusiastic instructor or society would decide that the plays discussed in the history of literature simply must be restored to the acted stage, so there were periodic revivals of so-called "classics," like "The Jew of Malta," "The Arraignment of Paris," "The Alchemist" and "The Tamer Tamed." Such attempts caused slight ripples for a short season, then were relegated to the limbo of campus reminiscences.

In other circles similar desire to act produced equally sterile results. The progressive church indulged in tableaux vivants, or series of "masterpieces of art," posed by the local dealer in picture frames. Perhaps the church choir gave a perfectly decorous rendition of the commencement of a country school, with the assistant rector acting as the president of the rural school board.

Social ambition was satisfied by the exclusive dramatic club, which upon a stage equipped with scenery for a kitchen, a drawing-room, and a park or garden, paced through a conventional drama of "high life."

IF you are old enough you can smile indulgently now at the atrocities committed then in the name of drama. You may even couple them with the attempts of the children of that period, who, not to be outdone, draped the side porch with shawls and quilts, and there in perfect seriousness acted everything from the marriage of the dolls to the funeral of the dog. Those same enthusiastic youngsters of twenty years ago are today the leaders of the well-defined and already quite productive movement for better amateur performances.

It is fascinating to try to trace the history of the changes in amateur drama in this country. So far it is recorded only in part by the citation of much unrelated detail. Scores of books present general surveys. The intimate history would be a tale of abortive attempts, heart-breaking disappointments, high hopes dashed to earth, awkward beginnings and abrupt endings, high achievements for a time, long stretches of arduous improvement, daring experiment, uneven results, dazzling successes, assured seasons.

New Theatres, Toy Companies, Theatre Art Leagues, Women's Clubs, Community Centers, Little Theatres, Thumbnail Groups, Drama Clubs, Unnamed Artists, Phoenixes, Pioneers, Philistines, Vagabonds, Neighborhood Houses, Theatre Guilds, Workshops, College Campuses, Playwright Courses, Institutes of Acting—all these, and hundreds more, have played small and large parts in effecting temporary and permanent results. To the person on the outside much of the struggle has appeared to be no more than Bohemian bosh. To those participating and "in the know" it has been the melodious madness of a fine careless rapture.

Pessimists will tally the failures, the quarrels, the bitternesses. Optimists—the only ones who really count, as they are still actively engaged in the endeavor, while the pessimists retired first to scoff from the audience, then drift back to be complacent patrons of professional fare—optimists consider the attempt as index of the merit. Acting like all amateur producers in dealing with the words of authors, they change Browning's phrases, and sing enthusiastically, "What I still *hope to be*, yet am not, comforts me!"

TODAY many of the permanent results of the improvement in amateur production are apparent to the confirmed theatre-goer. He cannot escape seeing them, for they have been adopted by professional producers. He can no longer declare that amateur play production has contributed nothing to the regular drama. Colleges are not only offering courses in play writing; they are actually training writers for established theatrical firms. Many institutions are drilling performers of ability and producers of skill and original vision. Literary drama from continental Europe has raised the standard of material written in America for amateurs. Experiment in the mechanical means of production has wrought wonders of artistic beauty and simple ingenuity. Small means and high aims have resulted in unanticipated successes.

(*Continued on page* 454)

*A tense moment in "Stop Thief," presented by the Masqueraders of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. The cast, left to right: J. S. Holtzclaw, '23; E. P. Montgomery, '22; Robert Strite, '21; Samuel W. Du Bois, '21; K. D. Ringle, '23; Oswald S. Colclough, '21; C. A. Mission, '21; Lionel Rowe, '21; Lorenzo Semple, '21; E. A. Maher, '21; Allen B. Cook, '21, and Dew W. Eberle, '21 (seated); Charles M. Snelling, '21; Walter J. Lee, '21; G. W. Snyder, '21, and W. S. Davis, '21*

# A PERFORMANCE AT THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

## The Midshipmen at Annapolis Present "Stop Thief" in Truly Professional Fashion

**By HAROLD GIBSON BROWN**

OF course we accepted our invitation, and we arrive in Annapolis in the late afternoon of the appointed day.

Having dined at the hotel, we walk leisurely down King George Street, and after a glance at two fine seventeenth century mansions we turn to the right, where, a block away, at the end of Maryland Avenue, rise the high white walls of the Naval Academy. The guards at the gates acknowledge our "open sesame," and we walk, with a new sense of freedom, between wide lawns toward the waters of the Severn. Far away toward the right gleam the myriad lights of the dormitory, Bancroft Hall; and, presently, as we turn to the left into the open court of the Academic Buildings, our eyes are attracted upward toward an electric sign worthy of comparison with Broadway's best. A whirling red, white and blue wheel throws off at regular intervals a spark which travels thirty feet up the tower and there, having burst into a blaze of light, resolves itself into the name of our play, "Stop Thief."

A guard in uniform opens for us the ponderous doors of Mahan Hall, and a midshipman usher guides us through the wide-arched stone corridors. As we settle back in our seats while part of the regimental band plays the overture, we look about us and admire the rich walls of the auditorium—flags, flags everywhere, carefully preserved under glass; flags borne in many a hard fight; flags captured from the enemy. Overhead is a British Royal Standard (said to be the only one in captivity); near it is the flag that Perry flew at the Battle of Lake Erie (white on a blue ground, Lawrence's words, "Don't give up the ship"). But the overture is ended; the play is about to begin.

THE curtains open upon an attractive interior—mahogany and dull greens—a living room in a good New York residence. But our appreciation of the stage manager's triumph is interrupted by the entrance in rapid succession of three very good looking young ladies and their mother. A stir of interest goes through the midshipmen audience as they recognize the men taking these parts and realize anew how great a deception can be worked by a change in costume and a little make-up (not much more make-up than is affected by many a modern debutante). As each "lady" speaks for the first time a ripple of amusement is excited, for the voice is in each case unexpectedly deep for the costume, but almost immediately the acting wins the day, and the audience (except for a subconscious and quite unavailing watch for some unfeminine lapse) accepts each actor as being what he portrays. The men as well as the "women" act with accomplished ease, and every ounce of fun that the play contains is delivered to the audience.

The play is none the easier to produce because of the fact that there are sometimes seventeen actors on the stage at once, but the crowd handled itself in admirable style, and every actor, no matter how far he might be sometimes from the center of attention, continuously lived his part.

Each actor attained a real excellence in his rôle; the many weeks of intelligent rehearsing, both solos and ensemble, had their natural fruition. A high degree of expressiveness was attained by voices, bodies, hands; and even the eyes were used with telling effect to give point to the lines. No actor worked for his own advantage alone; but each, without the slightest jealousy, for the good of all. Several unprejudiced critics (such persons do exist) declared that they had never seen an amateur group give so finished a performance.

Such a result could not have been obtained without the active co-operation of many who did not appear upon the stage. The business manager, J. A. Upshur, and the property man, C. F. Macklin, were essential. The stage manager, A. D. Ayrault, Jr., directed his assistants, who, by selective borrowing and actual building, brought into existence a very tasteful and appropriate setting

(Continued on page 454)

*Caroline Carr, in the person of J. S. Holtzclaw, gives a list of her valuables to the thief, G. W. Snyder, in "Stop Thief." It is difficult to believe that "Caroline" and her two charming "sisters," K. D. Ringle and Robert Strite, are midshipmen in Uncle Sam's college for future admirals, when not treading the boards*

# DARTMOUTH AND THE DRAMA

By KENNETH ALLAN ROBINSON

WITH 1,700 men to draw audiences from, two fully equipped theatres to produce plays in, and a body of actors organized like a highly developed stock company, the Dartmouth College Dramatic Association has capitalized a location half a day's journey from a first-class professional theatre and turned a college that, because of its isolation, can never be actively playgoing into one that is intensely play-*giving*.

"A play a month" is the motto that the Dartmouth players set for themselves at the beginning of their present era of activity. This was in 1913-14. Before that time there had been in existence at Dartmouth a dramatic club, active, to be sure, but in accomplishment differing little from the average school or college dramatic club. An original musical comedy was presented each year, and one other play, usually one of the recognized classics for amateurs. But with the opening in 1914 of Robinson Hall, designed to harbor the non-athletic activities of the college, and containing a beautifully appointed little theatre, together with the presence in the undergraduate body of Mr. Walter Wanger, since prominent as a New York and Philadelphia producer, Dartmouth under-went a marked renascence in things dramatic. Under the leadership of Wanger a group of undergraduates set out to align the work of the Dartmouth Association with the best that was being done in America for the betterment of the stage. Using the Little Theatre as a laboratory and staging their more ambitious performances in Webster Hall, an auditorium seating 1,300, the Dartmouth men began experimenting in stagecraft, with an enthusiasm that won the attention and sympathy of such leading figures in the dramatic world as David Belasco, Percy MacKaye and Walter Pritchard Eaton. Experiments were made in the methods of Rheinhardt, Craig and Bakst; play after play was produced, such plays being given as Witter Bynner's "The Little King," which was performed by the Dartmouth men for the first time on any stage. In February, 1914, "The Misleading Lady," by Charles Goddard and Paul Dickey, was taken to New York by the college amateurs while it was undergoing its professional production at a Broadway theatre. This last achievement, a notable one in the history of college dramatics, won for the Dartmouth actors wide and instant publicity.

Up to the time of America's entry into the war Dartmouth's newly found interest in the stage was not allowed to dwindle. The policy of "a play a month" was, for the most part, rigidly adhered to; at one time three different plays were produced within a period of ten days. Then with the war came a temporary cessation of activities, but with the resumption of normal interests the dramatic work was taken up with renewed vigor.

*Webster Hall, the building used for the more important performances by the Dartmouth Dramatic Association*

*Below: The Little Theatre in Robinson Hall, Dartmouth, where "intimate" performances are given*

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© The Picture Shop

IN their choice of plays the Dartmouth actors have always tried to cover as large a portion of the dramatic field as possible, realizing that the college community has no other opportunity of witnessing plays at home, and that any audience requires variety. There has always been, moreover, an element of sanity in their work, even in their experiments with novel costumes and settings. They have worked with their feet solidly on the ground, striving for the genuinely artistic, but avoiding the freakish and bizarre.

The list of pro-

(*Cont'd on p.* 456)

*Scene from a recent production of "Ghosts," given by the Dartmouth Dramatic Association. Their productions are excellent in every detail and their policy, "A play a month," is religiously adhered to*

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# HISTORY OF THE CORNELL MASQUE

By JOHN P. CORRIGAN

THE Cornell Masque was organized in 1890 and in that year presented two dramatic plays, "Instructor Pratt" and "Seeing and Believing." This was followed in 1891 by "The Minstrels" and the organization then became inactive for two years and started up again in 1894 with "The Full Hand" and "The Pink Masque." The success of both of these shows demonstrated to Cornell that the Masque had found itself and was here to stay. From that year until 1917, a period of twenty-three years, the Masque offered two productions every season, with the exception of several years when the same show was kept throughout the two terms.

*"The Clogging Coppers" in "My Junior Week Girl" at Cornell University. Left to right: J. R. Eiler, '20; B. E. Wrigley, '21; A. E. Hunkin, '20; L. W. Breck, '20; H. W. Roden, '20; J. P. MacBean, '20*

*In which the Cornell boys are "perfect ladies"! —Lulu, the ingenue of "My Junior Week Girl," played by D. D. Ellis, '22, and the Pony chorus. Left to right: D. W. Coleman, '23; O. S. Humphrey, Jr., '23; W. F. Landers, '23; C. W. Dean, '23; G. E. Harrison, '22; C. P Maxson, '21; R. C. Kirch, '23; P. A. Kirby, '23; I. Mayer, '23; R. P. Long, '22*

Photos—White Studio

Though the original field entered by the Masque was that of farce-comedy, it early branched off into musical comedy and perhaps found its greatest success along this line. Some of the most notable of past musical comedies presented were "Popocaterpillar VII" in 1908, "Oolong" in 1909 and "The Misfit Man" in 1910. The last named production, however, met with financial reverses on attempting a too extensive Christmas trip, and the faculty passed a ruling discouraging any future repetitions of such costly and elaborate productions. As a result, the Masque returned to farce-comedy and from 1911 to 1917 confined its activities to this type of show, and gave only town performances, with several small trips to neighboring towns.

With the general exodus of students in the spring of 1917 to join the service, student activities in general at Cornell were greatly curtailed and the Masque made no attempt to reorganize during the two years of the war. With the opening of college in the spring of 1919, however, several of the old men returned full of enthusiasm to see the Masque once more regain its old prestige among the ranks of college dramatic clubs. After a careful survey of conditions, it was decided to return to musical comedy, though it was realized that with absolutely nothing to build upon either in managerial experience or equipment, it would take several years to construct a smooth working organization and lay up sufficient capital to embark upon the ambitious program desired.

The first thing the Masque needed, therefore, was some working capital and a revival of its prestige gained in years past in musical comedy offerings, which had greatly suffered in the years preceding the war, principally by limiting its performances within such narrow bounds. Accordingly a performance was suggested for the house party guests at Spring Day, little more than one month away. To put over a musical production of any pretense in that time seemed impossible, but a musical revue idea was adopted and a slight plot devised to hang it together—four musical numbers were written by J. Selwyn Stanley, '21, in less than a week, costumes designed, scenery designed and constructed, and "Goo Bye" went over with a crash that brought the Masque considerable praise and sufficient funds to look forward to the year following with high expectations.

THE start had been made in the proper direction, but it was only the start. When the call was issued in the fall for manuscripts which had been hatching during the summer months, none of those submitted were found suitable. On the other hand, there was more good music presented than could be used, and it was a difficult matter to choose the most desirable. The possibility of working up a production to take a Christmas trip was quickly abandoned and plans were laid to give the regular Junior Week performances only and discuss the advisability later of taking the show on the road during the Easter vacation. It was realized that to take anything but the very best before the alumni of the larger cities after an absence of ten years would be the one false move that would stunt the growth of the Masque and put it back to its pre-war existence. Better a gradual building up on firm foundations than a misstep at the very outset.

The coaching problem was also a serious one. In producing "Goo Bye" the year previous, the undergraduate officers had done this themselves, and had been fortunate enough to secure satisfactory results, but the need of a man experienced in this work with talent in both the dramatic and musical lines was appreciated. It was either good musical comedy or none at all that was desired, and in securing the services of Mr. Adrian S. Perrin of New York, the Masque found the very man it wanted. Though his first experience in the college field, he put that whole-hearted personal interest into his work that irresistibly pulled the show through with him.

F. P. O'Brien, '19, was supplied with a plot in the rough and told to write his first play in a week. He put us to shame by doing it in three days, and by the middle of November a tentative cast for "My Junior Week Girl" had been picked and rehearsals were quickly gotten under way.

THE plot of "My Junior Week Girl" is laid in the Rho Rho Rho fraternity house during the Junior Week house party and is a combination of

(*Continued on page* 458)

# The Programme of Fashion

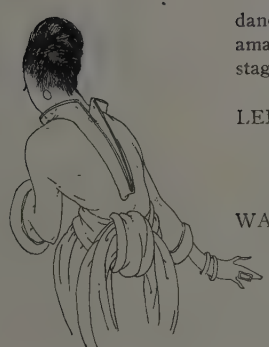
By PAULINE MORGAN

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARGUERITE NAMARA

*In private life Mrs. Guy Bolton—who is blessed with a lovely voice, dramatic ability, and a recently discovered adaptability for the screen. She is now posing for her first picture, where her talents will be given full expression. She also has a style sense that has earned for her the reputation of launching many smart fashions. The shoulder cape, the very full skirt and the lace mitts are delicious old styles that fit in with the summer scheme of things*

THE most capricious actress in the world is "Fashion",—she makes her bow in the first act with a slim tight skirt, ankle-length and demure. She makes her exit—, and comes dancing through the wings a minute later in pannier and puffs, and skirts that flutter above an amazing length of silken hose. The drama of "Summer Fashions for 1920" is about to be staged, and the Programme reads as follows:



LENGTH OF FROCKS:

*Paris says twelve inches from the ground — American conservatisms lengthen it according to individual taste*

WAISTLINES—

*become once more important by way of gorgeously tied sashes — that may originate in a fachu, or—as contrasts are always surprising, a narrow ribbon girdles the waist with flower ends*

BACKS:

*Two sketches from Paris indicate the interest one may find in having a back turned!*

BASQUES—

*Continue Moyenage or advance to the 1830's and clasp the waist snugly with a frequent inclination to fit over the hips. The neckline varies — higher in front, and low in back or vice versa*

# THE APRON-SKIRT—THE FAN-SHAPED BUSTLE AND WOOL EMBROIDERY FOR SUMMER FROCKS!

*Hope Hampton, our newest screen star, has organized her own company, and will soon appear in a romantic film production. She has just arrived in this country with a wardrobe full of exquisites from Charlotte & Germaine*

Specially posed photographs
by Ira L. Hill Studio

*In her frocks Miss Hampton pays much attention to the hem, and scant attention to the matter of covering either neck or arms. The picture to the left designates a preference for the puff hem—a modern echo from the native Moorish costumes—and one that has been heard by a number of the foremost couturiers of Paris*

*Wrapping oneself in a burnose may be a natural art to the Riders of the Desert, but it must be acquired today—and it may be gracefully accomplished, as Miss Hampton illustrates in the picture. Horizon blue Vicuna cloth has a new charm when it is multifariously embroidered with white worsteds. And a hat to match of sports design has an obedient brim faced with silk*

*What could be lovelier than Miss Hampton in ciel bleu taffeta, all puff and a fan-shaped bustle, with a negligent little bodice properly strapped over the shoulder with a rosebud wreath. A large pannier discovers it must repeat the lace berthe—and so attaches itself in the folds of the skirt with French hand-made flowers*

*Taffeta has become as supple as satin, with the mental reservation of not losing its chic independence. A café au lait taffeta frock with a finely shirred skirt that escapes into voluminous panels is also Mediterranean-wise in its Ibernian embroideries of gold and red. And what added coquetry could outwit the rose at the back of the shoulder on the primest of tie-back bodices?*

*One must have "insouciance" to wear the elaborately braided coat with the grace our model exhibits. White soutache braid on navy blue satin lends itself admirably to a flaring sleeve—a cut-away coat-tail, and a modified directoire collar*

*Underneath, like a mid-century jerkin, is a basque of fine cream colored French flannel. When it fastens itself up from hem to chin with novelty ball buttons, it considers it has nothing of importance left to do except add a ceinture of itself in narrowest width, with a wee useful buckle*

*Taffeta—yes, taffeta hats, too, have a flare! but isn't it individual to wear a navy blue taffeta hat with appliqued scrolls of white flannel?*

Ira L. [illegible]

*What! Another taffeta frock, Miss Hampton? Yes, and very proud to own this one, very original, from the noted French couturier's. It is delicately wrought from tea-rose silk and feathery little ruffles of rose chiffon and white net. The full skirt—spread for your approval—obtains a quilted effect by stitchery. And the shades of the early '80s whimsically express themselves in the bodice*

*Youth and demure quaintness is emphasized in the sheerest of white organdie—and if the lace petti-skirt (or ssh! could it be pantalettes?) shows through, what could you expect of the summer of 1920? Yet to maintain a spirit of 1830, there is a wickedly cunning patch on the skirt, all done in wool embroidery, while the neck and sleeves and waistband all carry the pattern of "samplers" done in bright colored silks*

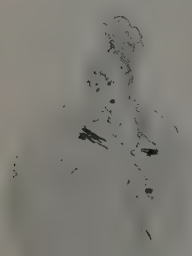
# DOROTHY DALTON, FAMOUS SCREEN AND DRAMATIC STAR

# CHARMS US IN GOWNS MADE BY FRANCES

Ira L. Hill Studio

*Who wouldn't exclaim with delight to view an afternoon gown like the one above? A symphony in black and white! The black satin foundation skirt is skimp and short, overhung with a black and white printed chiffon redingote. The revere to the waist line and the wee sleeve are finished with black satin bands. The lovely soft hat depends upon a few tendrils of paradise, and a tiny drooping eye veil for cachet*

*Front view and side view of this lacy cream creation is different but it is an adorable silhouette! Slim and girlish from the side, the farthingale is only noticeable when viewed from the front. The exquisite cream lace flares away from the narrow satin underskirt, falling like a spray of mist to the ankle. The veiled short skirt is what it amounts to, and it is charming beyond words!*



*Frances has rightly taken her place in this country as a great authority on the costuming of women. The desires and characteristics of the American woman are carefully studied and expressed in her lovely creations. This season she has modified the harshness of the very short skirt by using it as a foundation for the lace fabric that is made over it. This falls nearly to the ankle, veiling it becomingly. The majority of evening models from this house are delicately bouffant, but the greater number of daytime gowns are straight lined, slightly accented at the waist with a very narrow girdle or belt*

*Miss Dalton has just been delighting in a new wardrobe of Frances gowns, and her hats are as bewildering as her costumes. Fruit adds grace to the edge of many of the models, and the illusive veil clings in fairy charm to the brim. Lovely fan and parasol accessories are counted on to provide the accent of color to each summer-day costume—fans in particular suggest charming toys of coquetry*

MIGEL SILKS
ORIGINALITY—QUALITY

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"1920 FAN-TA-SI"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The early purchase of "1920 FAN-TA-SI" in garments or by the yard will mean a better selection—as well as a decided economy.

*A tiny label in garments—the name on the selvage—is an assurance.*

*Maker of*
*"Fan-Ta-Si" for Sportswear*
*"Pierrette" for Sheerwear*
*"Moon-glo" for Everywear*

Sole Maker
J. N. Migel
422 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK

1920 FAN-TA-SI A MIGEL SILK

# SPRINGTIME FROCKS WHERE THE SKIRT IS LONG AND THE WAISTLINE NORMAL

JANE COWL

*Who, with great artistry, has accomplished a double role in the inspiring fantasy "Smilin' Through" appears on the avenue in typically American gowns*

White Studio

*Miss Cowl prefers the conservative street attire, and asserts her individuality in dress. Beaded blue bugles weave an embroidered pattern in the blue serge, and black moire forms a vest and collar. Black moire likewise simulates an apron front. Miss Cowl wraps her brilliant red straw hat in a taffeta scarf of brocade*

*First the small hat triumphs, and then the large, but according to the silhouette is it fashionable or no! When a small chapeau fits the head snugly, allowing ear puffs to frame the face becomingly, and aero-plane wings poise gracefully over the eyes, any woman would breathe a sigh of satisfaction! But when the hat is small, be careful of the color scheme, for it is then that the beauty of the eye is subtly enhanced*

*Bracelets and more bracelets is the vogue direct from Paris! Already the shops are showing exquisite ideas in bead, gold and jeweled bracelets, and it is fashionable to wear numerous bands encircling the arm from wrist to elbow. A long strand of pearls or cut stones may be wound about the arm, which is a clever trick known to some of our beauty-loving stage women. It is an Egyptian fashion*

*A striking feature of the new suit is the length of the jacket. Paris says half length or longer, with half sleeves that flare at the elbow or wrist. A delightful suit is worn by Miss Cowl, cut on Tuxedo lines, and banded about a body of accordion pleats, which are cunningly repeated at the edge of the sleeve. One rather expects the waist-coat to be piqué, but Miss Cowl has followed out her own idea of smart fashion, and designed it of chamois to match the yellow of the basket weave straw hat, faced with deep ivory crepe, and circled with shaded yellow grapes*

MIGEL SILKS
ORIGINALITY~QUALITY

*As an assurance—the name will always be found on the selvage*

**The "Migel" name is placed upon the selvage of every yard of our product.**

**The women of this country realize the responsibility this places upon us.**

***And so do we.***

**Ever conscious of this pledge, and ready to maintain it, we have developed**

***"Fan-Ta-Si" for Sportswear***
***"Pierrette" for Sheerwear***
***"Moon-Glo" for Everywear***

Sole Maker

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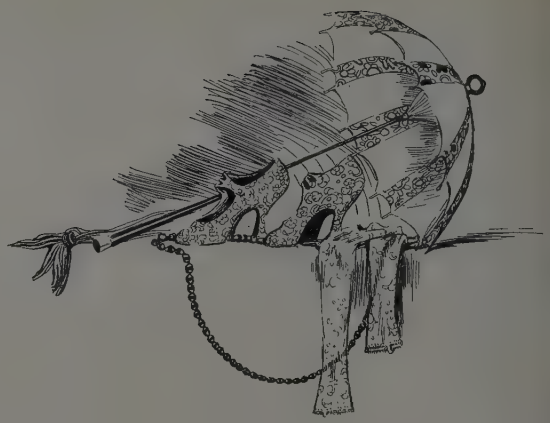
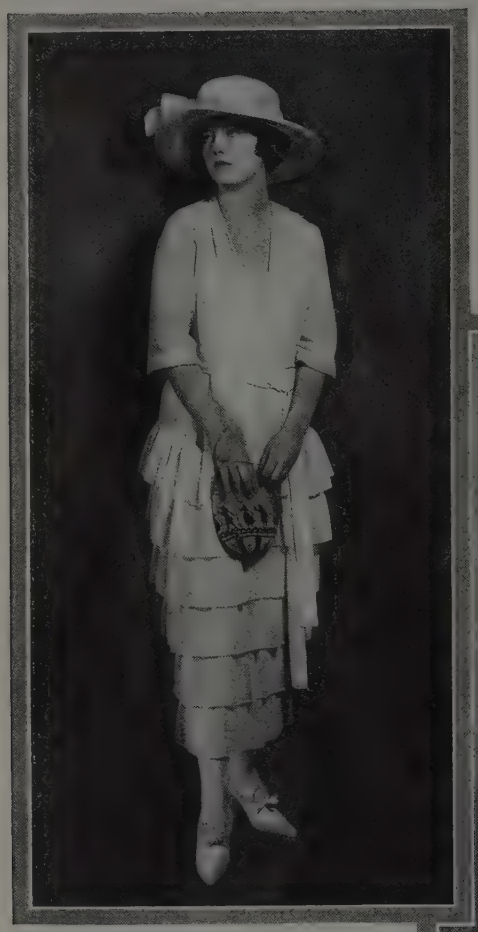
422 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK

# THE BASQUE AND THE BUSTLE ARE QUAINT CONCEITS OF SUMMER FASHIONS.



Geisler & Andrews



MARION DAVIES

*Who will soon appear in a new picture—"The Restless Sex"—goes a-shopping and displays her taste in lovely gowns. Models from Kurzman's*

*Lace parasols—lace slippers—lace mitts—how delightfully they suggest flower gardens and the brilliant green of new summer! They fit in well with the unexpected activities of lacy skirts and diminutive sleeves, which are developed in endless ways. A particularly desirable model in a parasol is pale rose taffeta with wide lace insertion which becomes more distinctive with an occasional black embroidery motif*

*To be sure that your short sleeved frock is a success, wear with it the dear old fashioned lace mitt, which has been revived this season, and is worn with charming grace by a number of society and stage notables. And the flutter of lace and net about a lace slipper—does it not suggest every grace of femininity? To finish the picture—let us wear pearls!*

*Strands of irridescent and metallic beads as delicate as cobwebs sway gracefully over a foundation of rose colored satin, and contrive a novel evening wrap of great beauty. The lower edge is caught up in trouser fashion, conforming with the two deep pleats which form a double cape arrangement*

*White georgette offers the most delightful solution for warm days. When ruffles are attached to the skirt of a one piece gown, the new long waisted effect is simply and quickly achieved. A narrow tie-girdle is the only accessory to be considered*

*Classics know no season—and chiffon velvet is a classic in the world of fabrics. The softest dove grey imaginable is a slightly full skirt of ankle length, lifted up into a fetching little bustle. which reaches around the hips in a ruching. Where the skirt does not show an occasional brocade, it is simulated by hand wrought design in cut steel beads. The diminutive basque is cut doun over the hip to give a long waisted effect*

*A new evening gown worn by Miss Davies recently. Needless to say, she was the center of attraction, for the only covering at the back was two jet bands which held the high girdled skirt in place. It is high in front, and is typcial of the French decolettage*

*Miss Virginia Lee, formerly of the "Greenwich Village Follies" and now in "What's In a Name," is a Vanity Fair enthusiast.*

# Vanity Fair
## Silk Underwear

*Vanity Fair Step-in Envelope Chemise No. 44012*

## *Snapless, Buttonless, a Silken Joy in Underthings!*

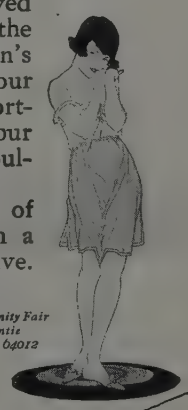
SINCE buttons will not stay buttoned nor snaps stay snapped, why have them at all? No reason in the world, as the Vanity Fair Step-In Envelope Chemise proves!

You simply can't feel well-dressed while the flap of your envelope chemise persists in flapping open, but with this little step-in envelope, you have the delightful feeling of being "well-put-together." There's an opening on each side from the hip line to the hem, and that opening is daintily hemstitched.

You may have this little envelope with a bow-knot of hemstitching just where it shows elusively through a sheer blouse, or you may have it plain. In some, there is an attractive ribbon lacing to form a waistline, but if you're one of those who prefer to wear an envelope chemise beneath the corset, you may have it with an unbroken line from the shoulders to the knee.

The Step-In is only one of the Vanity Fair list of underthings that is different. There's the Knicker with the double back which lasts at least twice as long as a knicker is supposed to last; there's the Sure-Lap Union that is all that its name implies; the Vanties which, though the youngest member of the Vanity Fair family, have proved as popular as any, coupling as they do the knicker's trim waist line with the step-in's freedom; the Pettibocker as frilly as your evening petticoat but as boyishly comfortable as any knicker, and the Vest with four extra inches of length and "stay-put" shoulder straps.

All of Vanity Fair silk underwear is of luxurious glove-silk—all designed with a view to be as comfortable as it is attractive.



*Vanity Fair Vanitie No. 04012*

**Vanity Fair Silk Mills**, READING, PA.

*Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves*

# TRICOLETTE HANDKERCHIEF LINEN, TAFFETA WRAP AND TRANSPARENT HATS—ALL FOR A SUMMER DAY!

Models from L. P. Hollander's

*Why be even pensive in a pumpkin-colored handkerchief linen frock, with the subtle simplicity of neck and sleeves piped with white—and pockets embroidered in worsteds. The deep hem is hand-run with worsteds, and the full skirt is gathered to the narrow belt in school-girl fashion. Perhaps it is the beguiling hat of tobacco-brown horse hair with a shadowy brim edge of fine net that adds such exquisite charm to the picture!*

*To be all puffed up with roses, surely were not vain, in a rose-colored taffeta wrap. The accordion pleated puff yoke submits to the embrace of large silk roses, then falls safely to the puff hem in all sorts of grace. The nebulous little hat of malines forms a becoming halo in tones that carry golden glints to its wearer's everlasting praise*

Ira L. Hill Studio

*Miss Shepley could beguile anyone into the charms of sea-bathing, even if she were not wearing the newest beach suit of the season. "Magpie" is its name, with the brilliant black and white of Crystal Knit Cloth to obtain an exceptionally effective costume. She wears her bathing kerchief Castilian-ways, thereby adding one more persuasive charm*

*Ruth Shepley, who has endeared herself to the New York public in Guy Bolton's comedy—"Adam and Eva"—will appear next season in a new play by the same author*

By courtesy of
Betty Wales Dressmakers

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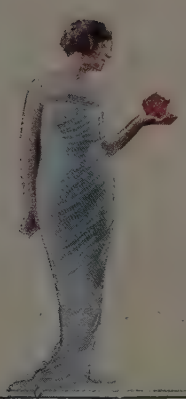
Knit Fabrics

# The Lustre of Crystal Knit Vies With Spring Sunshine

*Cool, clinging, draping perfectly to the form. Lustrous Crystal Knit provides the ideal fabric for the expression of the designer's art.*

*For Sport — Afternoon — or Evening Wear — Crystal Knit is made for you in beautiful rainbow shades and likewise in more subdued colors.*

*In the garment or by the yard — the name Crystal means maximum quality. Demand it.*



CRYSTAL MILLS, INC.
THE TOMPKINS CO., INC.
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354 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

**NOW THAT SUMMER HAS COME, MILADY IS NO LONGER "EN DÉSHABILLÉ". SLEEVES ARE LONGER, AND COLLARS SWATHE THE CHIN TO THE TIP OF THE NOSE**

DRÉCOL MODEL

*A bit sensational, but "tout à fait"—prophetic! Black leather-taffeta, and white corded linen. The collar is a feature everywhere. It is detachable*

MOLYNEUX MODEL

*Black leather, white satin and coral beads embroidered upon bright green wool. Blouse of black and white chiffon embroidered in squares*

**FULL FACE, MILADY IS A COPY OF AN OLD CRINOLINE, WHILE "EN PROFILE" SHE IS AS SLENDER AS LAST WINTER'S MODE TENDED TO MAKE HER**

DOUCET MODEL

*Finely pleated serge is popular—extended waist line, with a snugly belted fichu of frilled linen*

By HOWARD GREER

AFTER two fatiguing weeks in the overcrowded show-rooms of the famous houses who dictate line and color, where from three to three hundred and fifty garments are shown in an afternoon, my mind is in a chaotic state. There were never more novelties, never more variations in theme and composition. *Now that summer has come* skirts are naturally a bit longer but the Parisian has grown so fond of displaying her silk-stockinged leg that the hem has been slashed and scalloped in such a manner that a glimpse of the knee-cap is not lost. Taffeta is used in great abundance. Wide coarse-meshed laces predict a vogue, while flowered chiffons and pale-toned organdie supply the medium of many frocks for the races and hours of summer leisure. The suits are severe in line; the jackets straight and often unbelted, with a pronounced bulge in the back; while the skirts remain brief and tighter than ever before.

I believe it was at Premet's one morning, when a mannequin lost a hairpin from her massive coiffure. In stooping to recover the article she disclosed an amazing amount of limb and occasioned no less than three buyers to hurriedly draw lines of cancelation through the number of this contemplated purchase. Still speaking of Lanvin, bright silver braid is to be found upon everything. The "tailleurs" have belts or pockets of this dazzling metallic material, while the hats are solid masses of it. Chiffon frocks are caught in at the waist with a strip of it, frocks of white linen are bound with it.

Madeleine and Madeleine have surpassed their triumphs of last autumn. Their long straight silhouette, with a loose bodice and wide belt, has met with the instantaneous approval of Americans. There is really no such thing, "chez eux", as a definite waistline. A wide sash circumnavigates the hips, slanting at the back and trailing into a panel—if the frock is for the day—or into a square, weighted train if the robe is for evening wear.

At Jeanne Lanvin's there is an attempt at making history repeat itself. The gowns are replicas of those worn immediately after the war of 1870. There is but one thing left for mere man to do; he must adopt knee-breeches of satin, brocaded waistcoats and frilled cravats. At Lanvin's the bodices are long and tight, and often pointed, while the sleeves are but shoulder-straps or ingenious puffs of wired taffeta. The skirts flare absurdly from the waistline, but are flat in the front and back.

PREMET MODEL

*Simplicity and comfort! of green silk, embroidered with strips of white and black leather. Belt of leather thongs*

Chéruit has exploited an entirely new silhouette. It is amusing to note its impression upon various buyers. Some of them have "fallen for it"; others have called the idea banal and left in the middle of the showing. The line is easily described, but the simplicity may be misleading in itself. A chemise frock, straight, tight, not too short, girdled about the hips, and from this girdle fall untold quantities of looped chiffon, tulle—and even taffeta. Not intricate in its conception, but pleasing and new. The bodices fit snugly to the body, the sleeves are short and puffed, or long and full, while the skirt, from the hips outward is like a great balloon. The last loop is left undone and this length of material trails over the ground for a yard—and often for three yard's length. The day frocks carry a bustle at either side and the hem of the skirt is simplicity itself.

CHÉRUIT MODEL

*Light suit of figured chiffon, pleated back and sides, and huge pleated cuffs. Tow panels of pleating hang over the skirt*

At Molyneux the collection is perhaps fresher, more practical and varied, than at any other house. It was the first maison to open the spring and summer season. Americans, English and Spaniards are carrying back to their respective countries many models of this young Englishman's invention. Conspicuous in his program is an example of the Dress That Lives Forever. A truly refined, ladylike gown of draped soft satin, long sleeves and square throat. His suits are youthful, and an innovation is the repetition in the lining of his coats of the material of the blouse. The blouse falls over the belt of the skirt like a Russian middy, while the sleeves are short and made in one piece with the waist. The evening cloaks strike a Chinese note. Raffia embroidered upon wool is often present in his collection and glass flowers of brilliant color fashion a corsage.

Sylvia Breamer—charming and gifted screen star, like all of her discriminating class, appreciates and applauds the beauty, enhancement and distinction

## "J. C." RIBBONS

add to dress. The illustrated gown trimmed with **"J.C." Democracy Gros Grain Ribbon,** is a striking evidence of the design possibilities these ribbons offer. There's one for every need—buy them by name

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*"America's Best Ribbons"*

**40 East 30th Street** **New York**

*Send 10 cents for RIBBONOLOGY—shows how to make useful ribbon novelties.*

*For the Stout or Near-stout is a splendid model of heavy flesh-colored wash silk that wears forever and a day, with camisole and bloomers joined together, to avoid fullness at the waist line and "pulling"*

*The Sports Girl has been treated extremely well in athletic models. She may have white, satin-striped wash silk with an insert of glove silk in the back to give plentifully; or novel combinations of pink batistes and fancy-weave voiles or cottons, laundering easily and having special merits for exercise*

*For Evening—or a sheer blouse—there is the strapless shirt of pink silk with an elastic round the top, a chemise of pink georgette and lace, with a purposive neckline, and a corset of silk tricot cut low in the back*

*For all Slim Princesses are the popular "Poiret model" chemise shown here, long glove silk "pettibockers," and the newest thing in French corsets,—which has an upper of heavy pale blue silk tricot, an attached skirt ruffle of crepe de chine, and buttons up the back. For her thinnest days there is a little white ruffled corset-cover*

# TIPS FROM STAGE DRESSING-ROOMS

By

**ANGELINA**

MY little visits to stage dressing-rooms during the past season have netted me several valuable bits of information as to how certain clever actresses dress underneath, the what and wherefore of their "undies." Information much too valuable to keep stingily to one's self, I thought. So here it is collected and set down in somewhat short-hand form for whom it may concern.

* * * * *

Necessarily this information must be kept anonymous. For clearness, therefore, I have rolled all my actresses into one ball, and remade from that four composites, whom we will call The Slim Lady, The Inclined-to-be-stout Lady, The Evening Lady, and The Sports Girl.

First of all, then, The Slim Lady. . . . From her I have learned that for daytime the ideal garment is that charmingly practical and chic pink silk model (known as the Poiret and pictured in the lower right-hand corner above) with its straight yoke band. Because she likes the foundation it makes for her dress, because it launders so easily. Under that a glove silk shirt. Over all long black silk "pettibockers." Her corset is the newest thing from Paris, of the heaviest kind of knitted silk tricot, without a bone in its make-up, and fastening with buttons instead of clasps as do many of the newest French corsets. At times, when she has lost weight and is a very slim Princess indeed, she will even resort to a little corset cover of white material, with three full val-edged ruffles across its front, to help plump herself out.

* * * * *

The Evening Lady (see the upper right-hand corner) tells me that one of the pink crepe chemises that have no straps over the shoulders and are held up by an elastic run through the top, is the first essential for beautiful *décolleté*. The second is an evening corset cut down in the back. Lastly, a wicked "shimmy" of pink georgette and valenciennes with a neckline several inches lower than the underarms. This same set is also splendid for a sheer blouse, she adds.

* * * * *

The Inclined-to-be-stout Lady wears a special one-piece combination (see upper left) of knickers and camisole, in a firm and durable flesh-colored wash silk, joined together at the waist to avoid any extra fullness, and yet cut with room for "pulling." She may also dip into the prerogatives of the Sports Girl and wear the garment (lower left) designed for her, that has an insert of glove silk across the back for stretching purposes.

*(Angelina knows a shop where these new corsets and lingerie can be found under one roof. Write her, Care* The Theatre Magazine, *6 East 39th St., N. Y. C., if you would like to know its name.)*

# TO YOUTHIFY AND BEAUTIFY

By ANGELINA

*The youthful-line Betty Wales dress that Angelina bought, in dove grey taffeta with taffeta ruchings*

*A Betty Wales dress that while still youthful has a slightly more dignified line, so that it can be worn by both young and less young*

*Betty Wales Dresses are made in sizes to fit Mother and Daughter*

*Two of the supreme qualities of the material, "Crystal Knit", of which the above frock is made, are its remarkable durability and its draping capacities*

HAVE you decided yet whether you are for or against the French shoes? That is the only momentous decision you'll have to make with regard to clothes this spring. For as to the French silhouette, there simply couldn't be two minds about it.

When I speak of the French silhouette I don't mean so much (like Humpty-Dumpty in "Alice . . ." I make words mean what I want them to, "neither more nor less") whether skirts are to be very short or medium, whether they are straight or bouffant, whether sleeves are short or long. All these items are in the frocks for spring. One manner will be considered as smart as the other. But I mean the general air of youth, the little-girl look, the pinafore atmosphere that Paris has been infusing into everything for the last two years.

To Paris is due the credit for the original idea. But I think America has cleverly improved on it. At least she has modified and adapted it to her needs, and taken off the *extreme* look.

* * * * * * *

All these very deep thoughts were inspired in me by seeing some of the new spring models of the Betty Wales dresses. You've all heard the name "Betty Wales," of course. And you probably associate it with a type of dress intended for young girls, for "sub-debs" and "debbies" *et al.* It was that in the beginning. But the frocks were so chic, so simple and youthful in their lines that older women—under the above-mentioned French influence—who could wear misses' sizes, began to buy them also. Those whose figures were too mature to do so lamented the fact to Betty Wales. And so this year she has made frocks for everyone, mother and daughter, adding larger sizes and a bit more dignified designs to her stock, still preserving, however, the youthful appearance on which the Betty Wales' dress made its original reputation.

I had a special invitation to see these frocks displayed on mannequins at the Betty Wales' Studios, before they were sent out on their noble mission of youthifying and beautifying thousands of women all over the country. And what charming frocks they were! And what nice, nice prices! The little checked gingham frocks, so sweet and simple and girlish, with bits of organdie trimming, were truly extraordinary in their reasonableness. I had [illegible] imagining that anything *could* [illegible] nowadays.

Besides the gingh[illegible] every other mater[illegible] satin. Don't [illegible] sketched [illegible] a one[illegible] shade. [illegible] and in b[illegible] for the [illegible] town du[illegible]

Betty [illegible] they t[illegible] into e[illegible] "Plosh[illegible] tenan[illegible] nine [illegible] and ha[illegible] virtue [illegible] are als[illegible] bronz[illegible] and t[illegible] or anyt[illegible]ng else the heart might desire. I was also told any number of tales of the "Ploshkin's" already tried and tested efficiency. With this and my two Betty Wales dresses you may expect to hear presently of anything happening.

Mabel Taliaferro was married last month. I didn't go to the wedding—there were just one or two people present—but Betty did. It was a day wedding, and Miss Taliaferro, she said, wore the loveliest frock, made of the most stunning material. Betty came to me to find out if I knew what it was.

"What was the material like, Betty?" I asked.

"Well, like a kind of tricolette; only it seemed to have so much more body and richness and lustre than the usual tricolette weave one sees."

So then I knew at once it must be either my old friend "Crystal Knit" or her twin sister, "Sylvanette," of the same family; with whom I've been get[illegible]ed.

[illegible] did it have

[illegible] it was em-
[illegible]braid . . .,"

[illegible]nce what you
[illegible]terial," I inter-
[illegible]e, then it was
[illegible] fancy weave
[illegible]n stripes and
[illegible]signs. The
[illegible] it are simply
[illegible] I've just been
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[illegible]ere's just one
[illegible]Crystal Knit'
[illegible]e first dress
[illegible] *won't* wear
[illegible]ar."

[illegible]or I had so
[illegible]I'm going to
[illegible]presently. I
[illegible]anette' fabric that has a gold thread woven through it. This thread is woven into the material in such a way as to make it look as if there were tiny squares or flecks of gold all over it. The gold also weights the material and makes it rich and clinging, like some wonderful Eastern stuff."

(*As not all shops carry the Betty Wales Dresses, if you wish to know those in New York or your own town that do, write "Angelina," Care The* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th Street, New York City.*)

MAYBE it was the guarantee—it always inspires confidence; but frankly, we think it was the quality and freshness of design that charmed Angelina and prompted her—not only to wear Betty Wales Dresses—but to tell you about them. If you can't locate Betty Wales Dresses write us.

Betty Wales Dressmakers

805 WALDORF BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

# The Programme of Fashion

(Continued from page 432)

LOUISE LEE

*A charming actress of the screen, in a debutante evening gown of shimmering cloud blue Fan-Ta-Si. Blue and rose brocaded ribbon forms the shallow bodice and modest train*

THE evening gown or summer frock without a lace or tulle scarf loses half of its charm! It is versatile in its adaptability and may actually do camouflage duty as a wrap for the streets in very warm weather. The ingenuity of one of our clever screen stars has conceived the idea of wearing a scarf-cape of Pierrette voile, and she has returned from Havana with the reputation of launching one of the most popular fashions introduced in a hot climate. It is an interesting idea for the approaching summer, and has all sorts of effective possibilities in the way of color and arrangement. The French women have been wearing the white scarf of organdie for effect, but the American sense of artistry and utility has gone a step further and conceived a more colorful and substantial bit of frippery for actual protection. Several lengths of voile or figured georgette may be worn over a foundation of colored silk and handled as one would a scarf of fur. It is an enchanting idea and a quaint one. The voile or lace is even made into little coatees, unlined, but they look smart and when worn over a diminutive summer frock, give one that secure feeling of being cool, yet having bare arms and neck covered.

NOW that old-fashioned home sewing has become more or less of a vogue with women who resent the H. C. L., fabrics are of unusual interest, and in place of inevitable "knitters", one now sees dainty silk and lacy materials being fashioned into simple accessories for the summer costume. And if time is very pressing—one may just have several lengths of vari-colored voiles in reserve to double around the shoulders, cross at the waistline, and tie into a puffy sash at the back.

TO accompany the summer frock, what is more fitting than a hat of tulle? There is something mysteriously becoming in a transparent hat, with its soft lines and subtle shadows; and many such hats boast nothing more than a cluster of grapes, or a fluting of lace drooping over the eyes. A quaint hat just ready for Miss Lee is of mauve Pierette Voile, wreathed in white grapes, and tied with mauve ribbons—to match perhaps a prim fichued frock of voile. For the bridesmaid we suggest transparent fabrics —transparent hats, and the lace mitts!

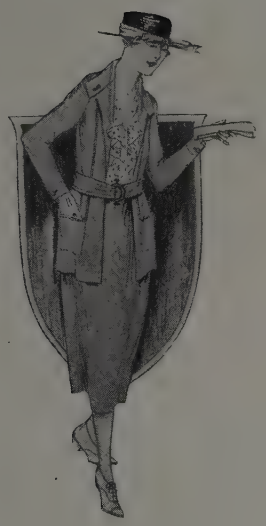
# "THAT WELL-DRESSED LOOK"

### THE DORSET

*This little suit breathes smartness in every line. The straight back is just as "easy to look at" as the Tuxedo front! The pockets are different in their "V" cut, the sleeves have a tiny slash at the wrist, and the belt is of self material. The skirt has the same style pockets as the coat and a centre plait in back for walking comfort. In Silvertone Sportspun the colors are Oxford, Navy, Copen, Beaver and Reindeer; in plain Sportspun they are Marine, Jade, Beaver and Tan.*

### THE CAVENDISH

*Slim and boyish, this little suit shows an inverted box plait in the back centre from collar to coat hem. Two shorter box plaits are also there, and the belt runs through these plaits. The cuff is slashed at the wrist and the pockets are four and slanting! The stitching on the coat front is crisp and well done. The skirt has the inverted plait in back for walking width. You may choose it in either plain Sportspun or Sportspun Tweed. The colors of the former are Marine, Jade, Beaver and Tan, while the latter are Tan, Olive, Brown and Blue Tweeds.*

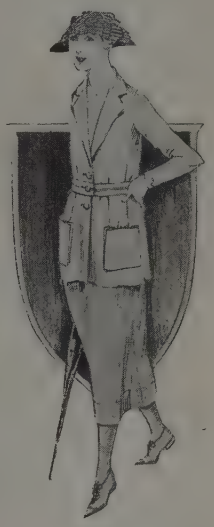


### THE EXETER

*In Silvertone Sportspun comes this little suit. The square collar is interesting and is also convertible! The stitching on the coat is well placed, the pockets have a tonneau disposition, and the back effects a wide box plait. The belt is of self fabric with a dumb bell fastening. The skirt is slim of hip but good walking width. Oxford, Navy, Copen, Beaver and Reindeer are the colors.*

## Wooltex Tailor-mades

*The Wooltex signature embroidered on white satin and fastened in the collar of your suit or coat means a tailor-made which will give you "That Well-Dressed Look" for the life of the tailor-made! Wooltex Tailor-made Sportspun Suits are priced at $39.50, $45, $55, up to $85.*



### THE CLIFTON

*You may have this in Silvertone Sportspun or plain Sportspun; in Silvertone the colors are Oxford, Navy, Copen, Beaver and Reindeer, while in the plain they are Marine, Jade, Beaver and Tan. Cord stitching is a distinguishing note in this suit—the pockets too, resembling huge box plaits, are unusual. Both skirt and coat belt are corded, and altogether, it's a wide-awake looking little tailor-made!*

WHILE we are lavish of thought and care in selecting our velour and tricotine, serge and peachbloom suits, some of us are a bit indifferent about our sports suits. "A sports suit is a sports suit, wool jersey is wool jersey" we may reason and then dismiss the subject.

As a matter of fact, poor material and bad tailoring are never more conspicuous than in a sports suit. An inferior piece of cloth may look attractive when you buy it, but it doesn't take long for a stretchy piece of material to sag over the shoulder line, to bulge in back from a sitting posture, and, yes, even to display a weakness for knee pockets!

Wooltex Sportspun is a real sports fabric—light enough for summer wear but tightly, firmly woven. And then, of course, Wooltex tailoring makes all the difference in the world. Wooltex Sportspun suits are cut for an active existence! That swagger "careless" air is the result of a careful study and careful tailoring.

The collar is as accurately cut to lie flat against the neck as in a fur-trimmed duvetyn! The shoulder line allows free play to the arm, but still retains a narrow trimness. The skirts are of correct fullness—you can take a free stride without imperilling the seams of your skirt or its smooth contour!

Remember—the Wooltex signature is in very genuine Wooltex Sportspun, too!

When you're looking for your Wooltex Sportspun, ask the salesperson for "The Tailored Woman"—it's a magazine of present and coming fashions. If you prefer, write us, and we will mail it to you.

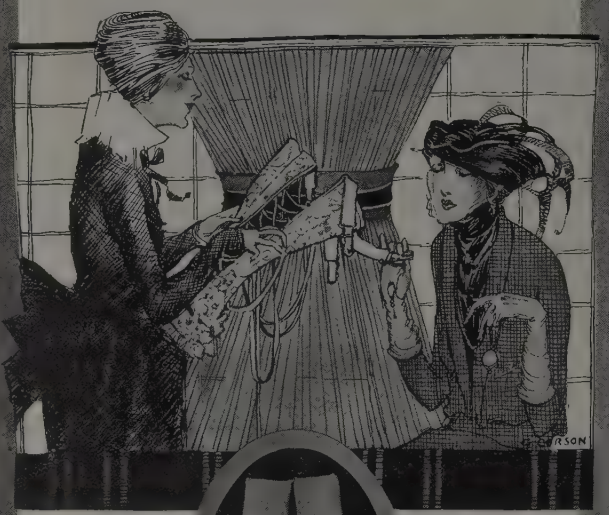
*Wooltex Tailor-mades are sold exclusively in New York by The Tailored Woman, Fifth Avenue at Fiftieth Street. For the name of the shop nearest your home, write us.*

**The H. Black Company** **Cleveland: New York**

© The H. Black Co., 1920

*Customer:* *No! I don't think I'll take that corset. It hasn't the Velvet Grip Hose Supporters.*

*Corsetiere:* *We can easily change those for Velvet Grip "Sew-Ons"—put them on gladly for you. Many of our best customers are requesting this done.*



VELVET GRIP "Sew-Ons" can be attached to any corset—the easiest thing in the world to do.

It is always well to have a set of them handy to replace the inferior hose supporters found on so many good corsets today.

The *unique* feature of the *"Sew-Ons"* is the same as of all genuine

**Velvet Grip**
HOSE SUPPORTERS

—the All-Rubber Oblong Button which *prevents slipping* and *ruthless ripping*

LOOK FOR THE OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON—
"THE BUTTON THAT TALKS FOR ITSELF."

GEORGE FROST COMPANY
*Makers* BOSTON

Ira L. Hill

CATHERINE CALVERT

*The young widow of Paul Armstrong, who appeared recently in Eleanor Glyn's screen story of "The Career of Katherine Bush", wears a "Town & Country" frock, a new fashion invention to delight women. The accordion pleated silk skirt is attached to a shallow bodice lining, and hangs from the shoulder. Over this is worn a "Town Blouse", one of those adorable contrivances that comes below the waist, hugs the hip and decides to become a smart sash at the back, simulating a one-piece frock*

*Another "Town Blouse" worn by Miss Calvert, of apple green taffeta, made surplice with sash ends. A Medici collar and tiny sleeves offer a dainty method of making a quick change in costume*

## *A peep into hosiery and dress history—*

reveals interesting and curious comment on the value of the hosiery men and women wore, on which considerable money was lavished.

For in the days of wigs and knee-breeches, hosiery—fascinating in its beauty and charm—dominated the brilliant ensemble of dress.

## *"Onyx" Hosiery*

ONYX
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

is singularly reminiscent of the wonderful qualities hosiery possessed in those days,—and priced for every purse.

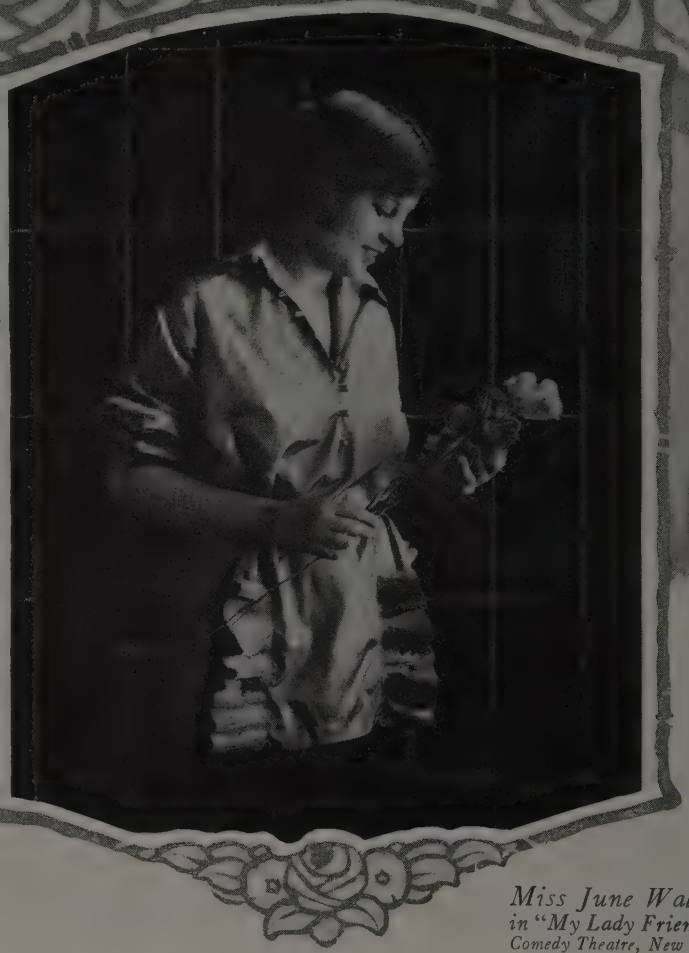
*Sold at all the better shops*

**Emery & Beers Company Inc.**

*Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors*

NEW YORK

ONYX
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office



*Miss June Walker*
*in "My Lady Friends"*
*Comedy Theatre, New York*

# The TOWN BLOUSE

This captivating Town Blouse of peach-color chiffon taffeta—to use Miss Walker's own expression—"is a delight indeed."

Note its quaint elbow puffs and pleatings. It is caught at the waist with a chic belt of patent leather.

The June Walker Town Blouse is typical of the Blouse-maker's art. Your smart stores and shops can show you the complete line in newest modes and fabrics.

*Look for this Label:*

## The Blousemakers INC.

398 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

# THE ESTEY RESIDENCE PIPE ORGAN

A pipe organ gives to a home an indefinable charm. It is dignified, and with the right decorative treatment it adds beauty to the house. But its great appeal is its music—perhaps the greatest music in the world. No other instrument so closely reproduces the effects of the large orchestra.

The Estey Organ can be built to fit any house, acoustically and mechanically.

The Player makes it possible for any one to play the Organ without interfering with its being played by the human organist.

The Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vermont. Studios in New York, 11 West 49th Street; Chicago, Lyon & Healy; Philadelphia, 1701 Walnut Street; Boston, 120 Boylston Street; Los Angeles, 633 South Hill Street.

# The Programme of Fashion

Ira L. Hill Studio

*Florence Shirley, one of the principals in the successful operetta "Apple Blossoms", delights in wearing sports clothes. She loves to try out the new fabrics as they appear, and boasts of being the first to discover and wear the above sports suit made of Simonette silk. It is one of shimmery reversible silks with a delicate twill to give it body. When it is blue and white stripe and made on tailored lines, it out-stripes everything else!*

Bachrach

*Doris Kenyon, now playing in Boston in "The Girl in the Limousine", emphasizes her youth in a jaunty little sports suit made of apple green and white striped Simonette silk. On the reverse side, it is an opalescent blend of green and white, which provides a harmonious contrast for coat and skirt if one chooses. In this case, Miss Kenyon turns the fabric back, and secures smart reveres and cuffs of the plain material*

# MINERVA YARNS

## ARE FAMED FOR THESE THINGS:

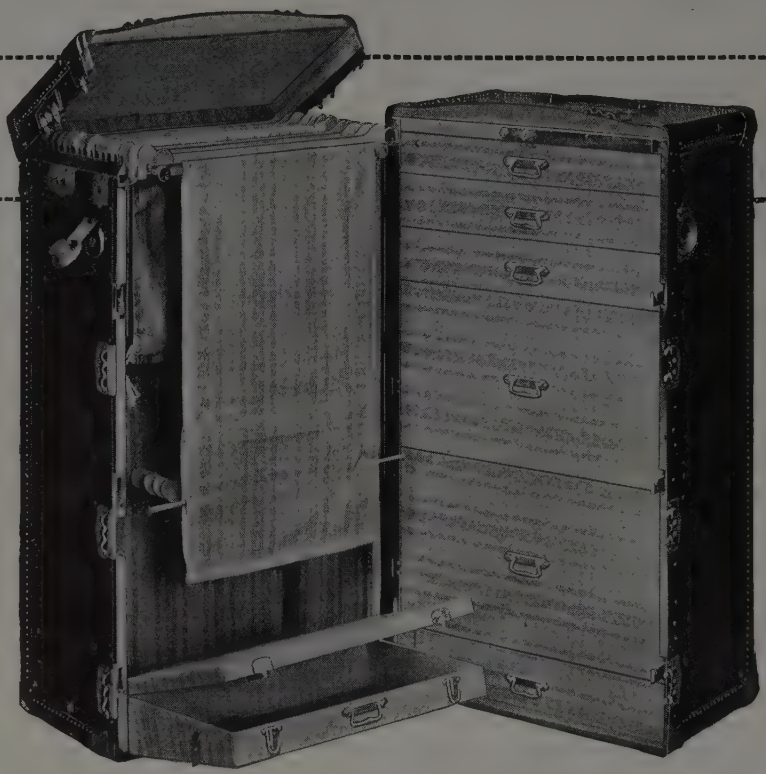
A hand knitting yarn of SUPREME QUALITY. The richest, most distinctive COLOR RANGE. Beautiful Finish, Strength and Loftiness. Wound on a ball that *eliminates tangles* and makes your work easy and uniform.

Stores with the right ideals are usually glad to show you GENUINE MINERVA YARNS. . . The label shown on this page identifies them.

The garment illustrated is made of beautiful *Minerva Lustre Wool.* Free instructions for the asking. The Minerva Knitting Book, Vol. III, at 35c, contains 100 other equally practical suggestions. If not at your favorite shop, we'll send your copy postpaid for 40c. (In Canada, 50c.)

JAMES LEES & SONS CO., 220 Fifth Ave., New York

DEPARTMENT T



# Is travel comfort worth a thought about your luggage

PACKING ought not to be the nuisance it so often is. Nor should you be forced to have everything pressed the minute you open your trunk.

Yet thousands of women go through this same thing trip after trip—and never seem to realize what a Belber Wardrobe Trunk could do for them.

You arrive at your hotel, tired after a long, dirty trip.

Your trunk is brought to your room.

You unlock it—swing it open. There—all your clothes fresh and dainty as when you put them in. Everything in its place—nothing mussed. No unpacking to do—no trouble at all. You are at home and settled at once.

A *Belber* Wardrobe. Remember that name—"Belber." It stands for thirty years' experience in producing fine luggage for women who know how to travel in comfort.

Women who are critical about the *style* of their personal equipment.

Women who know *values*—and that the dearest dollar in the world is the one "saved" by buying inferior goods.

Whether Wardrobe Trunk, Bag or Suit-Case, the seasoned traveler will tell you that there is nothing else so good as *Belber*. Nothing made with the same minute attention to the traveler's needs, or her wish for sound value for her money.

See the Belber display—at the best dealers in your city.

*For description of the Wardrobe Trunk shown above write for Booklet N.*
*If you are interested in a Traveling Bag or Suit Case, write for Booklet S.*

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

**Belber**

**TRAVELING GOODS**

# Columbia Grafonola

## *in Period designs*

## From the Days of William and Mary

The sturdy beauty of this William and Mary design dates back to the days when the last of the Stuart kings lost England's throne in the Battle of the Boyne. For William and Mary brought with them from Holland a band of skilled Dutch craftsmen who introduced a new note of artistic simplicity into English furniture design.

The simple lines of this William and Mary Grafonola blend harmoniously with any scheme of decoration. It gives you not only an article of furniture which you may display with pride, but also a musical instrument of exquisitely clear and brilliant tone. Starts and stops automatically.

*Columbia Grafonolas: Standard Models up to $300; Period Designs up to $2100*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York
Canadian Factory: Toronto

*Columbia Grafonola in William and Mary Period Design.*

A Few Exclusive Columbia Artists

*Baklanoff* *Hackett* *Mardones*
*Barrientos* *Lazaro* *Ponselle*
*Garden* *Macbeth* *Romaine*
*Rothier* *Stracciari*

# SUMMER FURS

NEVER have furs been so popular as this Spring. We are now showing the largest and most *comprehensive line* in America. . . . Sumptuous Sables from Siberia's darkest forests. Silky Skunk from the woods of Maine. Lustrous Lynx, Silver Fox and Fisher from the Northwest. *Neck-pieces* of Sable and other furs. One, two and three skins.

*Prices*
*$35 to $3500*

New models are now ready for next Fall and Winter. We are taking orders for new garments, and for remodeling

*Established*
*Nearly a Century*

Balch, Price & Co.
Fulton and Smith Streets, Brooklyn, New York


# The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE have discovered the most delicious of vanities for you! Something quite new, quite distinctive, only to be found in one special place.

A Frenchman has come over from Paris recently and opened a large establishment in a smart section a block or two off Fifth Avenue, where he shows nothing but French artificial flowers. We don't need to go into the superiority of the French artificial flower. It is unrivaled. This country has never been able to produce anything to compare with it. And these particular French flowers to which we refer, are the perfection of their kind. Each tiniest detail, of pistil and stamen, of leaf and stem and delicious coloring has been "cultivated" to such a state of artistry, that the flowers partake of the quality of gems.

* * *

*A girdle of old blue ribbon and roses in soft pinks and yellows, the ends weighted with frosty purple grapes, with hair bandeau to match: A flat Futurist bloom in bright colors: A trio of green and russet laurel leaves for a sport suit: And an Eighteenth Century nosegay.*

One wanders through the big *salons* of this wonderful house, as through a garden. Flowers are everywhere. Hardy annuals on shelves, or little tables, charmingly arranged, other more fragile and precious blooms in glass cabinets, or hidden away in drawers. Flowers for every occasion! Such loves! You may go to choose a "buttonhole" for your *tailleur,* say a crimson or white carnation so real as almost to defy detection; or a *bandeau* for your hair; or a huge *corsage bouquet,* possibly of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley, that will be the making for a simple frock of black, a favorite mode with Callot at present. There will even be baskets of artificial flowers to choose from for the house.

They are not cheap, these flowers! No. But when you have them, you have acquired something that is real, that is worth while, and that can be recognized at a glance as being so. The addition of one of them to your costume will carry with it the same prestige as that of a Cartier jewel.

* * *

ANOTHER little bit of vanity that we have gleaned by the way for you concerns shoe buckles. This time it includes not only vanity, but economy as well. Shoe buckles never really go out, though buckleless periods wash over us mildly from time to time. Just now their star is in the ascendant. Personally, we are and always have been very much in favor of the buckle. We can't help feeling that it takes the attention—may we say, curse?—off a large foot, and enhances a small one. And we think most women agree with us.

*Buckles are again in the ascendant, says Fashion. These shown are of a special make, that also goes in for a special charming price!*

Wherefore you will probably be delighted to learn that an American firm is making shoe buckles that are really marvellously reasonable, the manufacturing in this country doing away with the necessity of paying the import price. If you haven't been out pricing shoe buckles, do so, and you will know what that means. These buckles are stunning, of every kind, steel, bronze, brilliants, made up in every shape. We consider the firm originating them as benefactors to womenkind.

# Pride of Possession

*Grand*

TWENTY years ago you were proud if you owned a machine that actually talked and played music. Though it was harsh and it squeaked and it grumbled, you thought it wonderful. You judged its merit by how far you could hear it. No one was critical.

Today people have been educated to accept the phonograph as a necessity for the home. The instrument must have a rich, lovely tone, it must be elegant in design and have important features of construction. You will choose the Sonora for its beauty.

*Minuet*

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

## Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

*The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World*

*Nocturne*

plays ALL MAKES of disc records perfectly without extra attachments and won highest score for its superb tonal quality at the Panama Pacific Exposition. To own a Sonora is to enjoy a pride of possession.

Magnificent upright and period models are available at prices ranging from $60 to $2500. Special designs will be made to order. We are also prepared to place Sonora equipments in treasured cabinets which you may now own.

*Send for General Catalog 19 or Period Catalog 19X*

A sample of the Sonora Semi-Permanent Needle will be mailed free on request. Ask for it

*Invincible*

**Sonora Phonograph Company, Inc.**

GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, President

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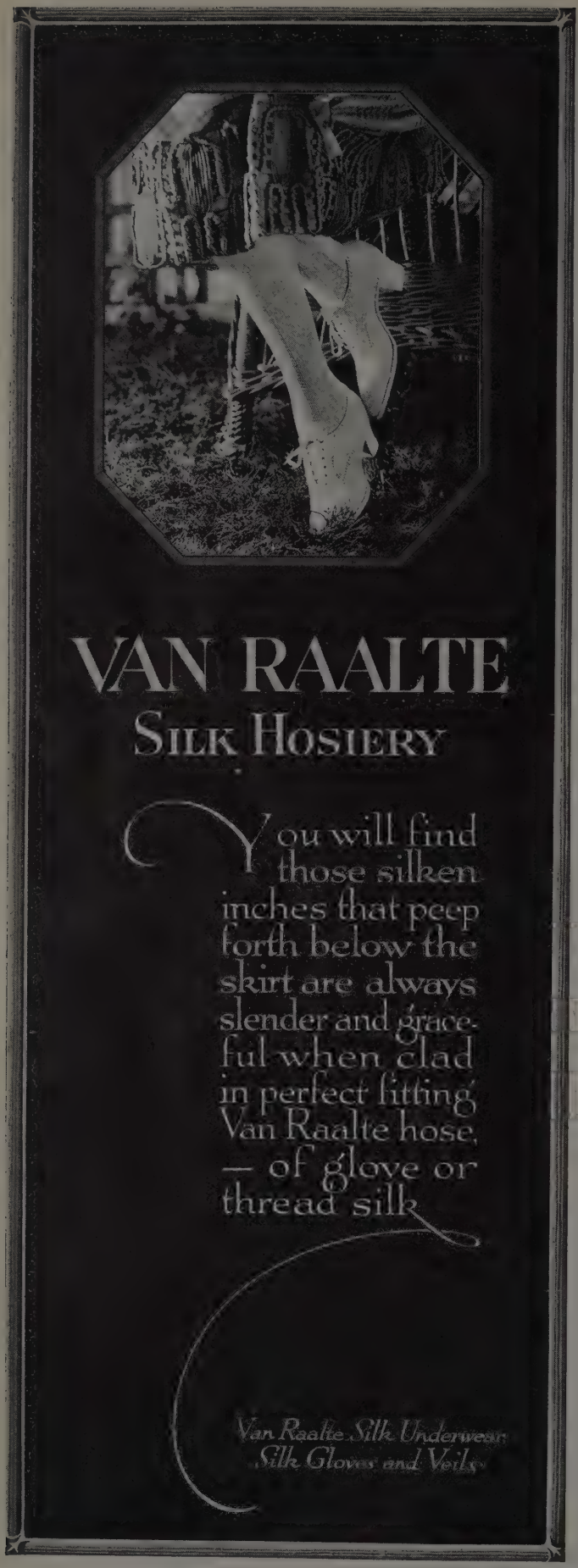
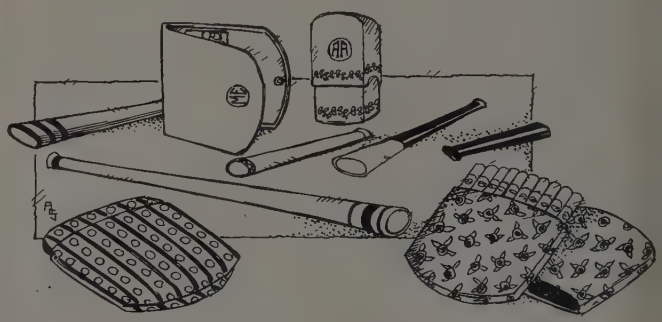
DEALERS EVERYWHERE




PROHIBITION seems to have had the effect of increasing the smoking of cigarettes at tea-time. But we don't want you to get alarmed over this, or think we are all going to the dogs. Few women are inhaling, and it only amounts to a harmless fad. One must have *something* to do with one's hands and one's time between dances. And then women have found that a colorful cigarette holder is an excellent bit of scenery to bring to a costume. You may see one lovely lady with a scarlet turban toying with a long bright scarlet holder over her coffee cup at the Ritz; another rushing across the lobby to the telephone reluctant to be separated for even an instant from her pet of amber, or black and white ivory.

If you are investing in only one holder you will probably get it of amber or ivory, long or short, or a combination thereof, that will go with all costumes. But if you are really indulging in the fad, you will have not only your ivory and amber, but your colored glass ones as well, in scarlet, in royal blue, in green. We saw some unusual ones, the other day, in mother-of-pearl, whose iridescent shell had been colored in American Beauty red, in blue, in lavender. And then there is the added fun of your cigarette case

For daytime and sport there are flat cases in pigskin or seal, or sporty box-shaped cases to fit the special brand of cigarettes that come in that kind of package. The latter are of shiny leathers in old blue or rose, tooled in gilt, and your initials may be stamped on, or done in gold. They are very new, only a few women so far having discovered their existence. And very new, too, are the dressier cases covered with dark or bright-tinted brocades, for tea-time or evening.



*The new cigarette holders, long and short, in ivory with gold rings, in black and white, in tinted mother-of-pearl. And the cigarette cases that go with them, of seal, or of shiny colored leathers, box-shaped, tooled and monogramed, or of silk brocade.*

MITTS, they say, are an assured fashion for the summer, to wear with one's quaint Victorian frock. Only white—rather cream—and black, in lovely shadow lace patterns that are most becoming to the hand. "Are you selling many?" we asked at a smart Fifth Avenue shop. "Rather," was the reply. "We can't keep them in. One order has just been sent out that numbered a dozen pairs." Which was, to say the least, an interesting sidelight on the mitt question. But if you choose to wear them be sure you also carefully choose your occasion.

*(We should be glad to send you the name and address of the French Flower Establishment: the name of the special shoe buckles and where to buy them: the shops where the cigarette holders and cases can be found, also the mitts, if you will write The Vanity Box, Care* THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York City.)*

*For special occasions, to go with the quaint and picturesque Victorian frock, there are*

*mitts in shadow lace of cream or black, that lend piquancy to the hands and costume*

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# Gown or face—which?

**"VOUS ètes la bienvenue, ma chère amie." As he grasped my hand on this occasion of my last visit to Paris the other week genuine welcome shone in his eyes. "He" is the greatest creator of woman's dress. The Originator, the true Artist Couturier.**

"Look"—he said proudly—"look at the exquisite play of light and shade that comes from the rich and rippling folds of this opera cloak. If this should not be bought by a pretty woman I shall be unhappy. **Une creation pour une creature? Jamais."**

He was under no delusions. He understood the problem of the interdependence of a handsome gown and a handsome face. A fine dress or cloak needs more than the mere human frame to set off its beauty values. It must culminate in an attractive face as a blossom issues out of foliage.

When beauty of complexion lacks, a woman wears a mere "model," not a gown; and the mannequin is a sad failure as well.

It sounds cynical. Truth is mostly cynical. The great Artist of Dress knew that the Face makes the Gown. 'Tis not the habit that makes the monk. . . .

*Helena Rubinstein*

**Bright Faces.** The woman who merely seeks experience may dilly-dally with this or that, but the woman who heads experience enrolls herself in the army of bright-faced users of Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, which Madame Rubinstein has for years past used as the foundation stone for her world-famed beauty-methods. This preparation revitalizes the skin, so that it gains in animation and fine natural color, remains clear, lustrous and beautiful, and offers but poor soil for wrinkles, coarseness of texture or blackheads. $1.25, $2.50 and $7.00 a pot. Valaze Skin-toning Lotion is recommended as an adjunct, $1.25 and $2.50 a bottle.

**Valaze Sun and Windproof Creme.** *prevents* sunburn, freckles, and severe tanning. $1.10, $2.20 and $3.30. In cases of oiliness of skin Valaze Balm Rose should be substituted, $1.75, $3.00 and up.

**Pause Before Powdering.** You should discriminate in the use of face powders or complexion ruin is sure to come. Madame Rubinstein is the only Specialiste who supplies face powders for various conditions: Valaze Complexion Fowder for greasy or normal skin and Novena Poudre for dry skin. $1.00, $1.50, $2.50, $3.50 and $5.50 a box.

**Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste.** Dispels blackheads. closes enlarged pores and refines the skin. Used instead of soap. $1.10 and $2.20. The same, No. 2, for conditions of long standing. $1.50, $2.50 and up.

**Valaze Cream of Lilies.** A foundation cream to be used under powder, in case of dry skins, $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50. The same purpose is served by Valaze Beauty Foundation Creme, in case of oiliness of skin. $1.00, $2.00 and $5.00.

**Whenever possible Madame Rubinstein should be consulted personally and treatments had at her establishment. All letters of inquiry are answered promptly and instructive literature is forwarded on request, accompanied by postage.**

*Mme Helena Rubinstein*

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## TWENTY YEARS OF VAUDEVILLE

(*Continued from page 408*)

end of vaudeville the change for the better in twenty years has been epochal. The B. F. Keith Vaudeville Exchange, by establishing a general board of trade for vaudeville theatres, artists and their representatives, has proven of incalculable benefit to the profession. The services of the Exchange have grown to be so numerous and so valuable that the prosperity of vaudeville without its existence is unthinkable.

IN twenty years there has gradually come about the present era of good feeling between artists and managers. The organization of the National Vaudeville Artists—an independent body of 15,000 men and women—to represent the player as against the manager organized in the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association, has resulted in eliminating many petty abuses, has placed the humblest artist in as strong a position for enforcing right and just treatment as the headliner, and has instituted and maintained a reign of justice and square dealing throughout vaudeville.

Vaudeville has decidedly changed for the better in twenty years. What makes me happiest is the new concept of mutual interdependence and responsibility between artists and managers. The artists have an equal voice with the managers in stating the terms and conditions of their employment and both sides realize that the square deal works out best for everybody. The arbitration board that takes up matters at issue in vaudeville is no longer busy, for disputes are growing fewer and fewer, the organization of the artists on one side and the managers on the other having almost automatically brought about harmony and contentment.

UNFAILING politeness and courtesy to the public is the first rule impressed upon all employees. Patrons are invited to criticize and make suggestions. We make the vaudeville theatre a part of community life.

There are other vaudeville circuits equally as large as Keith's. There are over five hundred individual vaudeville managers who have no interest whatever in each other's business; in fact, they are in keen competition with each other, but when they meet at an annual dinner or in conference at the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association rooms, all petty animosities are laid aside and the broad principle of running the vaudeville business on a high standard is the paramount subject.

They all subscribe to the new conditions of a square deal, of a play or pay contract, of an arbitration committee for disputes, or improving the conditions about the theatre for artists and anything and everything for the general good is subscribed to by all, without a dissenting voice. It is truly a new era which is bringing happiness and contentment and profit into the vaudeville business for both the artist and the manager.

## STAGE COSTUMING

(*Continued from page 393*)

poor imitations of the original costumes and sell them around to managers who didn't know the difference.

But at least certain managers had come under the new influence, and we had several individual plays, where the costumes were artistically right and beautiful. One that deserves special mention was the Winthrop Ames' production of "Prunella". Another was "The Yellow Jacket", done by Benrimo and George Hazelton. The larger productions, as I remember them, seemed to miss fire. "Kismet", for instance, would have been far better if it had been costumed from the brain, like "Sumurun", than from an inaccurate book.

But through all these years there has been a steady growth in stage costuming in almost every kind of way. Period costuming, for instance, is so important today that the Ziegfeld Nine O'Clock Review has thought it worth while to put the whole first part into the 1860 period, with variations of the mind of the modern dressmaking genius. So that when our pet juggler appears he now finds it necessary instead of wearing the ill-fitting dress-suit of former days, to costume himself in long overalls and antebellum side-whiskers. That shows what costuming has done for our comedians.

There is one respect, however, in which there has been only a small advance, and which I consider most important. That is the knowledge that a costume must not only be put on, but *worn*. Few, too few, actors or actresses realize this. That the actor must get into the "skin" of his garb, as well as into that of the character. And it is not sufficient that one wear one costume well, but that one wear all costumes well. The Barrymores, Lionel and John, come first to mind as instances of those who can wear a costume supremely well. George Arliss, Benrimo, Scotti also know how to carry their costumes. Few women wear costumes with intelligence because they insist on sacrificing everything to have their faces and figures look beautiful. The divine Sarah is one of the rare exceptions to this, a supreme example of the costume-wearing art. But hardly a modern actress comes up to her.

BRINGING to American women Extracts that embody the rare attars of the Orient—Toilet Waters that invigorate the complexion and impart a delicious suggestion of fragrance—Sachets and Talcums in which the elusive breath of Eastern flowers is held captive in zephyr powders — the **unusual** in every form of toilet requisite.

The delicate but enduring fragrance of these exquisite creations brings to the mind's window the rosy dawns, the brilliant sunlight, the purple dusks of the Orient—the enchantment and mystery of strange Far Eastern countries—the subtle, languorous sweetness of tropical gardens and blossom-laden breezes blown from palm-fringed islands set in turquoise seas.

Their seductive odors bring fabled memories of Cleopatra, of Zenobia, of those queenly Oriental beauties whose charms were enhanced by the aromatic preparations of learned Arabian chemists.

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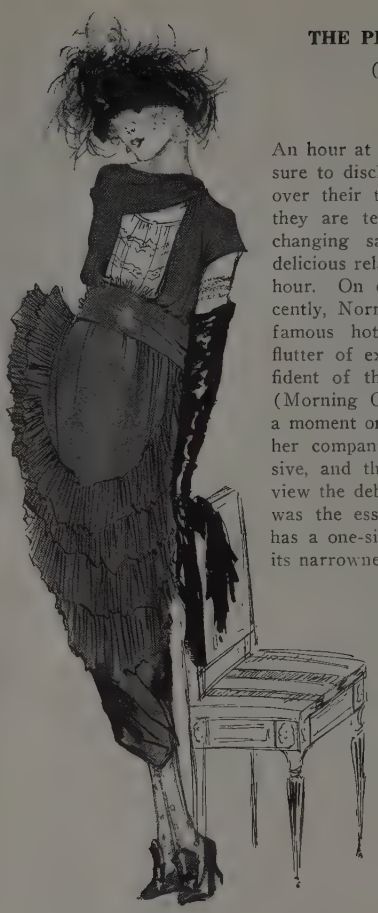
## THE PROGRAMME OF FASHION

(*Continued from page* 442)

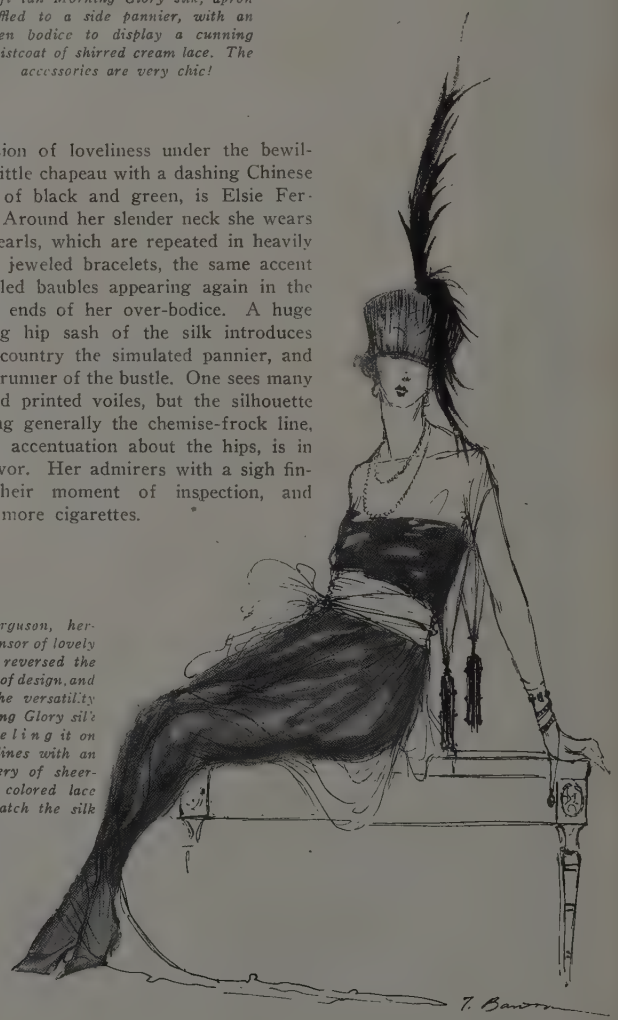


*Soft tan Morning Glory silk, apron ruffled to a side pannier, with an open bodice to display a cunning waistcoat of shirred cream lace. The accessories are very chic!*

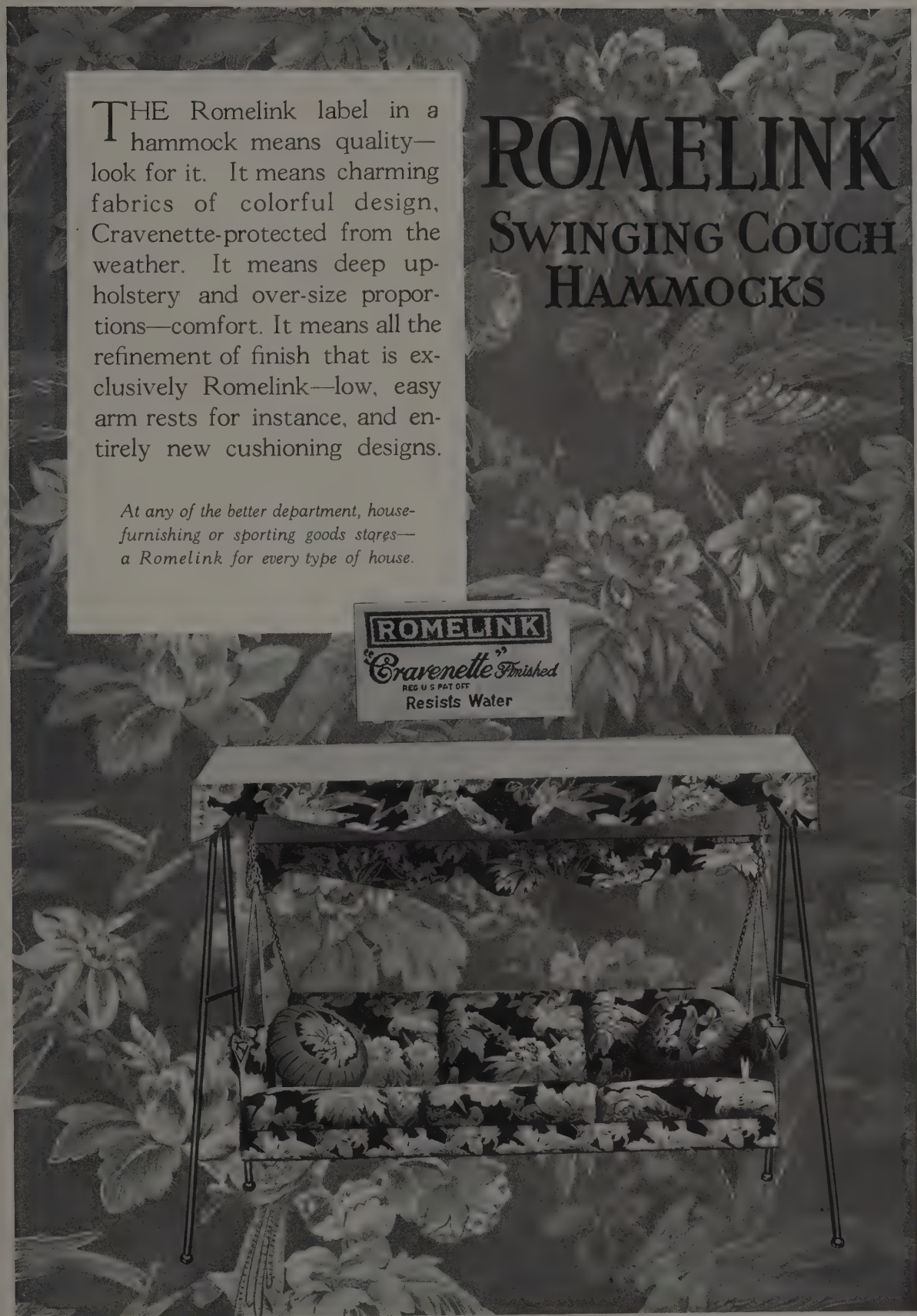
An hour at the Ritz in the late afternoon is sure to disclose a group of notables visiting over their tea-cups, or at least we assume they are tea-cups! Fashionables are exchanging salutations and indulging in a delicious relaxation that accompanies such an hour. On one of the few warm days recently, Norma Talmadge sauntered into the famous hotel rendez-vous and created a flutter of excitement and admiration. Confident of the perfection of her silk frock (Morning Glory it is yclept) she hesitated a moment on the little balcony, and surveyed her companions. The picture was impressive, and there was a craning of necks to view the debut of a simple girlish frock that was the essence of charm. The silhouette has a one-sided opinion but we can forgive its narrowness in this case.

**THE RITZ AT FIVE O'CLOCK IS A FASHION REVIEW**

The vision of loveliness under the bewildering little chapeau with a dashing Chinese feather of black and green, is Elsie Ferguson. Around her slender neck she wears many pearls, which are repeated in heavily studded jeweled bracelets, the same accent of jeweled baubles appearing again in the tasseled ends of her over-bodice. A huge smashing hip sash of the silk introduces in this country the simulated pannier, and the forerunner of the bustle. One sees many silks and printed voiles, but the silhouette following generally the chemise-frock line, with an accentuation about the hips, is in high favor. Her admirers with a sigh finished their moment of inspection, and lighted more cigarettes.



*Elsie Ferguson, herself a sponsor of lovely fashions, reversed the crispness of design, and proved the versatility of Morning Glory silk by modeling it on straight lines with an overdrapery of sheerest dust colored lace net to match the silk*

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## A PERFORMANCE AT U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

(*Continued from page* 418)

for the play, and the electrical crew, headed by Manager M. I. Black, did both the stage lighting and the effective electric sign.

THE midshipmen did everything themselves except for the producing or coaching; and even there many members of the cast made valuable suggestions. The director of the Masqueraders, L. V. Taylor, was remarkably efficient; and the president, Allen B. Cook, understood the problems of the situation so well that it might almost be said that no outside assistance at all was necessary.

Every member of the Masqueraders has shown a willingness to labor long and unremittingly—to give all of his scanty leisure hours. The Naval Academy breeds a right spirit—an insistence that a thing undertaken shall be well done, no matter what may be the necessary expenditure of effort. These midshipmen journey wisely in order that they may arrive safely. But they also journey pleasantly. They have won their places in the society and they enjoy the prestige of being members. They are associating freely with congenial fellow-workers and solidifying pleasant friendships. They "rate" certain privileges, which are valued both because they are privileges and because they confer an unusual freedom.

THE life of a midshipman is necessarily a busy one; the four years at the Naval Academy are richly packed, and each day must be rigidly planned. The Masqueraders give to rehearsal the recreation hour before dinner, and, by special permission, a couple of hours after the evening's work is done. When the bugle "busts" for "taps" the rest of the regiment obeys, but the Masqueraders realize, with almost sinful pride, "That doesn't mean us; we have the right to work until midnight if we wish." This privilege is not generally used to its very fullest extent, for the previous work of the day has been so strenuous that, soon after eleven, sleep begins to seem desirable, but at least a third of the play has been given an additional polish, and another breath of the free and easy atmosphere of the Masqueraders' soundproof headquarters has been inhaled with pleasure. During the last five days of their season the Masqueraders "rate" being absent from one of the less essential drills; on Friday and Saturday they are excused from dinner formation; and, *summum bonum*, on Sunday morning they are allowed to "sleep-in" till ten o'clock.

But perhaps the best satisfaction of all lies in the knowledge that their job is well done and appreciatively accepted. The play is given four times within thirty-six hours, but on Saturday evening, the last performance, one hears in the dressing rooms: "I wish we were going to give four more." . . . "No, Secretary Daniels didn't come, but the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance is here!" . . . "Yes, Admiral Scales and Governor Ritchie are in the front row, center!" . . . "We're doing it better every time." . . . "We're getting more applause tonight than ever before." . . . "I'll be mighty glad of that chance to sleep-in tomorrow morning, but when Monday comes I'll be wishing we could start rehearsals on another."

THERE has arisen this year among the Masqueraders a good-natured disagreement as to what the character of future performances should be. One faction maintains that only a farce could suit either the audience or the actors; the other faction favors as great a variety as is secured in other colleges. An interesting compromise suggested is three one-act plays, in one of them, like "In the Zone," there shall be no female parts; for the other two the actors shall be required to pass a voice test as to pitch and quality so that the male and female characters may have a still more realistic differentiation. Doubtless among two thousand Midshipmen, voices of the right sort combined with the necessary histrionic ability could be found. It is uncertain which faction will gain control; the plays chosen in future years may be better or not so good. But whatever the plays may be, the presentation will need to be very good indeed if it is to compare favorably with the performance of 1920.

## CHANGE IN AMATEUR ATTITUDE

(*Continued from page* 417)

If it be true that the arts of stage decoration and mechanical effect seem to have advanced furthest, this is partly due to the condition that a lighting novelty originated in Provincetown can be duplicated in Hollywood, while it may be true that the gifted actress of an O'Neill rôle in the first town cannot be equalled by any dweller in the second. But amateurs of all acting groups—from daring Bohemia to conservative parish—are learning more and more about acting with every production. As they lengthen and deepen their experience by frequent practise, if they hold firmly to the principle that "the play's the thing," there is no reason why every community in the land should not have its own acting group to supplement the offerings of the commercial theatre.

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Irene Bordoni

WHEN we want an opinion on law we go to a lawyer; on health to a doctor; on the art of personal beauty to one who possesses it herself—like Irene Bordoni.

Her opinion on how to produce beauty of the finger tips is of the greatest value; for successful actresses, more than almost any other class, must have well-groomed hands.

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HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, which eliminates hangnails, restores a smooth outline to the nails and removes discolorations:

HYGLO Nail Polish Cake which quickly imparts a brilliant lustre:

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*More and more of these queens of beauty are entrusting the care of their hands to*

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Simple to use, an adornment to the dressing table, convenient to carry, and certain in their results, they are deservedly the favorites among women who cannot afford to have the blemish of ungainly hands.

A trial never fails to convince. HYGLO sells on the recommendation of others.

In addition to manicure preparations, HYGLO products comprise compact powder and rouges in all shades, to beautify without injuring the skin; mascarine for stiffening the eyelashes, in black, brown or blonde, (removed easily with water) lipsticks, fragrant and refreshing; eyebrow pencils, etc.

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Teeth are clouded by a viscous film. You feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

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It is that film-coat that discolors —not your teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

### All dentists know

Dentists have long known this. Dental science has for years sought a film combatant, and now it has been found. Five years of tests have proved it beyond question. And now leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. This tooth paste also meets two other new requirements. And to millions it has shown the way to whiter, safer teeth.

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A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to anyone who asks. Thus thousands of new people daily are learning its effects. Every person, young or old, should make this simple test.

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Heretofore this method seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method, and active pepsin can now be forced wherever that film-coat lodges.

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**Send this coupon for a 10-day tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how they whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then keep that lustre on them.**

# DARTMOUTH AND THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page* 419)

ductions by the Dartmouth Association during the past several years includes: "The Pigeon"; "Arms and the Man"; "Catherine Parr," by Maurice Baring, for the first time in America; "The Burden of Life," by Dobbs Milton, for the first time on any stage; "Under Cover"; "Her Husband's Wife"; "Ghosts"; "Seven Keys to Baldpate"; "A Full House"; "Cheating Cheaters"; "Merry Wives of Windsor"; "Good Gracious Annabelle"; "Kick In"; "The Intruder"; "The Speckled Band"; "The Witching Hour"; "Behind the Beyond"; "The Second Shepherd's Play"; "Nothing But the Truth." In addition numerous bills of one-act plays have been presented, some of them the work of student playwrights, and various musical comedies have been given from time to time. One of the most successful of these, "Oh, Doctor," the work of Messrs. Janssen, Groves and Markey, has been produced during the past year in a number of New England cities.

The business of staging a play at Dartmouth is entirely in the hands of the students. Every detail of every production is worked out by members of the Dramatic Association. Professional coaches are never employed. In charge of the work is the Director of the Association, a member of the senior class, chosen by competition. He is assisted by a producing staff which includes an assistant director, who will succeed to the directorship automatically; a stage manager, and a property manager. All of these officers serve for one year. The general procedure of preparing a play for the stage resembles that of a stock company. Very intensive work for a comparatively short period is the rule. Two weeks is the average time devoted to rehearsals; often a performance is rounded into shape in less time than that. The scenery is designed by undergraduates and whenever possible is constructed in the Dramatic Association's studio and the music is furnished by their orchestra.

"GOING out for dramatics" is an extra-curricular activity that attracts one Dartmouth freshman out of every seven. Every fall a call is issued to the freshman class for acting material. From fifty to a hundred respond, representing all grades of previous amateur experience. Each candidate is interviewed by the director or his assistants, and the whole number is then roughly divided, according to their various potentialities, into fifteen or twenty small groups, each constituting the cast of a one-act play.

Each group is then put completely into the hands of a sophomore candidate for the assistant directorship of the association, who becomes responsible for the rehearsing and ultimate production of the play assigned to him.

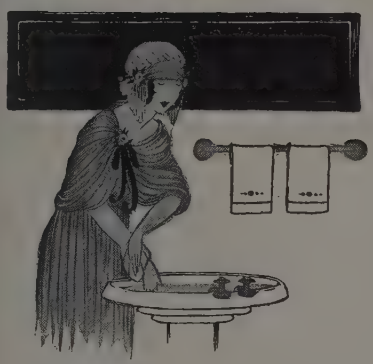
After a sufficient time has elapsed these one-act plays are produced before competent judges, who select the best of the acting material for membership in the association and pass judgment on the producing ability of the candidates for the directorship. Careful note is taken of the individual qualifications of the different actors accepted, and when plays are to be produced containing parts suited to them their services are called for.

During the freshmen tryouts held this year seventeen one-act plays were presented by more than seventy freshmen, thirty of whom were admitted into the association.

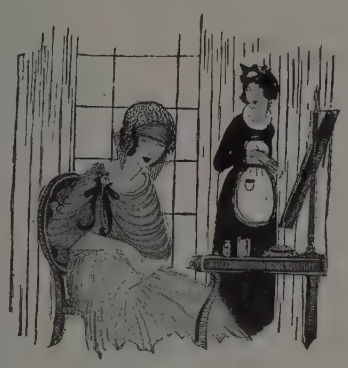
Among the plays given were "The Clod," "A Pot of Broth," "War Brides," "Der Tag," "Drums of Oude," "Kathleen ni Hoolihan," "In a Hospital" and others, including several by under-graduate authors.

The Dartmouth Association is at present engaged in an active campaign to encourage playwriting among the student body. Substantial prizes are offered for the best original plays and it is hoped that more and more in the future the Association can choose its plays for production from the work of the members of the college.

# Do you seek a way to remove hair without slightest danger to the skin or complexion?



*You apply NEET, which is a cream-lotion, the same as any other cold cream; permit it to remain a few moments, and then wash it off with clear water. That is all: the hair will be gone, rinsed away, and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white. A delightful change from old methods, to be sure.*



WITH the unquestioned acceptance of sleeveless frocks as the season's mode, and gowns which leave so *little* to the imagination, the fastidious woman, unable to overcome her instinctively feminine view-point of the incongruous blade, and fearful of the severe chemicals of old methods, is confronted with the awkward urgency of discovering an effective yet *consistent* way to remove superfluous hair.

It is to her that the following information will be of singular interest.

A NEW WAY

*There is a new and radically different way to remove hair. A way that meets the most exacting requirements of gentlewomen, and which is warranted not to irritate the skin, injure the complexion or encourage further growth no matter how frequently one uses it.*

The name is NEET. A cream lotion; dainty, exquisite, harmless; which not only removes hair *instanter*, but in the same operation, bleaches the skin to perfect whiteness.

METROPOLITAN ACCEPTANCE

Although obtainable at the shops scarcely eight months, it is already the *accepted method* of smart women in every metropolitan center from New York to San Francisco. To scan the pages of the *Social Register* is to read a listing of its users.

HOW TO USE NEET

Neet is strictly ready for service —no mixing. Apply the same as a cold cream, let stand ten minutes and then wash off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone, rinsed away, and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white!

WHERE TO OBTAIN NEET

At toilet counters in all department and drug stores. Or, by mail direct. Two sizes. 50c and $1.00. The larger size contains three times the quantity of the smaller.

### *Very Special*

If you cannot obtain NEET at your dealer's, mail the coupons below with 50 cents for the small size—or $1.00 for the large—and receive your supply by return post, in unmarked wrapper.

*Not even the most open-and-above-board sort of evening gowns—to say nothing of the distressing candor of sheerest silk stockings—hold any terror for the women sophisticated enough to choose NEET as her ally.*

# Neet

*The Non-irritant Depilatory*

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Distinctive Creations
for town, summer
and sports wear.
A marvelous
display
of afternoon
and evening wraps
of unusual richness.

Prices never excessive.

## HISTORY OF THE CORNELL MASQUE

(Continued from page 420)

humorous and dramatic incidents.

Briggs, the detective, as played by M. L. Hough, '22, is the real hit of the show, combining very clever character acting with several strong musical numbers and an eccentric dance especially well received; D. D. Ellis, '22, as Lulu, the ingénue, with J. W. Ross, '20, as Tim, carry much of the business and singing through successfully. The clogging police force is a real hit and also the saxaphone waiters. Shriek Lyk El, from Cairo, with the pick of his harem, puts on a novel entertainment for the guests. But the picked beauty chorus of ten ravishing guests, ably backed by as many "Broadwaymen," claim first place for popularity. One of them even fooled the judge of the Beauty Contest at the Cornell Crocus Festival at the Hotel Commodore, and proudly carried off first prize!

In addition to the premier performances during Junior Week, "My Junior Week Girl," has been presented to the New York alumni at the Hotel Commodore on Feb. 23rd and by the time this article appears hopes to have concluded a successful Easter jaunt of some of the western cities. With a final performance in June during Senior Week festivities, "My Junior Week Girl" will have completed its run and the plans which are already being made for next year's production—when a Christmas trip will be taken instead of during the Easter period—should have an even better production ready to follow in its footsteps.

The music has already been pronounced by able and impartial critics as far above the average of college work and favorably compared with professional efforts. New York orchestras are using it for dance music. J. Selwyn Stanley, '21, B. Eugene Taylor '21, George W. Teare, '22, and John W. Ross, '20, are the composers.

## AMATEUR ACTIVITIES IN THE JUNE ISSUE

THE Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania, gave the first performance of their 32nd annual production, during Easter week—a musical travesty on Cervantes' hero—Don Quixote. They have called their play "Don Quixote, Esq.," and the romantic charger of windmills, with his faithful horse, "Rosinante," form the nucelus of a highly amusing plot, which is interspersed with the most fascinating "girls" that ever graced a chorus—if we are to believe the Mask and Wig press agent! There will be a highly interesting article about "Don Quixote, Esq.," with a wealth of pictures from the play in the June issue.

Clarence Stratton's final article in the series of six, on Amateur production and organization will be published in the June issue, and later, these articles will be published in pamphlet form and offered to schools and colleges with new subscriptions.

Brief notes of Community Service dramatic activities throughout the country, will be recorded, with interesting photographs.

The recent production of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club, illustrated with scenes from the play, will be shown.

Chicago plans a number of interesting programs in connection with the Pilgrim Tercentenary under the direction of Community Service.

A chain of Long Island towns: Hewlett, Hempstead, Cedarhurst, Freeport, Manhasset, Port Washington, Floral Park, Westbury and Roslyn are organizing a group of strolling players, selecting the star performers from the various dramatic clubs in each town. They will tour Long Island, with costumes and stage properties, in a motor truck, a veritable "chariot of Thespis" and by means of one act plays, introduce community drama to every little village and town.

In Richmond Virginia, a long abandoned school building was given to the Unity Club by the School Board and has been remodeled into a community centre, where dramatics play a prominent part in their activities.

All the interesting details of these and other community events, are told in entertaining fashion in the Amateur Theatricals Department for June.

PHOTOGRAPH CREDITS

The photographs of Governor Smith, Hon. James W. Gerard, Brander Matthews, Winthrop Ames, Augustus Thomas, Frank Crane, which appear on pages 346 and 347 of this issue, are by Brown Brothers, photographers, New York City.

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET, NEW YORK

## THE LEADERSHIP OF THIS SHOP IS ATTAINED BY ITS UNPARALLELED FASHIONS FOR WOMEN & MISSES

—and by the many activities allied with The Fine Art of Dress in which it is engaged

THE fashions sponsored by this shop—ready-for-wear and made-to-measure—are removed many degrees from the usual hackneyed types. Many models are made in our private workrooms—some are especially designed for and confined exclusively to us. Our Paris Organization at 19 Rue d'Antin, keeps us in intimate touch with the fashions developed by the "Haute Couture." Our representatives collaborate with the great French Houses often procuring models shown at no other shop in America. Other operations extend into England, Scotland and the Far East.

*A Newly Created French Room*
*has been dedicated to*
*Special Order Dressmaking*

*Special orders also executed in boudoir gowns, handmade under-garments, blouses, sports apparel and riding togs*

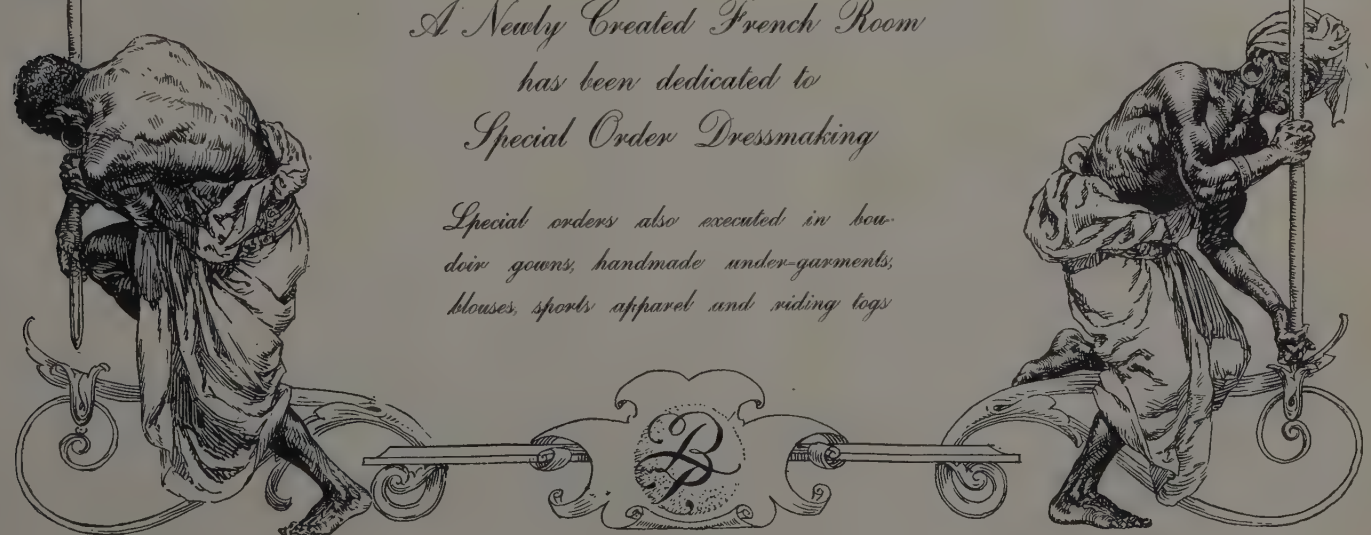

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Photo by Hill's Studio

CLEO MAYFIELD

*in an unusual*

*Wrap of Mole and Squirrel*

*with*

*silk rope fringe*

Dry Cold Storage of Winter Furs
2%
Send for Booklet, "The Care of Furs"

A. Jaeckel & Co.
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384 Fifth Avenue
Bet. 35th and 36th Sts.
New York


## MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 403)

IF in a show which runs until after eleven, the star monopolizes the center of the stage for more than a good half of the time and gets away with it to a constant accompaniment of hilarious merriment, it speaks volumes for his skill and capacity as an entertainer. This is what Ed. Wynn depends largely for his fun in the "Carnival" to which adjectively prefixed is his proper name. Mr. Wynn is funny, very funny and that too with a minimum of effort. Aside from the string of "wheezes" which he wrote for himself Mr. Wynn depends largely for his fun upon his facial expression and his expertness in tone inflection. For comic adjuncts he resorts to a constant change of hats, principally of the "Willie boy" variety and an assortment of coats as varied in cut as they are checkered in material. Quite legitimate, as they unobtrusively but none the less effectively sharpen the points of his up-to-date quips.

It is a most satisfying production, too. It is not ostentatiously sumptuous or extravagant, but staged with a taste and richness still sufficient to make it all satisfying to the most artistic eye.

ENTERTAINMENTS of the "Ed. Wynn Carnival" type are indigenous to this season of the year. Of course, they are little more than sublimated variety shows, but when as chaste and free from vulgarity as this one is they are quite harmless and distinctly amusing. There is no attempt made to review any of the popular theatrical successes of the year, but the principal features all have a relevancy to the prevailing fads and fancies of the hour.

Of those who helped out while Mr. Wynn was resting or changing his hat or coat and who made more than positively good, were Regal and Moore, acrobats who contributed some stunts gracefully, daring and really novel; Lillian Fitzgerald in an imitation of a Parisian *chanteuse* —so lifelike as to suggest the real Gallic article, and Fay West, a "feeder" with a highly developed sense of intelligence.

"The Log Fire Girl" was a graceful variation on an old theme, and the Meyakos, three little Japanese, showed a capable and entertaining adaptation to metropolitan vagaries, while brilliant, picturesque and alluring were Miss Fontaine's Egyptian dances.

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MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "WHAT'S IN A NAME." Revue in two acts. Book and lyrics by John Murray Anderson in collaboration with Anna Wynne O'Ryan and Jack Yellen; music by Milton Ager; "Highlowbrow" by S. Jay Kaufman. Produced on March 19th, with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| The Boss | Phil White |
| Martin | Herbert Williams |
| Drama | Alice Hegeman |
| The-Tired-Business-Man | Ed. E. Ford |
| Opportunity | Charles Derickson |
| The Soprano | Mary Lane |
| The Tenor | Rex Dantzler |
| The Leading Lady | Shelia Courtney |
| A Gentleman | Olin Howland |
| Commerce | Beatrice Herford |

"WHAT'S IN A NAME," Murray Anderson's latest "revusical comedy" comes like a grateful shower at the end of a hot dusty day. A most intelligent and lovely production it is.

This latest Anderson entertainment—he was responsible for the Greenwich Village Follies—sets more rules than it follows. I matter no lament at seeing the old stock sets go their way, the inevitable Café de Hoozis, Paris, the beach at Why? Kiki?, the Newyorkharborby-night-with-moving-ships and those dear old worn-out scenes that deserve a rest. Anderson abandons the lot of them and depends wholly upon draperies and high screens delicately ornamented to suggest the scene rather than portray it. Bakst did something of the sort for *Alladin ou la lampe merveilleuse,* a colorful piece done at the Marigny a year or so ago. And of course the idea is scarcely new to the dramatic stage. Perhaps the best of the recent examples was the staging of Masefield's "The Faithful," the Theatre Guild's late lamented fine production at the Garrick.

A music box scene and a picturesque review of bridal costumes through the ages are the outstanding features. Anderson's lighting in both, especially the latter, prevents a completely perfect effect being had, but they are thoroughly charming as is, and Rosalind Fuller as adorable a *commére* as one could wish for. Beatrice Herford, Olin Howland, Mary Lane, and Herbert Williams—are the outstanding performers in an excellent and unstarred cast.

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VICTOR RECORDS

Recently, there came to this country, almost unheralded, a young Roman singer, Gabriella Besanzoni, who is reputed to be the greatest mezzo-contralto of Italy. Signorina Besanzoni has joined the staff of Victor artists, and for her first recording sings the famous "Habanera" (Love is Like a Wood Bird) from "Carmen." She reveals in this record a voice of extraordinary compass, volume and quality.

Most music lovers know Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," but not so many are familiar with his "Cradle Song," equally as lovely, which Mischa Elman has arranged for the violin and plays on a new Victor Record. Elman has put some of his own genius into the song and given it added beauty that the composer, who loved the violin, would have been first to recognize and applaud.

Since Americans have come to understand, and love the music of the great symphonies, they are beginning to demand it as part of their daily life. The really great symphonies are few. Mozart wrote three of them, his "Symphony in G Minor" being the best-beloved and perhaps the greatest of the three. The Philadelphia Orchestra, on a new Victor Record, plays the minuet from this symphony. Under the masterful baton of Stokowski, all the lightness, grace and delicate lyrical beauty of the minuet are brought out without any sacrifice of its powerful swinging rhythm and deep-toned harmonies.—*Adv.*

# THE NEW SALONS DE LUXE

OF

# COLLINS ART IN DRESS

AT

PARK AVENUE AND FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

Mary Collins

NEW YORK

*According to Barrie and Bernhardt—*

"IF a woman has charm she needs nothing besides," says Barrie. And Sarah Bernhardt adds, "To have charm, a woman must enjoy life, and show that she does."

Stage folk, and others too, are wont to heed the words of these two oracles.

Woman's charm depends not so much on regularity of features as upon an expression of interest. Your face must reflect the joy of living. Lines of weariness, tired eyes, a look of depression, will detract from your appearance, subtract from your charm. The

ELIZABETH ARDEN
MUSCLE-STRAPPING TREATMENTS

efface wrinkles, lift sagging muscles and bring back youth and freshness to the face. If lines are beginning to mar the smoothness of your brow, if your mouth droops and your cheeks are losing their roundness, begin today a course of these wonder-working treatments.

Perfect grooming depends on perfection of detail, and the Arden Treatments neglect no detail of your appearance. Exclusive methods are employed for brightening the eyes, firming and whitening the neck and enhancing the beauty of hands and hair.

For remedying the ill effects of make-up on the skin, nothing equals the famous Arden Venetian Preparations, available at the Salons and at the better shops.

Elizabeth Arden's Salons in various centers of fashion express the last word in luxury and modern scientific equipment. You are always welcome to drop in for consultation, whether or not you take treatments.

*If you cannot consult Elizabeth Arden personally, write her if you wish advice. And ask for the new booklet about the Venetian Preparations and their use.*

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Ask the woman of fashion what corsets she wears and the answer will be "C/B a la Spirite."

For the up-to-date woman demands only the best in materials, workmanship and style. These splendid corsets are a perfect blending of the three.

C/B A LA SPIRITE CORSETS

*For the Woman of Fashion*
*The Standard Everywhere*


# QUERIES ANSWERED

*The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored*

*WHEN was "The Soul Kiss" first produced?—B. D. P., New York City.*

Early in 1908 at the New York Theatre.

*WHERE may I obtain a picture of Walter Hampden as Hamlet? In what play or plays is he starring now?—E. S., New York City.*

You can obtain an excellent picture of Walter Hampden as Hamlet from Maurice Goldberg, 19 East 48th St., New York City. There is a full page of Mr. Hampden, together with an article about him, in our June, 1918 issue. He is now appearing in Shakespearian repertoire on tour.

*IN what copy of the* THEATRE MAGAZINE *can I find a picture of George Monroe?—J. C., Toronto, Canada.*

We have never published a personal picture of George Monroe, although there have been several small ones in scenes from plays.

*KINDLY give me a brief sketch of the life of Alexandra Carlisle.—J. L., New York City.*

Alexandra Carlisle was born in London. She first appeared on the stage in 1903 in a small part in "Whitewashing Julia" and subsequently was seen in "Joseph Entangled," "Love's Magnet" and "The New Clown." During 1905 she appeared in "The Catch of the Season" and "The Voysey Inheritance." She next appeared in "The Jury of Fate" and was later engaged as leading woman for Nat Goodwin in "A Gilded Fool," and "An American Citizen." In 1907 she met with great success as Carlotta in "The Moral of Marcus." At His Majesty's Theatre, London, she was seen in Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night." Her début in America occurred in 1908 as Mrs. Baxter in "The Mollusc." Other plays she has been seen in here include "The Money Makers," "The Country Cousin" and "The Tragedy of Nan."

*CAN I secure back numbers containing scenes from "The Boomerang," "Grumpy" and "He Comes Up Smiling"?—F. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The September and October, 1915 issues both contain scenes in "The Boomerang." A picture of Cyril Maude as Grumpy was published in the May 1914 number and scenes from "He Comes Up Smiling" appeared in the September and October, 1914 copies. You can obtain these direct from this office.

*WOULD you kindly inform me what the entrance requirements of any average university would be for a course in playwriting, the scope of the work given, the time it would require to complete the course, etc.?—L. D. M., Monterrey, Mexico.*

For complete information, we would advise you to write to Prof. G. P. Baker, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., or to Columbia University, New York City.

*IN what issues have you published portraits of Valeska Suratt?—J. T., Oneida, N. Y.*

December, 1915, May, 1914 (small picture) October, 1913, June, 1912 and August, 1911.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August* 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1920, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New Yor . Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New Yor . That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1920. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 671, Register's No. 1702. (Term expires March 30, 1921.)

*These Five Great Pianists Appeared Together in Presenting a Remarkable Program Jointly With the*

# AMPICO

*At Carnegie Hall, New York* — *Belasco Theatre, Washington*
*The New York Hippodrome and Symphony Hall, Boston*

THESE ARTISTS know that through the Ampico their wonderful gifts will live after them—that those who can never hear them in person will know them through the Ampico.

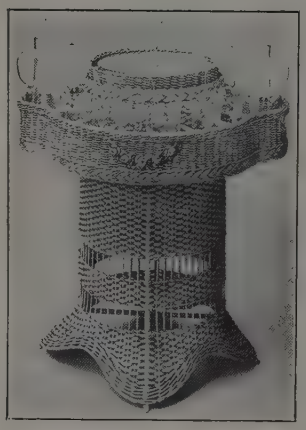
A profound sense of appreciation of what science through the perfection of the Ampico, has done for their art has brought these great men together as nothing else could, and we find them appearing in joint recital, not once but in several cities, proudly displaying the perfection with which the Ampico reproduces and preserves the wonder and beauty of their music.

GODOWSKY, LEVITZKI, MOISEIWITSCH, ORNSTEIN, RUBINSTEIN—as well as the hundred or more pianists whose records are available for this instrument—have found in the Ampico the means of preserving their art for all time. The bringing together of these great artists in a united tribute to a great scientific and artistic achievement, is the real significance of these unique musical events.

*You are cordially invited to hear the Ampico reproduce the playing of great pianists in our studios*

**Knabe Warerooms**
**Fifth Avenue at Thirty-ninth St.**

# THE SUMMER PORCH

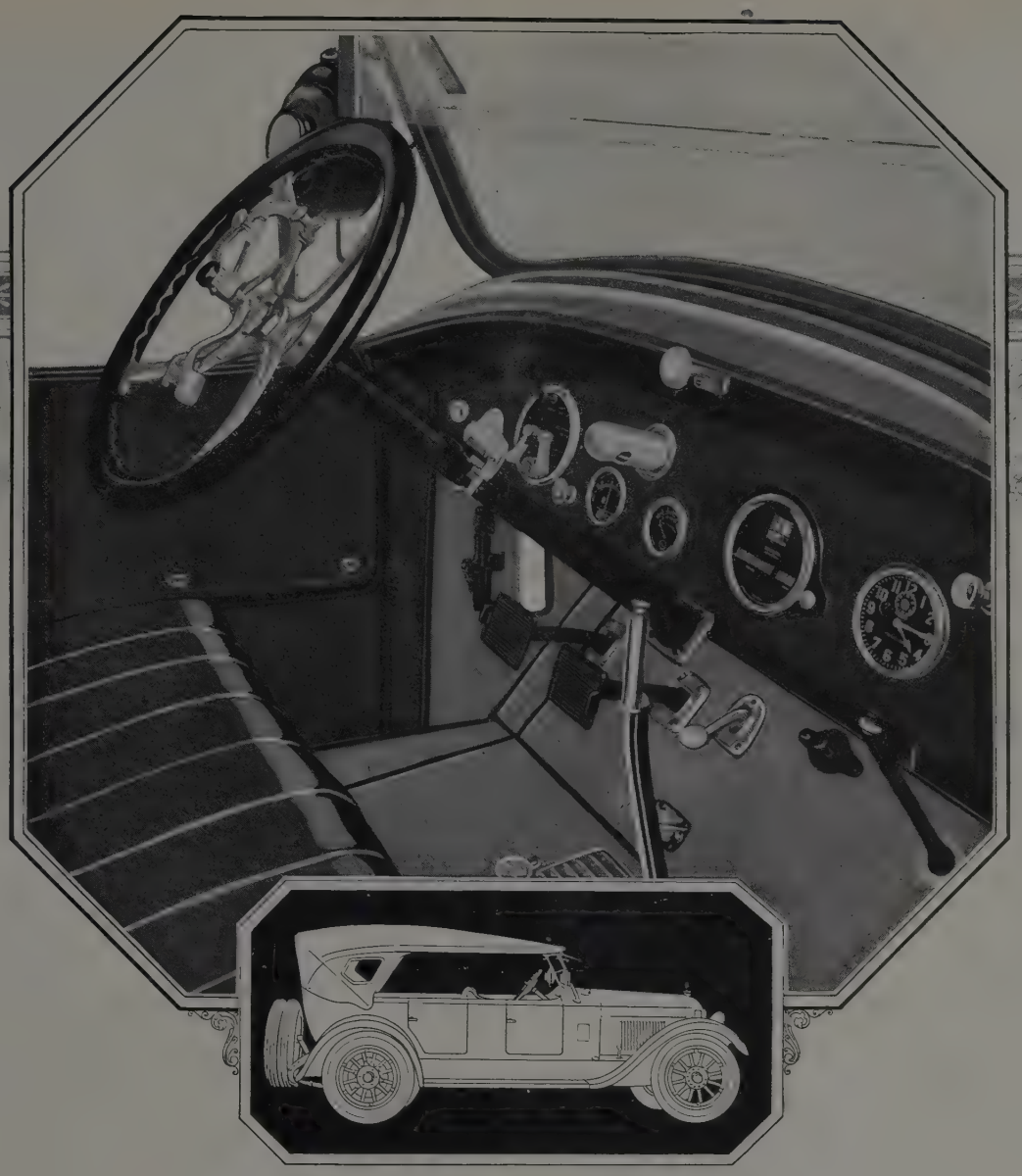


*For serving on porch or lawn, you will find this new refreshment stand from Ovington's, built for grace and speed, indispensable. Of wicker, it comes in black or ivory, and has compartments for pitcher and glasses, as well as a hollow centre that holds a zinc-lined receptacle for ice, surrounded by other compartments for food and drink*

*The recipe for obtaining this perfectly appointed summer porch is as follows: Choose painted wooden furniture in some bright color, add the necessary complement of wicker, and group all round a luxurious Romelink "swinging davenport," colored to taste*

*A close-up of the Romelink "swinging davenport" or hammock—if you prefer the old-fashioned term. The most exclusive shops are showing these unusual hammocks for the porch, which run veritable riots of color in flowered cretonnes, brocades and awning strips, their fabrics protected from the onslaught of the weather by a famous process*

*For serving a more "intime" number of people on the summer porch is this refreshment set of crackled glass, compact and most complete from Ovington's. Everything has been thought of, the wide, serviceable handle to the white wicker tray, with its cretonne-covered glass bottom, the cover on the pitcher, and the glass "spoon-straws"*



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For in no other car can you find an aluminum engine.

And the gears of no other car are shifted *electrically.*

The new Grecian body edge can be used by no other motor car.

All of which are mere superficial comforts and satisfactions.

When you get at the wheel of this car and drive it for one day—no one can ever weaken your fanatical devotion to it. You do not find the same POWER, the same smoothness, the same velvety road indifference in any other car—not even in the finest and most extravagant European Importations.

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THE ALUMINUM SIX WITH MAGNETIC GEAR SHIFT

# A CRITICAL MOMENT

## WHEN A POPULAR MEMBER OF THE LAMBS WAS UNDER FIRE WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

*By* EDWARD E. KIDDER
*Author of "Sky Farm," etc.*

IN May, 1864, I—a mere lad in my teens—was Paymaster's Assistant on board the U. S. S. "Hydrangea," which rushed madly up and down the James River, carrying dispatches, pulling up torpedoes, transporting deck loads of fifteen inch shells.

We had big guns in those days, too, and doing such dangerously unpleasant work, as is usually assigned to small and unimportant craft.

When two days out from New York, we had seen, and felt, the destruction of the U. S. S. *Commodore Jones,* brought about by the exploding of two thousand pounds of powder planted, as a torpedo, in the river just ahead of us, between one and two hundred men being killed and wounded. Quite enough to shake the nerve of a boy just from home!

A WEEK or so later, just as we were starting up river with a deck load of shells, City Point signalled us to "stand by for passengers." At that time we had no idea who the passengers were, but we were not long left in the dark.

They came aboard in this order: Admiral Lee—the only Lee I believe in the Union service, as an officer—then General Benjamin F. Butler, General Winfield S. Hancock, General Ulysses S. Grant, and President Lincoln!

We gasped as all these notables passed us at salute, and I fairly shook in my shoes as Mr. Lincoln patted me on the head! My size—or lack of it—appealed to him perhaps.

We started up the river, our destination being the Dutch Gap Canal which General Butler was digging as a short cut to Richmond, and where he was sacrificing daily hundreds of negroes who were doing the digging under a heavy Confederate bombardment.

IN some way the enemy must have known what valuable human freight we carried for as we turned the corner of a long crescent shaped "beach" called Turkey Bend three masked batteries from the shore opened on us with absolutely vicious intensity.

Our captain, Charles W. Rogers, of Exeter, N. H., was on the bridge and I could see that he was worried. He came aft, saluted Admiral Lee and said in substance:

"Admiral, orders are orders, and I am ready to obey them, but I know this river. It is lined with masked batteries and planted with torpedoes. If anything happened to this boat at this time"—his glance took in Grant and Lincoln—"*What* would happen to this country"?

THERE was a council-of-war, and then came the order:

"Back to City Point"!

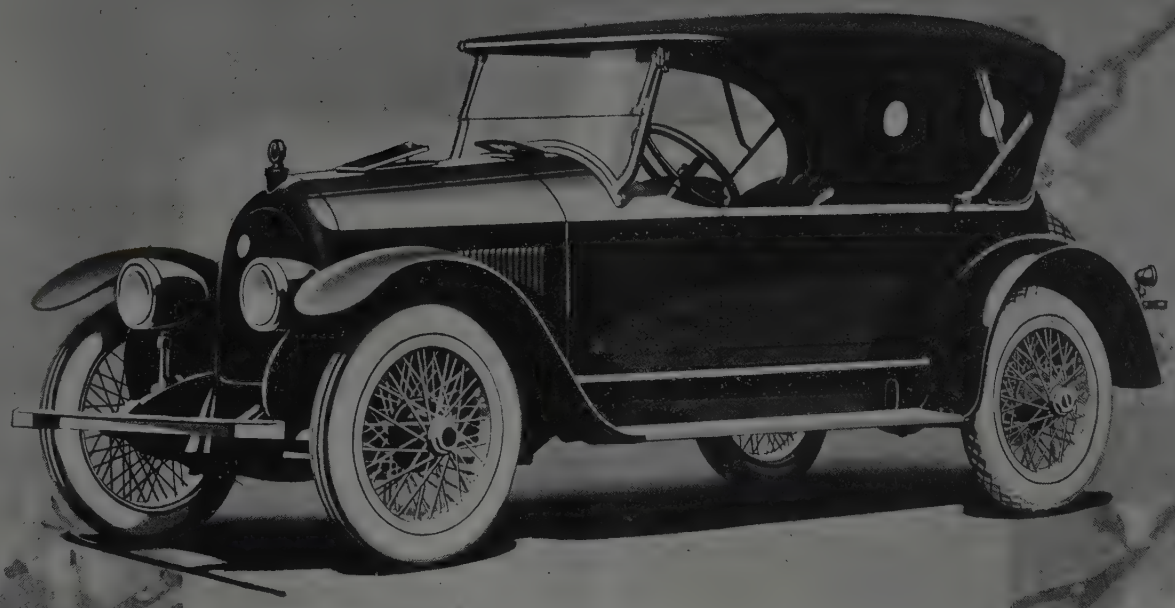
Often have I asked myself the captain's question! Eleven months later at Port Royal, S. C., we read with horror this signal from the flagship—"President Lincoln has been assassinated."

## COLUMBIA RECORDS

Lucy Gates has made Columbia Records of two sweet lullabies this month. In "Baby Mine" she thrills you with all the awakened hope and anticipation of the mother whose husband is coming back from abroad. "Mammy's Song" is a cunning lullaby crooned to a little pickaninny.

"The Want of You" and "I Know a Lovely Garden" are two simple little love songs made great by Louis Graveure's magnificent baritone. He has a real gift of interpretation, and his singing of these two songs is impressive.

The Philharmonic Orchestra of New York plays the overture from the *Mikado,* which is in reality a medley of most of its immortal airs, and also that other medley of airs from *Mlle. Modiste* which make up that opera's overture.—*Adv.*



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## ADVANCE IN SCENIC ART

(*Continued from page* 361)

Mr. Urban, who is frank and honest, admitted lately, when I talked with him, that, before all, he sees his art "pictorially." He seeks to charm, to please, to fascinate, by poetizing what he has to show us. To him the meanings and the moods of plays are less important than his own designs. They may or may not harmonize with his. Some do. Some—don't. And if they fail to do so, why, *tant pis*. His pictures seem the ends and not the means.

WITH far less straining after sensuous charm, the work of Robert Jones is more suggestive, and, as a part of drama, more legitimate. In Jones we have the antithesis of Urban. Yet both men, I repeat, rank high as modernists. I know no artist who can put more "mood" and character into a scene than Robert Jones. One set of his, in "The Devil's Garden," infused the very air with evil thoughts. Satan seemed lurking somewhere near the characters, inciting them to sin and sell their souls. But all the eye saw was a modern room, some artful lighting, and the characters. In the field of ballet, a few weeks ago, the same Robert Jones made two delightful sets for "The Birthday of the Infanta." They helped the composer, and they helped his story, by lending both of them the needed "atmosphere."

Boris Anisfeld is nearer Urban. He also views the stage pictorially. At times he works out very lovely schemes—his "Realm of the Unborn," at the Metropolitan, was one of them. Fantastic to a fault, and free in treatment, it had a gracious and ethereal quality. The quality was not quite that of Maeterlinck, or of Albert Wolff, but it had beauty—as a painter's dream. His setting of "La Reine Fiammette," I fear, was less felicitous. At certain points, I think, it crushed the opera.

BUT there is room for many kinds of art in what we loosely term the modern school. Urban delights one with his sumptuous art, while Gordon Craig impresses by his simplicity. The scenes themselves depend for their effectiveness less on their structural skill and color schemes, than on the lighting. How true this is, has been shown frequently; in Hampden's "Hamlet," at the Plymouth (where, at the most trifling cost, illusions were produced which satisfied) and, more especially in the "little theatres."

The settings of some plays performed by the Washington Square Players, by the management of the Neighborhood Playhouse, by the Portmanteau Company, and by the Greenwich Village Theatre Players aimed at simplicity. But this did not exclude suggestiveness. As examples of what simple means may do, I recall Charles Basing's scenery for "The Watteau Picture," at the Greenwich Village Theatre; the plain backgrounds used at the same house for "Helena's Husband," and, more especially, the Gothic set supplied by Wenger for "The Maid of France." In the last named playlet, Wenger scored his point, not by attempting to present the front or back of a great French cathedral, but by a casual hint at something that seemed Gothic, in a mere fragment of a typical Gothic church. The rest was left to the imagination. In the production of "Shakuntala," again, the designer of the sets (in this case Livingston Platt) used chiefly draperies, and simple backgrounds. By varied lights, he changed the color schemes to suit the shifting action of the love-drama.

ONE of the bravest and most beautiful productions seen here for years was made not long ago, when Yvette Guilbert, of the many arts, appeared in an old miracle play, at the Neighborhood Playhouse. The scenery designed by Robert Jones, seemed rich and fitting, although the cost of it, maybe, was small.

The question of expense, of course, is vital—at least to many of the "little theatres." In the Mid-West and West much has been done of late to make scenery, of the most simple kind, serve moods and drama. Most of the efforts I have now in mind were probably inspired by Gordon Craig. The teachings of that master of the scenic art are scouted by most Broadway managers. Nor can we hope to see them popular. Austerity appeals to few. The average man scorns simplicity. But, in some places, they have not been wasted.

SAM HUME and others have harked back to Craig. But they have added many things to his inventions. With painted screens and canvas strips and lights, they have somehow managed to evoke vast, stately halls, and entrances to lofty palaces, and rooms appropriate to domestic dramas. They have counted greatly, to achieve success, on the imagination of their audiences. That factor may be found in "little theatres" more easily than in the Broadway playhouses.

For, side by side with the new scenic artists, stage managers who hate modernity have struggled to preserve old, bad traditions. Some—most indeed—still swear by naturalism. To these a primrose—a primrose is—and nothing more. But even they though quite sub-consciously, have caught a little of the modern spirit. The world does move. The times are changing fast. And nowhere have these truths been shown more clearly, in the past two decades, than in the staging of our plays and music-dramas.

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(*Continued from page 336*)

nearly as disagreeable in subject and a good deal harder to perform and to listen to; likewise to create much real public excitement over.

OF Mme. Tetrazzini it can be said that her first appearances were greeted by vast throngs, tremulous with excitement and prepared to explode in applause, but that, as the season went on, the excitement died down and in subsequent seasons became only a normally decent interest. And this occurred because, though she was and is a remarkable singer, she was not so great as she had been represented and was by no means one to continue the great line of singers; and was in certain respects disappointing.

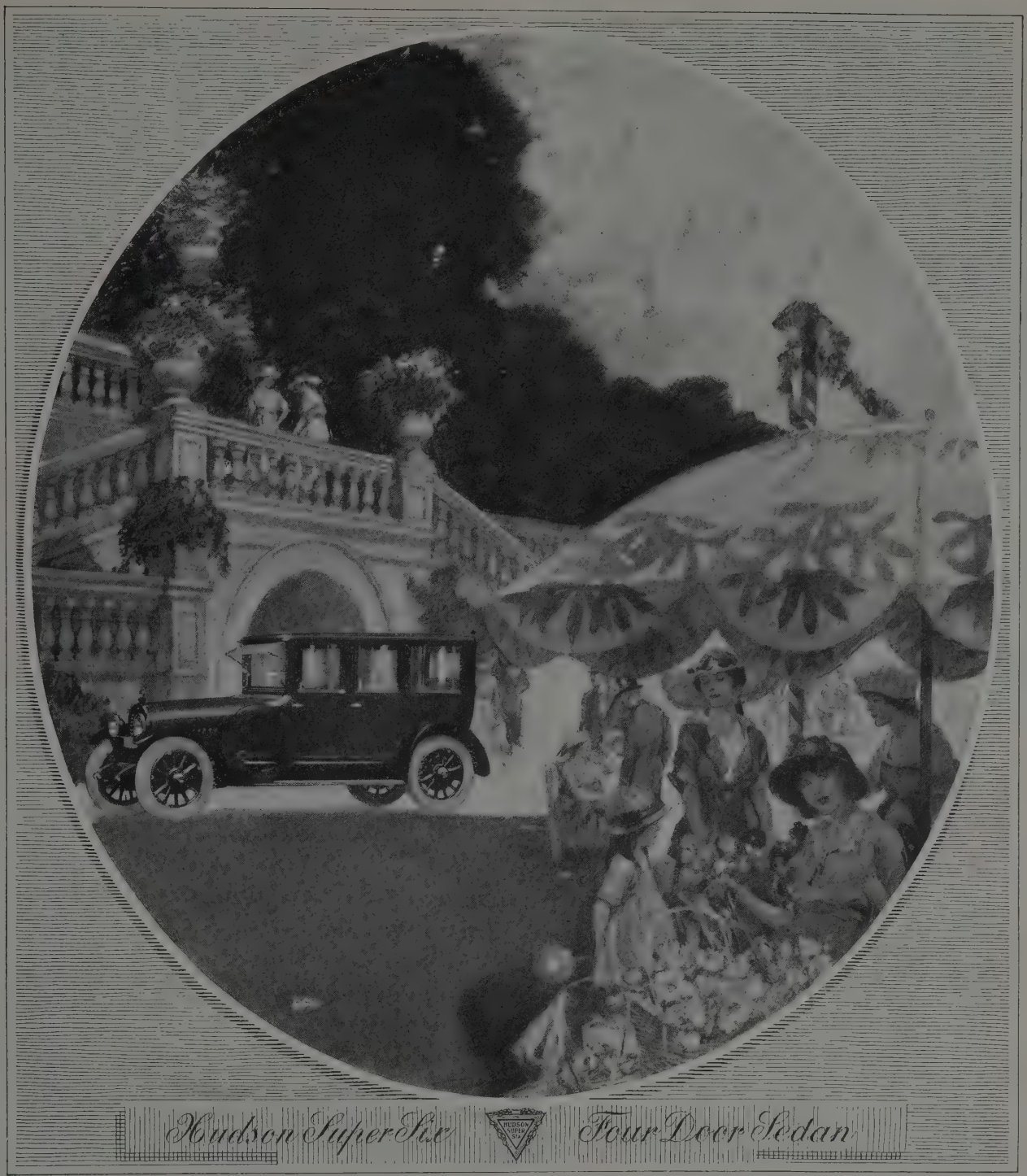
And then, after his fourth season, Mr. Hammerstein sold out. He had had variegated experiences, some very profitable ones, more that were disastrous, which he took with apparently equal good humor, but which brought his affairs into a very complicated snarl. He was a disturbing element, however, to the slower going, more conservative gentlemen at the other house, and they thought it worth a matter of $1,200,000 to get him out of the way, with an agreement that he should keep out of the operatic field for ten years.

IN the meantime Mr. Conried had fallen sick. There were some things in his business doings that his employers did not like. There was rising dissatisfaction among the public at many of the artistic features of the performances. In February, 1908, he resigned. His place was filled by Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who had managed the famous opera house of La Scala at Milan; and who of course, brought a full tide of the Italian influence. The idea was to have a balance in favor of the German operas represented by Andreas Dippel, associate manager, but subordinate to Mr. Gatti. Mr. Dippel had been known theretofore in New York only as a versatile tenor in many rôles at the Metropolitan and elsewhere, who would always respond to an emergency call. The advent of these two brought great improvements in the management of the company, especially a greater permanency in the arrangements leading to performances more thoroughly prepared. With them came a great increase in the number of the season's subscribers, raising the sum that could be relied upon for the season's expenses to a much greater figure than had ever been known in New York before.

MR. GATTI also brought with him as conductor Arturo Toscanini, the greatest musical force that had been known at the Metropolitan since Seidl. To him, in the next following seasons, the musical public soon recognized that it owed a great debt. Before long it developed that the dual control of the establishment was not a success, and Mr. Dippel soon parted company with it.

He went to Chicago and controlled the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, that inherited the ideas and purposes, many of the singers and much of the theatrical property surrendered by Mr. Hammerstein. It could not let New York forget all that it had once been—especially because Chicago found itself unable to give a whole season's support to an opera company purporting to be first class. So it began its annual visits to New York; short ones at first, housed in the Metropolitan Opera House; then longer ones. For the last few seasons it has come to the Lexington Theatre—itself one of Mr. Hammerstein's last speculations—in undisguised rivalry with the Broadway house.

AND so the last twenty years have been fraught with great changes and important developments in the operatic situation in New York. The public interest in opera has steadily grown. The Metropolitan Opera House is now fortified by a standing subscription (with a long waiting list) the size of which and the annual proceeds of which would have stunned and bewildered the operatic purveyor of the old régime. Opera as it is given now is a very different thing from what it used to be in the Academy of Music—or even in the Metropolitan Opera House of succeeding years.

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(*Continued from page 404*)

admit it to her, we tell her so at rehearsals, we insist that she understand her responsibility, or she won't do. Ever since I've been a producer of girl shows, I have had to create the chorus girl. She is a creation as completely thought out, moved about, wired and flounced, beribboned and set dancing, as any automatom designed to please, to delight, to excite an audience with sheer sensuousness hundreds of dancing steps, to invent groupings of girls that could be moved artistically, to set them climbing up golden stairs, or dancing and marching about on a huge (turn) table, constantly increasing the procession of beautiful girls so that they will overwhelm the imagination of an audience with sheer sensuousness of spectacle, and dazzle it with the universal text of the theatre—woman.

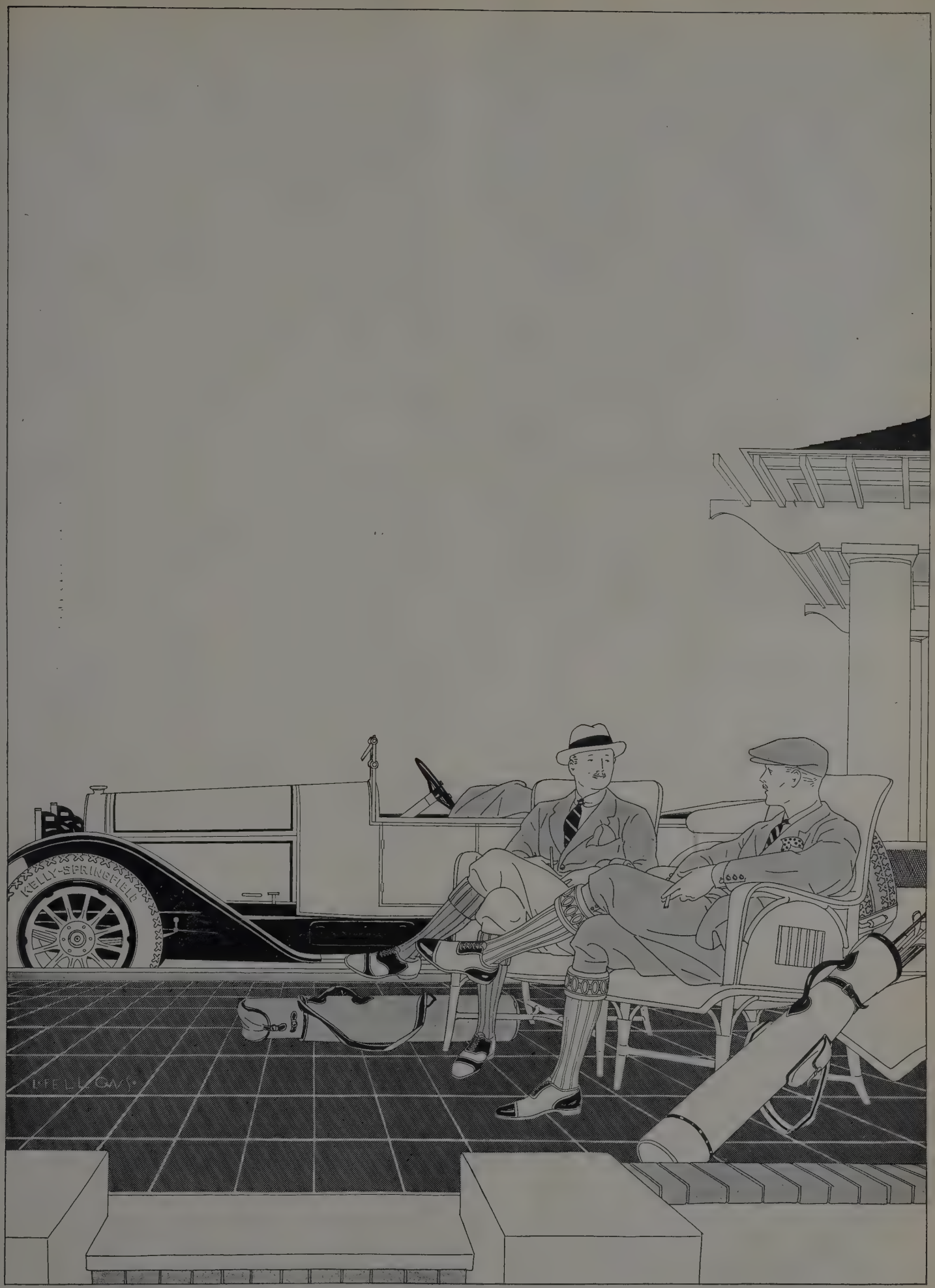
THE chorus girl herself must, therefore, be an unusually smart, intelligent sort of girl to adapt herself to the requirements, and she usually is. She is far above the average, in looks, in responsiveness to an artistic idea. In general character, she is always alert, confident, self-contained and above all, intensely practical. The most useful type for the chorus, is a pretty girl, young, healthy, naturally smart, who can do what she's told without being told too many times, and above all, I prefer a girl who has had refined surroundings in her home, and who is not too confident of herself or her good looks. The highly educated girl won't like the chorus, because she would have artistic ideas of her own, and they are usually fatal to the general scheme of the production. It takes a lot of patience and valuable time to convince a chorus girl who has artistic ideas, that she mustn't use them in the new show you're producing. They may be excellent in themselves, but as they are not in the general plan of the director, he hasn't time to examine them. In my experience, I have found that girls who have had no stage training, who have never been on the stage when they apply to me, will succeed best. There is the elastic impulse to ambition in the novice, that, coupled with the talent, makes her work fresh and inspired. There can be a great deal of inspiration in the work of a chorus girl. There is plenty of chance for her to display it, at least to the eye of the director. Her evolution in my time has not been in the difference of the girls between yesterday and today, but in the progress of spectacular productions on the American stage.

NOT until the show girl began to make the front rows sit up, did the chorus girl find herself sometimes called the "chicken." That, too, is a bit of plantation humor. Now, we are wishing there were more "chickens" available for the chorus. It's very difficult to get little women for the stage. I have found them usually more talented, easier to teach, and they are industrious, they seem to love to work.

BEFORE passing from that period in the musical show when chorus girls were just singing and dancing women, with no allowances for individual charm so far as the audiences were concerned, I remember many of them individually with gratitude for the unselfishness of their service, and their loyalty to necessary discipline. There are no better, smarter, prettier chorus girls today than there were twenty years ago. I see no improvement excepting that we have been influenced by the allied arts of the theatre—fashions and the artists' studios. From the extravagance and change in women's ultra-fashionable styles, the stage has imported luxury and elegance. Through the artists who, from the Gibson type of girl to the present day Ziegfeld Follies girl, the stage has created the ultra beauty, an evolution of the statuesque but rather stupid show girl of the past.

AN intimate acquaintance and knowledge with the individual, the special girl, as we call her today, does not reveal her to be the super-chorus girl. She is not different in breeding, or character, or family, from other chorus girls I've known. Of course, none of them, for that matter, were ever anything but nice, intelligent, self-respecting girls. Those who were not, didn't stay in any company I directed. Therefore, speaking with some measure of authority, I want to say that the chorus girls must have above all things, refinement, poise, self-respect and talent, otherwise she won't do. It has been my practice when engaging a new girl to note her manner, her dress, the way she speaks and how she answers my personal questions, such as where she lives, whether she's been on the stage before, and if not, why she wants to go in the chorus. To a reserved, refined girl, these inquiries are enough to banish any notion she may have that the theatre is a playground. While I am talking to her I watch for that elusive quality called magnetism. I watch her smile, her eyes, listen to her voice. Magnetism in women is a great mystery. Some have a great deal, others have none.

I BELIEVE that perfect beauty in women is not so much a matter of form or face after all. It is a high-spirited, dignified, impersonal pride that shows in their walk, their manner, their smile. It is magnetism. The chorus girl of today must have individuality, an appeal to our sense of beautiful thought and feeling, and she must have that sense of life in herself.

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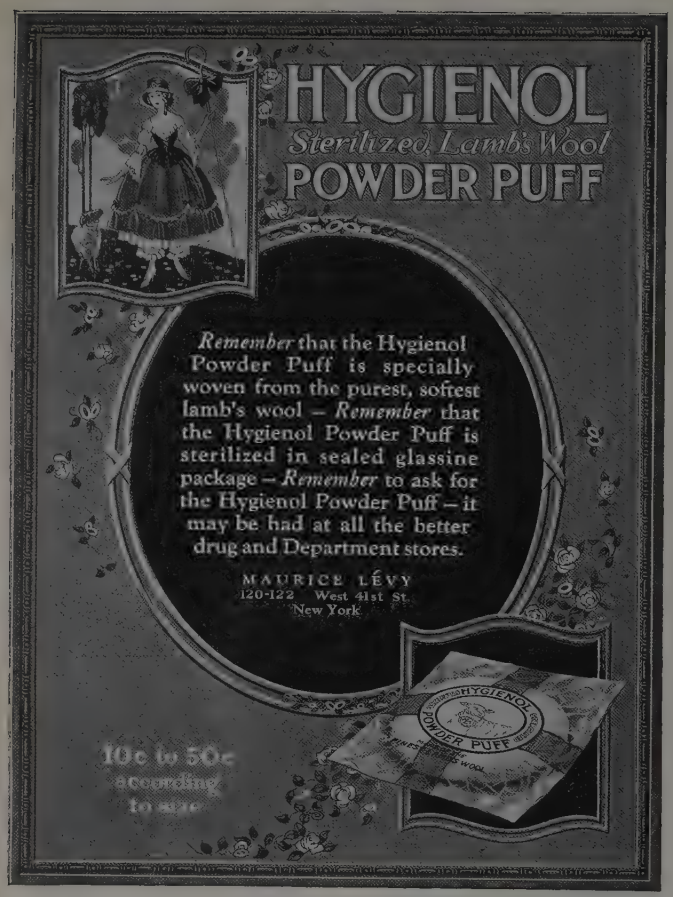


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(*Continued from page* 396)

of living hadn't struck us as yet. From making laughs underground, I climbed out of this humorous subway, onto the stage.

THERE followed a varied experience as an actor. I played in melodramas, farces, comedies. I played in Irish dialect parts, cockney characters, Yankee and the Dutch dialects. I was in "Peck's Bad Boy," a screaming success of years gone by. I was her ladyship's "tiger" in a British triumph called "Lost in London," where I simulated the cockney accent. Then I found myself hitched to the fortunes of a farce called "He, She, Him and Her." The title identifies its class and period. In those days, the laugh was not so much a matter of lines, as it was a matter of character. I learned one thing in making people laugh, that you must be serious about it. People want to laugh with you. Above all, they don't want to be laughed at. I have found that the best laughs are those at the expense of the comedian himself. The more difficulties he is in, that is to say the more sympathy he enlists, the heartier is the laugh, because it is a laugh with a human glow in it, that every one understands. The world laughs first at the man who has been stung, and then laughs with him if he takes his troubles lightly. There is more manhood in the man who laughs when he is beaten, than in the man who laughs because he has won.

I NEVER tried the heartless laugh. The only laughs that have in them an acid flavor, are the laughs that are launched against some condition of national politics, or local issues. These are usually the biggest laughs, but they must be non-partisan told with good humored unction.

I never expected to be a "star", but in 1898 I found myself starring in "The Marquis of Michigan," an Americanized comedy. In that play I established the type that has associated itself with me, from my earliest public performances, the type that I took from life in the German-American citizen of forty years ago. That man is the progenitor of the laughs that spread from Weber & Fields Music Hall in New York, across the American continent. He is the original parent of "Hoggenheimer" and others. There followed this type of character in various plays, in "The Girl and the Wizard," "He Came from Milwaukee," and "The Belle of Bond Street," with which I was sent to London.

BUT the most inspiring experience I have had as a comedian came to me during my engagement with Weber and Fields in New York. There never was such a brilliant, laughing organization in America, before or since. It was not merely a gathering of star comedians, it was a combination of legitimate actors and actresses who have had no peers in their professional ability. The scenes at Weber and Fields created a form of comedy that has never been equalled. They were remarkable for their wit and timeliness. They paraphrased the high finance of American life, which then was just beginning the gigantic scheme of money trusts. They were burlesques, but never to the verge of improbability. They were original satires, brilliantly piercing the dignity of bankers and corporations. Some of the lines in these scenes became byewords in Wall Street and Broadway. Most of them were worked out at rehearsals, by the actors. The famous "skindicate" scene was made that way.

I RECALL the "bank" skit particularly because it was a joint membership of Weber and Fields and myself. We used to go to lunch across the way from the music hall, where we discussed the coming scenes. It was not always easy to find a theme. The "bank" scene shaped itself in this restaurant. A newsboy came in with an "extra" announcing the failure of the National Bank. That started us. We went to work at once and created the situation, the lines of one of the funniest scenes I can think of. We opened a bank on the stage. The laughs were successful, because we played the scene seriously. I have learned in my experience there, that a laugh is made of serious stuff, cleverly turned.

My own method has been to sustain a legitimate characterization, and to place my laugh in situations, at moments, that call for the sympathy of the audience with the dilemma of the character. And, it must be a reasonable situation, the funny line must bubble to the lips because of it, or the laugh is not broad enough to catch fire. The epigram, if used for a big laugh, must fib the character, which stage epigrams rarely do. Let me illustrate, it is worth while because this, my fortieth anniversary in making laughs, confirms my impressions that laughs are best when they are closest to tears. A tragic situation can be very funny, and yet it can retain the tragic element.

WRITING a laugh for the stage is a solemn business, giving it to the audience so that they will laugh at it, is the gift of acting.

The Burlesque laugh, disassociated from the life likeness of the character, is usually a forced comic effort. It depends upon exaggeration of effect that would not occur to the character. For that reason, I shall always try to give a legitimate performance, because there is more art in portraying a funny type of man, than exaggerating a stage type of Dutchman, who never existed.

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## SOCIETY AND THE STAGE

(*Continued from page* 406)

After a brilliant career, Miss Allen married Peter Duryea, a millionaire horse owner of Kentucky and New York. Mrs. Duryea, in spite of remarkable social gifts, has never cared for society leadership and is given over to church work more than to the gaieties of fashionable life. Mr. Tyler's next dramatic star was Eleanor Robson, daughter of Madge Carr Cooke, who became the wife of August Belmont some years ago. Mrs. Belmont too is more deeply interested in social economics than in the social activities of the set into which she married, and has been prominent in matters affecting the well-being of working girls since her marriage.

A VISITOR in New York at this moment is the former Camille Clifford who went to London as one of the bevy of beauties with Henry W. Savage's "Prince of Pilsen" company. Miss Clifford's career is romance from beginning to end. Of very humble Swedish origin, she started life in Boston in the humble avocation made famous by Madame Sans-Gêne. Hers was too stunning a type of beauty to blush long unseen and she soon graduated from the laundry to the stage to bloom as the Gibson Girl in "Pilsen."

While the piece was in the height of its London success, Miss Clifford married the heir of Lord Aberdare, with whom she was ideally happy until his heroic death in the recent war left her a widow.

TWO American actresses who have been greatly petted by society are Ethel Barrymore and more recently Elsie Janis. Both these charming stage favorites are credited with offers of brilliant European alliances. Miss Barrymore some years ago became the wife of Russell Griswold Colt, a kinsman, by the way, of Daniel Griswold who wedded Annie Robe, an English actress who was leading lady at the old Wallack theatre at the time of her marriage.

Elsie Ferguson allied herself to Fifth Avenue by her marriage a few years ago to "young" Tom Clarke whose father was a close friend of the late Stanford White and his group of stage patrons. Miss Margaret Lawrence, a former stage favorite, returned last season to the footlights without any break in the really happy marriage by which her name was added to the Social register as the wife of a young man named Munn. Even more recent than Miss Lawrence's marriage into the smart set is the wedding of Mollie King a beauty of stage and screen who became, only a few months ago, the wife of a millionaire patron of the turf.

Julia Arthur, brilliant star of twenty years ago, married into the most exclusive circles of the social elect in Boston by becoming Mrs. Benjamin Cheney, and her example was more recently followed by two lesser lights, when Jean Calduce, famed as a chorus beauty, became a member by marriage of the Higginson family, noted in literature, art and finance as leaders in Boston's affairs of state. Jane Laurel too, stepped from the stage a few years ago to become Mrs. "Bobby" Jordan, of Boston, a marriage which took her into the family of the late Eben Jordan.

Chicago society captured a stage beauty of a few years ago, when Gladys Wallis married Samuel Insull of the Windy city, whose name is known all over the world as a magnate whose millions have worked great things in the development of electricity as a servant of mankind.

Into the aristocracy of letters many lovely actresses have been adopted through marriage. Brander Matthews, dean of American critics and student of *belles lettres* took as his bride one of the members of a company of dazzling British burlesque beauties who captivated America long, long ago.

THE first gentleman of Art and Letters, and easily the wittiest man in America today is Oliver Herford, who married lovely Margaret Regan, friend and protegée of Cissie Loftus a few years ago. Rex Beach married an actress named Crater, a sister of Alene Crater, who became Mrs. Fred Stone, some years ago. A conspicuously happy marriage is that of beautiful Adelaide Manola, daughter of Marion Manola, famous twenty years ago as actress and singer, to Rupert Hughes, one of the most prolific and popular writers of today, and so the list might be continued indefinitely with citations of lasting and happy alliances by which the stage has enriched the world of wealth and fashion.

Society, on the other hand, has contributed not a few prominent women to the ranks of the stage. First among them is Lilly Langtry, now Lady de Bathe, who stepped from the court circles in London, directly into the spotlight. Our own Clara Bloodgood came of a family second to none in the annals of smart American society. Mrs. Leslie Carter occupied an unassailable social position in Chicago previous to becoming a Belasco star some years ago. And, of course, Mrs. James Brown Potter, born Cora Urquhart, came of a Southern family of the highest distinction whose wealth was wiped out in the Civil War but whose social star never waned on that account.

# The Real Meaning of *"Best in the Long Run"*

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN" is a slogan that is almost as old as the history of tires. It grew out of the performance of Goodrich Tires on bicycles, and it grew into the *dependability* of Goodrich rubber products of all kinds.

It is not just a catch phrase. It is a plain statement of fact.

It is really a mirroring of the confidence placed in Goodrich products by their users. In five words it crystallizes the ideals, the policies, the principles of Goodrich.

It means "the long run" of good faith and good will—the steady building up of a confidence in the minds of the users, *which is the greatest asset a manufacturer can have.*

That is how Goodrich translates this slogan into terms of longest average wear, utmost dependability and known quality in all kinds of rubber products.

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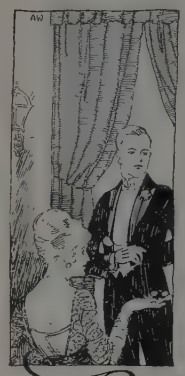
# Goodrich Tires

*"Best in the Long Run"*



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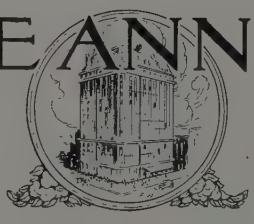
THE ANNEX



WHEN it was announced that Hotel McAlpin had acquired The Martinique, now known as The Annex, requests for reservations were received in amazing numbers.

It is gratifying to realize that guests, experienced in McAlpin excellence, esteem it sufficiently to adopt The Annex, the latest exponent of correct hotel-keeping in New York.

*Frank E. Jago, Res. Manager*

*Broadway at 32nd Street, N. Y.*




(*Continued from page* 400)

houses. Beginning at Delmonico's in 1874, it went to the Maison Dorée (now the Morton House) in 1875; thence to the Union Square Hotel in the Fall of 1875. The following year it was at 848 Broadway, and the next year at 6 Union Square. In 1878 we find it at 19 East Sixteenth Street, and from 1880 to 1892 it occupied premises at 34 West Twenty-sixth Street. In 1892 the club moved to 8 West Twenty-ninth Street, and in 1893 went to 26 West Thirty-first Street. In 1897 it moved again to 70 West Thirty-sixth Street.

These quarters becoming too small on account of increasing membership, it later moved to its own building especially erected for it at 128 West Forty-fourth Street, which it now occupies.

Since 1874 only fourteen Shepherds have presided over its destinies. These include Henry Montague, Lester Wallack, Harry Beckett, W. J. Florence, John R. Brady, E. M. Holland, Clay M. Greene, Augustus Thomas, Thomas B. Clarke, De Wolf Hopper, Wilton Lackaye, Jos. Grismer, William Courtleigh and the writer of this article.

## The Friars

By JOHN J. GLEASON

THE Press Agents' Association, out of which grew the present Friars' Club, was organized in the autumn of 1904, and its initial purpose was to identify and eliminate the "free pass" frauds who persistently, and by means of many ingenious devices, endeavored to secure "complimentary" admission to the New York theatres.

The first meeting was held at Browne's Chop House, in response to a call issued by Charles Emerson Cook, press representative for David Belasco; Channing Pollock, representing the Shuberts; and John S. Flaherty, since deceased, who was manager and press representative for the Majestic Theatre. Those who attended the inaugural meeting and assisted in organizing the Press Agents' Association were: John W. Rumsey, Charles Emerson Cook, Channing Pollock, Philip Mindil, Mason Peters, William Raymond Sill, Burton Emmett, Bronson Douglas, Harry C. Schwab and John S. Flaherty. Channing Pollock was elected President; John W. Rumsey, Treasurer; and John S. Flaherty, Secretary.

MEETINGS were subsequently held each Friday, and from the reports received from the members a black list was prepared and kept up-to-date, giving the names of those fraudulently soliciting favors from the theatres. In this way the practice was so thoroughly broken up that the purpose of the Association seemed fulfilled, and interest waned. There was a lapse in the meetings, and probably the organization would have died of inanition, had it not been revived by two enthusiastic members.

IN the autumn of 1906 they issued a call for a meeting of press agents at Keene's Chop House. The response was general, the membership was broadened to include all press agents throughout the country, instead of those connected solely with the New York theatres, and the scope of the organization was enlarged. These officers were elected: Charles Emerson Cook, President; John W. Rumsey, Treasurer; Wells Hawks, Secretary. Weekly meetings were held at Keene's and the interest was most pronounced.

Shortly after this time began the long series of dinners to noted men, principally in the theatrical profession, for which the club has become justly famous. The first guest of honor was Clyde Fitch and this dinner was followed by dinners to Marc Klaw, Henry Miller, Victor Herbert (it was at the Herbert dinner that the famous Friars' Song, with words by Charles Emerson Cook and music by Victor Herbert was heard for the first time), Weber and Fields, William A. Brady, Enrico Caruso, Jerry Cohan, George M. Cohan, Montgomery and Stone, Al Jolson, John Purroy Mitchel, William Morris, Oscar Hammerstein, John Ringling, Sam H. Harris, Hugh Ward, Al Hayman.

At all of these dinners Rennold Wolf acted as advance agent for the guest of honor and told his history from the cradle to the fatal night he became the Club's guest of honor. Friar Wolf's gems of satire have now been published in book form.

THE name "Friars" was adopted in 1907. The honor of naming the Club belongs to Frederick F. Schrader.

For a while the Club held its meetings at the Hotel Hermitage, but the progressive men thought the Club should have a home of its own. After long consideration and many necessary delays, the property, No. 107 W. 45th Street, was secured, and the entire interior reconstructed and decorated and the rooms furnished to meet the needs of the growing and flourishing organization. The Club House was formally opened on May 9, 1908, free of debt.

In 1907 the Friars Club gave its first Frolic, an entertainment composed of sketches written by author members, played by actor members and staged by director members. This first Frolic was a great success and since then many others have been given, and have always attracted capacity houses both in New York and on the road.

The corner-stone of the present Monastery, at 110 West 48th Street, was laid October 21, 1915, with im-

(*Concluded on page* 480)

# Maillard

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(*Continued from page 478*)

pressive ceremony. The program consisted of a gathering at the old Monastery where a trans-continental telephone was installed and a conversation held with the city officials of San Francisco.

The Friars then marched in a body to the site of the new Monastery and the corner-stone was laid. Abbott George M. Cohan broke a bottle of sparkling American wine on the stone saying, "I dedicate this Club to Art, Literature and Good Fellowship." Rev. J. Delaney invoked the blessings of God upon the Institution and its members. Daniel Frohman and others made short addresses, after which the members returned to the old Monastery where a repast was served and the usual good time had.

THE new Monastery was opened May 22, 1916. It is of Gothic design and fashioned after the monasteries of old and architecturally it is considered one of the most beautiful buildings in New York City. It was designed by Friar Harry Allan Jacobs. Abbot George M. Cohan led the procession from the old Monastery, threw the key out of the front door into the street to symbolize that the building would never be closed, nor has it.

Since its organization in 1904 the Friars Club has grown rapidly until now its membership is nearly 1,800, but it still retains the characteristics that made it famous, art and good fellowship, and which typify its motto

PRA OMNIA FRATERNITAS!

## National Vaudeville Artists

By HENRY CHESTERFIELD

IN all lines of work there is bound to be some one or more individuals who stand out prominently as extraordinary minds. It is of the amusement world, however, that we would speak.

We refer to the late B. F. Keith and E. F. Albee. For forty years the latter individual has labored, building up the vaudeville business until today hardly the smallest hamlet is without good clean entertainment.

The crowning point of this man's career, however, was reached one year ago, when a magnificent clubhouse was opened on 46th Street in New York City, which was to be known for all time as the National Vaudeville Artists Club.

The purpose in mind in erecting this wonderful building which has been acknowledged to be the greatest of its kind in the country, has been to have a meeting place centrally located, where the artist and manager might meet on equal footing and become better acquainted.

Most modern in equipment for comfort and entertainment, this clubhouse stands six stories high on a plot 72 by 110 feet, in an ideal location, close to Broadway in the heart of the theatrical district at 229 W. Forty-sixth Street. It is faced with gray stone and presents an impressive appearance of solidity and architectural grace.

There are 106 of the best equipped rooms in New York where the artists can stop who are lucky enough to make reservations in good time. These rooms are the talk of the town as to their elaborate decorations wherein the master hand of Mr. Albee is again in evidence.

The question has often been asked, "Why do all the artists want to play the Keith circuit?"

THIS question can be easily answered by a visit to one of the theatres that bears the name of the great vaudeville impressario.

Recently the first anniversary of the opening of the clubhouse was celebrated and its founder was called upon for a speech. He spoke in part as follows:

"One year ago last night I had the pleasure of addressing the members of this organization at the opening of this magnificent structure, and tonight it gives me great pleasure, also, to be again in your midst.

For forty years I have labored trying to build up the vaudeville business and for eighteen years I have tried to meet the artist face to face, but not until two years ago did the opportunity present itself.

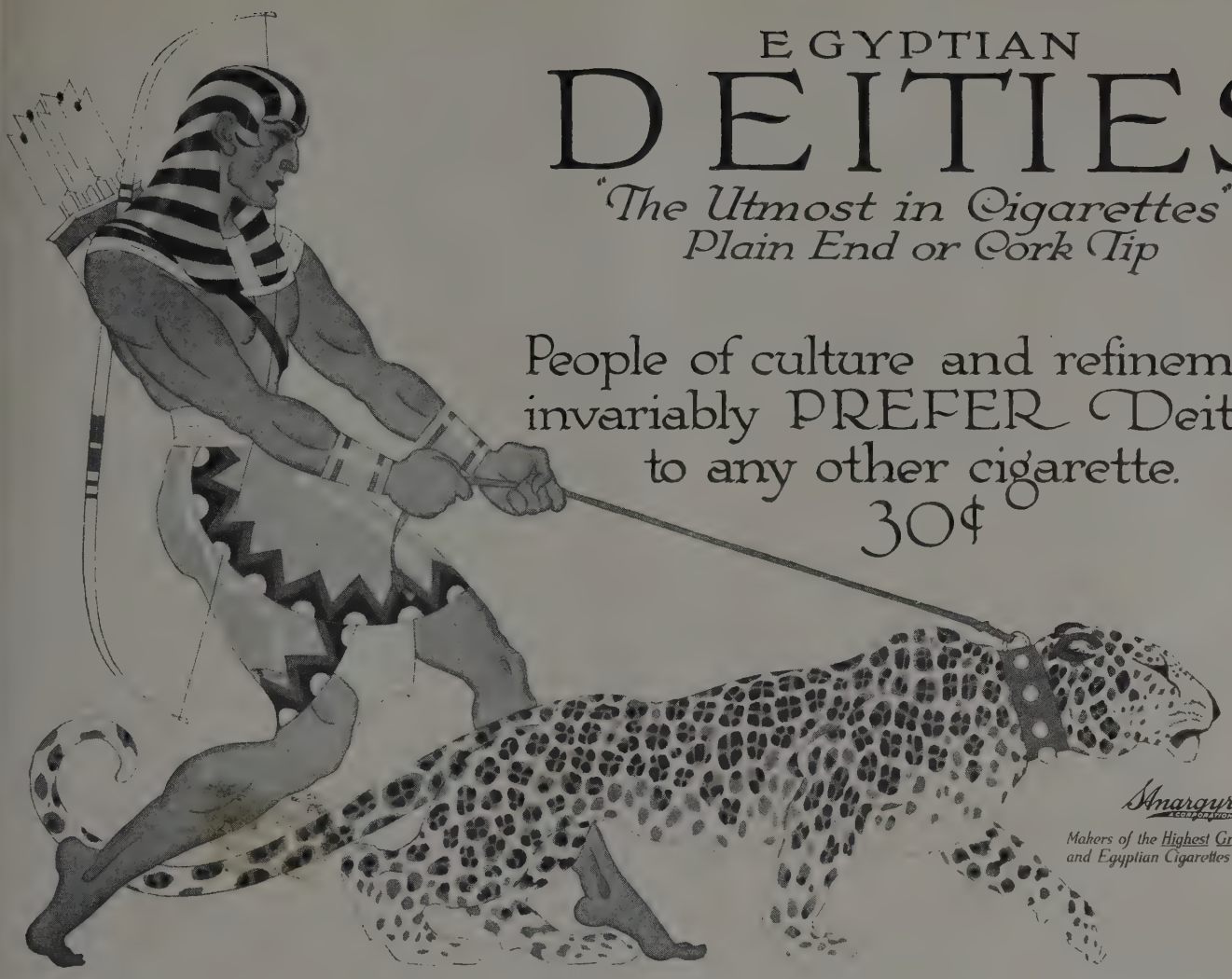
This was the first opportunity that I had to really know the performer as he felt towards the manager and the conditions in the vaudeville world. I had the opportunity to see that they were ready and willing to meet the manager and settle whatever difficulties that might arise in an amicable manner.

"Previous to this time a certain few had made it their business to villify the vaudeville managers and therefore the time had not arrived where I might do what I had always had in mind. That was, to arrange an organization whereby the managers might meet the artist on a friendly basis.

LAST year I arrived at the culmination of my ambition. The success of this organization is known on all sides. The friendliness between manager and artist, the equitable contract, the elimination of extra shows without additional recompense have become realities at last.

"It is impossible for me to offer work to each one of you as I would like to, but I have done my best toward it, by building and recommending to the other managers to build, new theatres, thereby adding to the sphere of booking possibilities.

It is my intention in the near future, to arrange to have each member of the vaudeville profession insured simply by holding a membership card in the National Vaudeville Artists, Inc. for one thousand dollars.



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## COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS

COSMOPOLITAN Productions, whose features are released on the Paramount Artcraft program, is one of the youngest, but also one of the fastest growing units in this great industry. Because of its quick jump into the forefront of the motion picture business, it is now holding the center of attention of film men and fans throughout the country.

Less than a year old, Cosmopolitan Productions has already given to the screen three big productions—Robert W. Chambers', "The Dark Star," with Marion Davies; Cosmo Hamilton's, "The Miracle of Love," with Lucy Cotton; and E. Phillips Oppenheim's, "The Cinema Murder," with Marion Davies—which have proven great successes not only commercially but also artistically.

The policy of Cosmopolitan Productions is to make into motion pictures the best stories of the best authors. It has first call on everything published in the *Cosmopolitan, Hearst's, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazaar,* etc., and it counts among its exclusive writers such famous authors as Robert W. Chambers, Cosmo Hamilton, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Fannie Hurst, Cynthia Stockley, etc.

Another phase of Cosmopolitan Productions' policy is to give these stories the best casts and the best directors obtainable. Besides its charming and delightful young star, Marion Davies, its histrionic personnel includes such well-known featured players as Alma Rubens, Lucy Cotton, and Mae Murray. Among its directors are Frank Borzage, Robert Z. Leonard, George D. Baker, and Robert G. Vignola.

The executive head of Cosmopolitan Productions is Henry M. Hobart. His official title is that of general manager. Mr. Hobart was associated with the publishing field for many years before he entered the motion picture business. He is a thorough grounded organizer and his wide business experience stands him in good stead in his new environment. Under his direct supervision comes every phase of Cosmopolitan Productions' activities.

Heading the scenario department are William Le Baron, well-known magazine editor, playwright, and librettist, and Julian Johnson, former editor of *Photoplay Magazine.* Under their direction comes the scenario staff which includes such well-known scenarists as Frances Marion, Adrian Johnson, M. M. Sterns, and a reading department of seven people.

In charge of the company's eastern studio at 127th Street and Second Avenue, New York, is William Sistrom. Under his charge the studio is rapidly developing into one of the finest and most complete plants of its kind in the world. Four large stages can be worked at the same time, and housed under the same roof are spacious and comfortable dressing rooms for a thousand people, carpenter, machine and electrical shops, wardrobe rooms, etc. Joseph Urban, famous scenic artist and designer, is in charge of that department, assisted by a large staff of scenic builders and painters.

Backed by such a sterling organization, given the stars, the stories, and the directors, and then presented to the public on a veritable tidal wave of publicity, it is small wonder that Cosmopolitan Productions has been a success from the start.

## FOR THE BETTERMENT OF PICTURES

EVER since motion pictures became established as a factor in world amusements there has been a clash of two forces, one battling for the betterment of screen entertainment, to lift the photoplay into the field of art; the other constantly blocking its advancement, even degrading it with virulent and claptrap appeals to lower tastes, anything to make money quickly and with the least outlay, utterly regardless of the future of the industry or the rights of the public.

Fortunately the purely vicious element has been curtailed in its activities by the better class of producers, exhibitors who are building up their show houses on sound business principles and by public opinion. But there still remains a class that continues to cheapen pictures, substituting imitation for reality, using trickery to get effects which otherwise would cost time and money—giving the public as little of value as possible to get by.

It was to ameliorate this condition that a set of exhibitors, among them the leading showmen of the country, men who were frankly in the business to make money, but who had some regard for the future of their business and for public opinion, banded together to fight the tendency to foist cheap pictures on the exhibitor and the public. These men knew the public to be intelligent and keenly appreciative of the value of pictures of high quality and believed that their own future only could be preserved by giving the public the best pictures that it was possible to produce with the highest class artists and talent obtainable.

And in order to carry out their plans of fostering the production of

(*Continued on page* 484)

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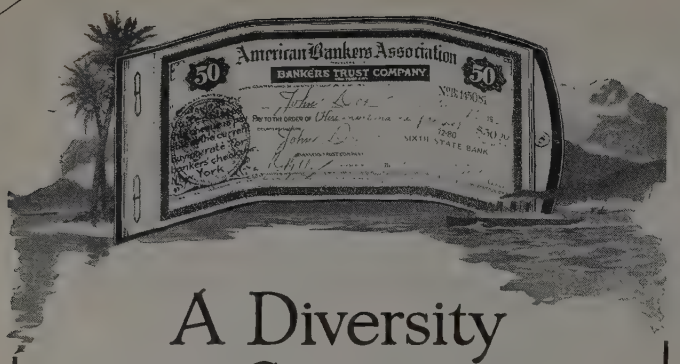


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(*Continued from page 482*)

finer photoplays, these exhibitors organized as the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, Inc., and after gradually introducing their methods over a period of two years, they have reorganized into a stronger and more closely allied unity with wider and more comprehensive plans along these lines.

They did not attempt, however, to obtain better productions by making their own pictures, for they believed that the best results could be obtained by keeping the work of distribution and production entirely separate. In fact their purpose has been, and is, to give the director absolute independence in every detail that goes to make up the production of a picture.

The organization is one of showmen, who understand their own business of distribution, men who know how to exploit a picture, how to present it to their audiences, to realize the greatest value from it, men who know a picture when they see it. None of them would brook interference upon the part of a producer as to his method of exhibition.

While there were many directors who wish to produce independently, they frequently lack the financial backing and the assurance that their work will not be side tracked in a strongly competitive market.

To bring about a condition considered conducive to the best workmanship, and ideal for the production of high class pictures, a policy was decided upon of selecting stars and directors, artists of proven skill and ability and those who showed promise of a larger future, and giving them *carte blanche* to make pictures as they conceived them, without interference in a single detail, and at the same time assuring them of an immediate marketing of their finished product.

The organization said to its artists: "You have absolutely a free hand to produce as you wish. Give us good pictures. We will market them."

Under this system Charles Chaplin made independent pictures, such as "A Dog's Life" and "Shoulder Arms"; Constance Talmadge, "A Temperamental Wife," "A Virtuous Vamp," "Two Weeks," and "In Search of a Sinner"; Mary Pickford, "Daddy Long Legs" and "The Hoodlum"; Anita Stewart, "In Old Kentucky"; Henry Lehrman, "The Twilight Baby"; Jack Pickford, "A Burglar by Proxy"; Katherine MacDonald, "The Thunderbolt"; Marshall Neilan, "The River's End"; Norma Talmadge, "A Daughter of Two Worlds"; D. W. Griffith, "The Greatest Question" and "The Idol Dancer."

And with the same understanding of complete freedom in production D. W. Griffith is working on another picture, Charles Ray is working on a series, as is also King W. Vidor, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Charles Chaplin, Anita Stewart, Henry Lehrman, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Katherine MacDonald and Marshall Neilan.

As a noteworthy working out of this plan, the organization points to the recently produced picture of Marshall Neilan, "The River's End."

Marshall Neilan picked his own story, his own cast and handled every detail, without suggestions or interference. The result was that he turned out a production that received a unanimous verdict of approval.

## WILLIAM FOX—FILM MAGNATE

ON the day recently that the Fox Film Corporation moved into its great new headquarters on West 55th Street, I overheard a so-called smart New Yorker make an inane remark as one of our luncheon party commented on the wonderfully successful career of William Fox in the motion picture industry. "He struck luck," said the wise one, sententiously.

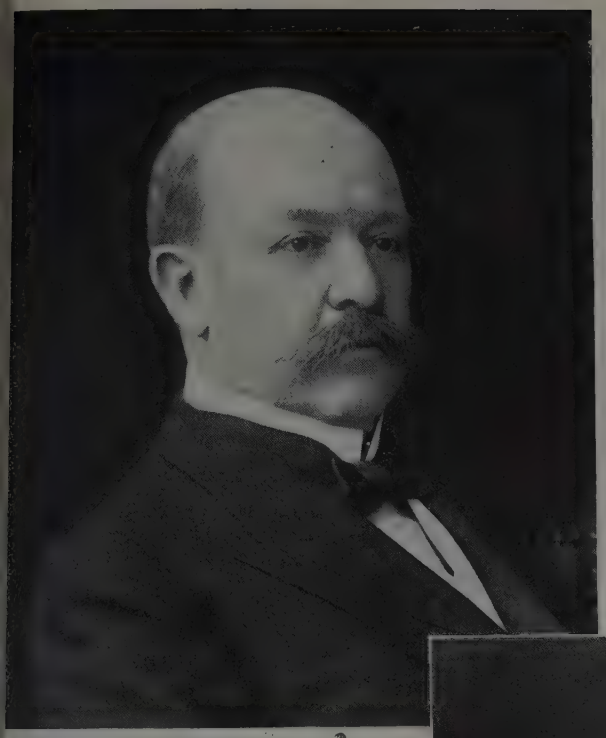
Now, I, happen to know a good deal of the life story of William Fox, and I can truly say that there was mighty little of what we regard as luck in the progress of this man who is today a dominant figure in the industry which is now fourth in importance in the economical structure of our country and is still growing with tremendous vigor and momentum. One day I was at an outing of the Central Office detectives of the Police Department, and William Fox was one of the guests. The lamented Detective Sergeant Martin Sheridan, astute thief-catcher, marvelous athlete and observant Celt, pointed toward Fox and said to me: "There's a man who is going to be mighty rich some day. He has a dome full of brains."

That was about ten years ago. William Fox had even then given evidence of the "pep" that was in him. He was already figuring largely in the field of the films. A few short years before—five, to be exact—he had been employed as a workman in a downtown factory where he had forged to the front and bought out the business. He became fascinated with the lure of the kinetoscope even where the pictures were the horribly blotchy, sight-wrecking monstrosities that they were.

"All of that can be improved," said Fox to a friend whom he wanted to interest. "The steam engine wasn't a howling success when it started. The telephone was merely a toy until it was developed. But see where the telephone is today.

(*Continued on page 486*)

# FOUNDERS



*Chickering*

B. F. KEITH

*of*

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(*Continued from page 484*)

Anything will stand improvement. I see big things ahead for the pictures."

And to clamp the faith that was in him he bought out one of those penny arcades where the patron dropped a cent into a slot and saw a train jog along, a couple of "tin-ears" whale each other in a ring or Jimmy and Mag shooting the chutes at Coney Island. The penny arcade had been "salted" with the aid of a lot of fake patrons in order to effect the sale to Fox. It took him very few hours to realize that he had got the "raspberry." But he stuck. He put in a lot of lights, hired a big negro ballyhoo, dressed him up like the Akoond of Swat, and he "knocked them dead," as we say in theatrical circles. He made the arcade pay and he bought another and another. Then he horned in on a small theatre, the Gaiety, and brought that, too, to life.

A relative of the late "Big Tim" Sullivan was in the employ of Fox at this period. He said to me the other night; "Fox was always a glutton for work. He used to come around to the Gaiety at ten in the morning and he'd be in the box office until two the next morning. He was always busy doping out new schemes to improve his shows and he was a regular bull on the picture end of it.

FOX kept on moving up and ere long he got control of the Dewey which had been a money-maker from the day it opened its doors. Then he acquired the Gotham in Harlem, another sure-shot. He kept adding to his string of playhouses, some of them palatial in their construction and capacity. He is now erecting two of the largest playhouses in the world, one in Flatbush with a capacity of 4,500, and one in the Bronx to accommodate 3,500.

During this period of acquisition, Fox had been acting as a distributor for some of the pioneer houses in the production line. He decided that his own demands were great enough for him to enter the producing field himself. So he purchased or leased studios at Fort Lee, N. J., College Point, L. I., Staten Island, the Bronx and elsewhere, and he kept them all humming to supply his own as well as the wants of others. He laid out and equipped great outdoor studios, covering thousands of acres of land, at Hollywood, California, and recently has been obliged to enlarge his establishment there. Today, in his gigantic studio, covering a city block fronting on Tenth Avenue from Fifty-fifth to Fifty-sixth Streets as many as twenty "sets" can be operated simultaneously. This cannot be accomplished elsewhere in all the world under one roof, and this in a studio located in the heart of New York, only two minutes from Broadway. The capacity output of film from this plant is 3,000,000 feet a week, enough to stretch from New York to Cleveland. And, at that, some of the old studios have t retained owing to the ever-gro demand.

No such result as this could brought about by hazardous ex mentation. Fox carefully wat for indications of the likes or likes of the movie fans. Did want spectacular displays? He them "A Daughter of the Gods," million-dollar production starring movie mermaid, Annette Kellern or the Theda Bara super-product "Salome." Was it the desire high-class individual exploitation gave them that master of his William Farnum, in Victor Hu undying "Les Miserables," or Dicken's masterpiece, "A Tale Two Cities." If the drift toward thrilling display of pers daring he promptly furnished h lifting serials in which the only P White shook her silver-gilt locks disdain as she played hide-and-s in the very jaws of death. Sho the trend be toward the heroic th was Tom Mix, undaunted plainsm and now there is Buck Jones, w has shot and lassoed himself i fame in his characterization of good "bad man." There were alw those sterling stars, George Wa wonder athlete and actor; Gla Brockwell, "the girl of a thous expressions"; Shirley Mason, w some and petite, now starring "Her Elephant Man;" Madla Traverse, whose fine work in "W Would You Do," is pronounced best of her career, and Willi Russell, ever popular wherever lines are cast. Sprinkled throu these star productions were the no famous "Sunshine Comedies" and grotesquely humorous adventures "Mutt and Jeff."

AND here is a good place in which word may be injected that thro a sidelight on a phase of Willi Fox's character which he modes tries to keep from public exploi tion. That is his strong affectati for the kiddies. He did not consi that the movies were giving to children all that was their due. had played ring-a-rosey on the si walks of New York's teeming E Side himself and he knew what hearts of the kiddies yearned for. the world was treated to that ma velous array of spectacles from indestructible storehouses of fa lore: "Jack and the Beanstalk," " Baba and the Forty Thieve "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lam For good measure he threw in Rob Louis Stevenson's creation: "Tre ure Island," with a cast of cle stage children, which made as bi hit with the daddies and the momm as it did with the enraptured lit ones for whom that epochal surpri of screendom had been planned.

As one can readily judge fr such a record of successful endeav

(*Continued on page 488*)

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"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

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Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

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(*Continued from page* 486)

entailing the outlay of millions of dollars, the world was not too big a field for William Fox's activities.

So it is not surprising to learn that the corporation of which he is the head has established exchanges or branches in every centre of importance throughout the five continents. You find Fox films on "The Road to Mandalay," in the reaches of the South African Veldt, in the terraced cities of Cochin-China, in the heart of mysterious Thibet, in the icy fastnesses of the Land of the Midnight Sun, in the gilded circles of Siam and the turbulent towns of beleagured Russia.

## DAVID W. GRIFFITH—FILM WIZARD

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, protagonist of the photoplay and creator of many of the most advanced innovations and improvements associated with motion pictures, was born in La Grange, Kentucky (near Louisville) in 1880. His father, General Jacob Wark Griffith, an intimate friend of "Little Joe" Wheeler, was an officer whose Confederate regiment never did really surrender; the men simply and individually wandered to their respective homes as soon as Robert E. Lee had capitulated. Mr. Griffith's grandmother was a Shirley Carter of Virginia and his mother an Oglesby of Georgia. He is next to the youngest of eight children, five of whom are living.

As soon as he was big enough to follow his ambitions, Mr. Griffith went to Louisville and secured a job as a reporter on the *Courier-Journal*. The fact that he was put to work writing theatre notes interested him in things theatrical, and before many weeks had passed he appeared in an amateur performance called "The District School." His acting attracted the attention of Oscar Eagle, stage director of the Meffert Stock Company, then playing at the Masonic Temple, Louisville, and he was engaged as a member of that company. His first season gave him a wide variety of parts, and when later he joined John Griffith's travelling stock company he had gained sufficient experience to be entrusted with leading rôles.

In 1905 Mr. Griffith appeared with the Memphis Stock Repertoire Company on tour, and the following season joined Miss Nance O'Neil in "Elizabeth," in which he appeared as Sir Francis Drake.

In 1908, Mr. Griffith became interested in motion pictures. He associated himself with the American Mutascope and Biograph Company, at 11 East 14th Street, New York, where his many innovations gained him such recognition that he was made director general of productions.

It is a matter of record that Mr. Griffith, while with the Biograph Company, invented and put into operation for the first time such improvements as the Close-Up, the Fade-Away, the Long-Shot, the Cut-Back and Mist-Photography, all of which are in general use today.

Mr. Griffith remained with the Biography Company until 1913. Among the productions he made there were "The Adventures of Dollay," "The Red Man and the Child," "Ingomar," "When Pippa Passes," "The Blot on the Scutcheon," "Enoch Arden," "Fighting Blood," "Friends," "Oil and Water," "The Sealed Room," "Silent Paths," "A Drunkard's Reformation," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Lines of White on a Sullen Sea," "That Boy From the Poorhouse," "The Fatal Wedding," "For the Sake of the Son of the House," "All on Account of the Milk," "With the Enemy's Help" and many others.

Among the players who were discovered and trained by Mr. Griffith during his stay with Biograph are Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Robert Harron, Mabel Normand, Lillian Gish, Jack and Lottie Pickford, Marion Leonard, Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, Alice Joyce, Miriam Cooper, Florence Lawrence, Owen Moore, Henry B. Walthall, Arthur Johnson (deceased), James Kirkwood, Courtney Foote, and a host of others, including such prominent directors of the present day as Donald Crisp, Del Henderson, Edward Dillon, Mack Sennet, Frank Powell, W. Christy Cabanne. While Mr. Griffith did not, of course, dis-

(*Continued on page* 490)


## Amateur Producers and Players

The Editor of the Amateur Theatricals Department will be glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Department of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, photographs and articles concerning plays and pageants given by high schools, clubs or dramatic societies throughout the country.

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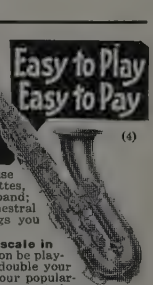

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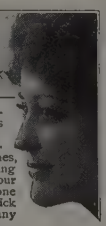

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**Beginning with this issue the price of single copies of the Theatre Magazine will be increased to 40c. The subscription price remains the same—$4.00 the year.**

## DAVID W. GRIFFITH—FILM WIZARD

*(Continued from page 488)*

cover all these, it was, however, under his teaching that they developed their inherited genius and talent. Mr. Griffith always has maintained that he really never "discovered" anybody, but encouraged them to give the proper expression to the God-given talents that was their's by divine gift.

Following his departure from the Biograph Mr. Griffith became supervisor of productions for the Reliance-Majestic Company, for whom he produced "Judith of Bethulia," "The Battle of the Sexes," "The Escape" and "Home, Sweet Home."

In 1914 he went to Los Angeles and established his producing headquarters in Hollywood. Here he produced, in the order named, the following pictures: "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World" "The Great Love," "The Greatest Thing in Life," "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," "A Romance of Happy Valley," "True Heart Susie," "Broken Blossoms," "Scarlet Days," "The Greatest Question," "Fires of Youth" and "Black Beach."

Mr. Griffith's producing headquarters are now located at Mamaroneck, N. Y., on the estate of the late Henry M. Flagler.

In his attitude toward the Almighty Dollar, D. W. Griffith may truthfully be described as heedless. This however must not be taken to mean that he is inattentive, careless or negligent where money is concerned. He has a very high regard for the value of money, but only in its relationship to accomplishment. Money, as such, means nothing to him whatever, but money as a means toward achievement has his sincere respect.

Time was when Mr. Griffith was criticised for giving his attention to the so-called "program pictures." There were those who openly declared his sole object to be the making of money. When this criticism was brought to Mr. Griffith's attention, he was quick to explain his position.

"I interested myself in the short-story pictures," he explains, "in much the same way as a painter interests himself in smaller works in order to earn the wherewithal to devote his time to a more ambitious effort. Did I not take advantage of the opportunity to produce a few short stories, I never would be able to spend the enormous outlay necessary in the making of such productions as 'Hearts of the World,' and 'Broken Blossoms'."

It is a matter of statistical record that Mr. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" actually cost more to produce than "The Birth of a Nation," which latter picture always has been considered his most expensive production. Twenty-five electricians worked for many weeks to get the effect of the London fog shown in "Broken Blossoms," while the shadow effects in the prologue and epilogue was secured only after five cameras were employed at various angles, and these attempts were repeated over and over again for many weeks. Several weeks also were consumed in getting the exact color of the docks of the Limehouse District of London.

Some idea of the truly enormous sums invested by Mr. Griffith in the making of his feature productions and spectacles, may be gained from the following tabulated account of the items which entered into the cost of "Intolerance":

| | |
|---|---|
| Banquet hall scene for the Feast of Belshazzar..... | $250,000 |
| Jeweled costume worn by the Princess Beloved..... | 7,000 |
| Payroll, four weeks, at $12,000 a week..... | 48,000 |
| Salaries to dancing girls at Belshazzar's Feast ..... | 20,000 |
| Trailing cape worn by Princess Beloved ..... | 1,040 |
| Daily payroll, "extra people," $8,000 a week ..... | 48,000 |
| Building construction and costs of materials..... | 300,000 |
| Costumes and uniforms for 18,000 soldiers ..... | 360,000 |

These figures were not compiled by a publicity agent, but by Mr. Griffith's auditing department. It is a well-known fact that "Intolerance" cost approximately $1,900,000.

In completing this one production Mr. Griffith actually took 300,000 feet of film. In the process of discarding and changing, 287,000 feet were eliminated and placed on the shelves as unused material. Only 13,000 feet actually were assembled and titled as the production to be shown to the public.

Mr. Griffith's seeming disregard of money again was manifest when, on journeying through France to secure scenes for his production of "Hearts of the World," he spent more than $300,000 of his personal account; or, as we say, "out of his own pocket." And it is a well-known characteristic of Mr. Griffith's that he never keeps an expense account. This being the case, no one but "D. W." himself footed the bills represented by this $300,000.

Mr. Griffith's declaration always has been: "Money does not amount to much unless you can use it for the happiness of others."

Like Confucius he cares little who makes a nation's laws if he can have the making of its ballads

EDWARDS DAVIS, President

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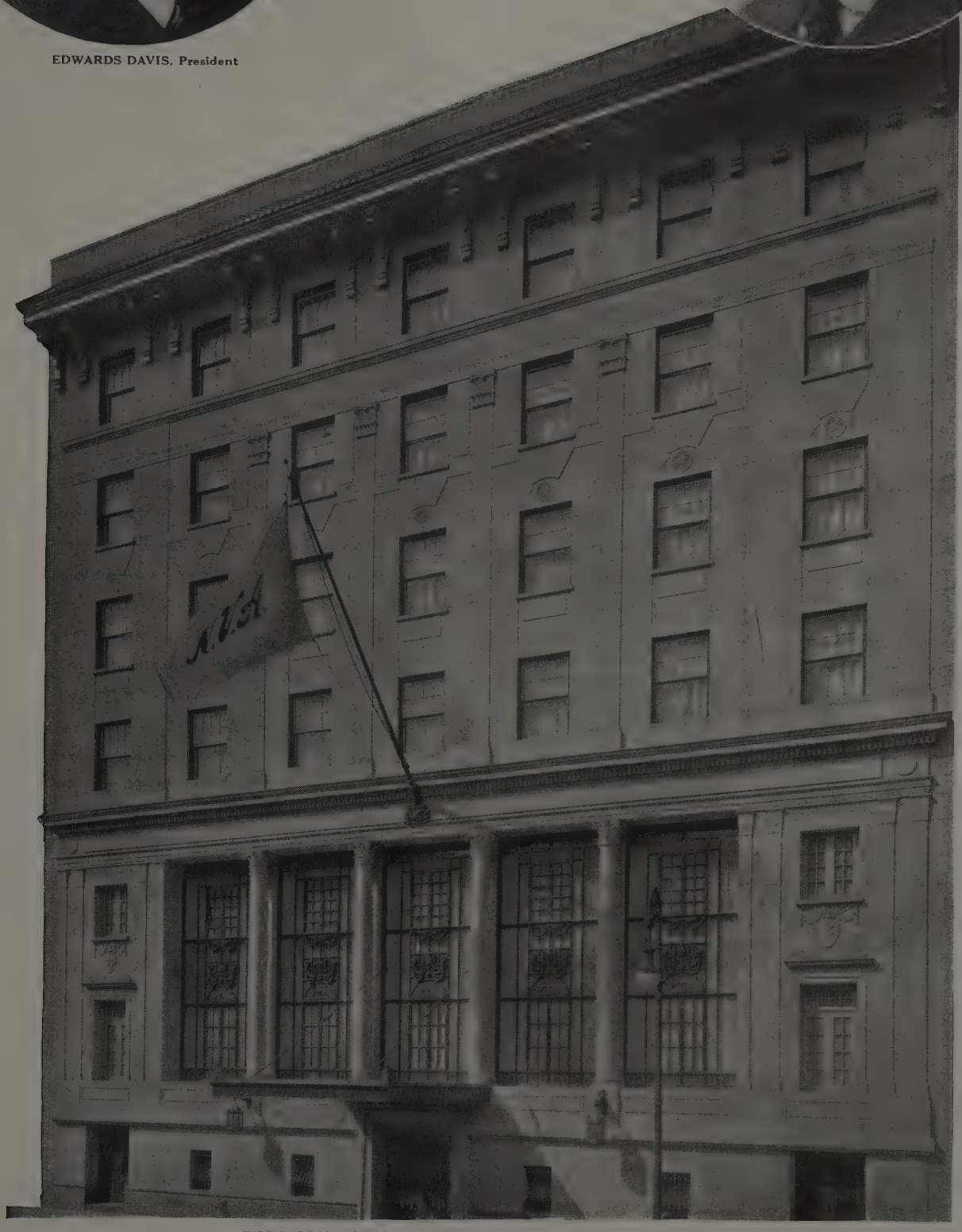

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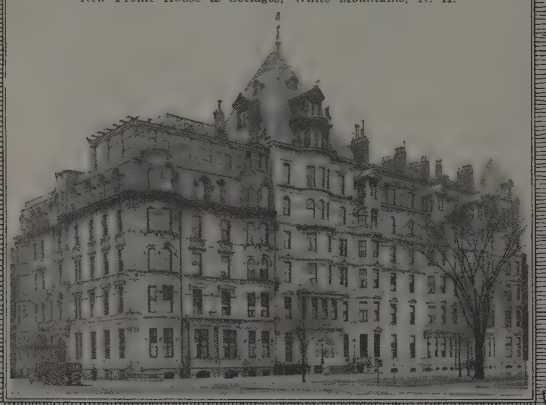



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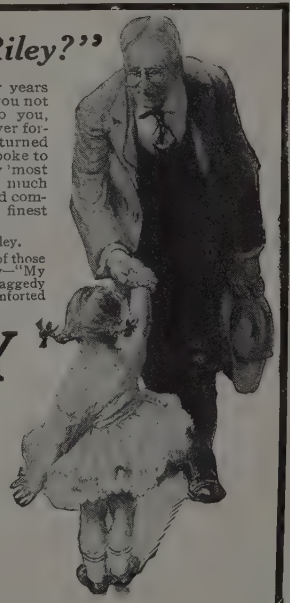

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# THE SELWYNS' METEORIC CAREER AS PRODUCERS

EIGHT years ago neither of the Selwyn brothers had the slightest idea of entering the field of play production. They began as play brokers. At that time Edgar's chief concern was with his success as an actor, while Archie, in association with his brother, was a play broker.

One day a manuscript was put into

*Photo White*
*Archibald Selwyn*

their hands. It was a play called "Within the Law". The Selwyns both decided it was a cracker-jack melodrama and immediately offered it to William A. Brady, who wasn't enthusiastic, but nevertheless decided to buy it. Brady produced it in Chicago. Judged by business standards the première was a rank failure, and Mr. Brady was ready to abandon it. But this in no way dampened the faith of the Selwyns. They went out to Chicago and asked Mr. Brady what he would take for it.

"Ten thousand—and welcome!" Brady answered, eager to be rid of it.

The Selwyns didn't have ten thousand dollars, but so great was their faith that they borrowed the necessary to purchase the play back and, this done, they produced it in New York with Jane Cowl in the part of Mary Turner, which incidentally began Miss Cowl's career as a star under the Selwyn management.

To Mr. Brady, and others who had seen the Chicago opening of "Within the Law" it seemed that the Selwyns were riding for a fall, but when this tense melodrama had concluded its run the brothers had cleared a cool eight hundred thousand from the production. They had produced the play largely as a matter of self defense, but it proved the turning point in their lives and started them on a career of play-producing which has been meteoric in the rapidity and number of successes.

AMONG the most interesting and successful plays produced by the Selwyns since their memorable presentation of "Within the Law" are "Twin Beds", "Fair and Warmer", "Rolling Stones", "Under Cover", "The Show Shop", "Lilac Time", "The Naughty Wife", "The Crowded Hour", and their three brilliant successes of the current season now running, "Buddies", which has been playing to capacity audiences since the 12th of last August; "Wedding Bells", the scintillating comedy by Salisbury Field which has been tickling the risibilities of Metropolitan audiences all season, and "Smilin' Through", the fantastic play of which Jane Cowl is the star in the Broadhurst Theatre.

All three of the Selwyn's current attractions—"Buddies", "Wedding Bells" and "Smilin' Through"—will have a London production next winter. When the latter opens in the British metropolis on New Year's Eve it will be with Miss Cowl as its star, and the entire company and production now on view in the Broadhurst Theatre.

IN addition to his high achievements as an artistic producer Edgar Selwyn has written no less than eight phenomenally successful plays within the years which have intervened since "Within the Law" launched him on a producing career. Of these the Selwyns themselves have produced three—"Rolling Stones", "The Naughty Wife" (written in collaboration with Fred Jackson) and "The Crowded Hour" (written with Channing Pollock). Those produced by other firms have been "The Arab", "Nearly Married", "Pierre of the Plains", "The Country Boy" and "I'll Be Hanged If I Do' (the latter written in collaboration with William Collier).

For the season that lies just ahead the Selwyns have many splendid plans and have put under long term contract a long list of brilliant players, many of them the first lights of the theatrical firmaments. The plays which they will produce next season are "The Mistress of Chance", a melodrama by G. W. Albyn and C. W.

*Photo Mishkin*
*Edgar Selwyn*

Bell; "The Double Bar", a drama by Martin Brown; "Rollo's Wild Oats", the new comedy by Clare Kummer of which Roland Young is the featured player and which has already had a most successful tryout; "Love and Learn", a comedy upon which Edgar Selwyn is now engaged in writing in collaboration with Vincent Lawrence; a new play by Avery Hopwood; "The Voice from the Minaret", by Robert Hichens; a new play for Leo Carrillo which they will produce in conjunction with Adolph Klauber: a new

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*Present*

Jane

# COWL

*In* "SMILIN' THROUGH"

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LEO DITRICHSTEIN





(*Continued from page* 492)


play by Salisbury Field, and a new play for Margaret Lawrence.

WITH the prevalent dearth of theatres in New York due to the tremendous patronage of amusements and the many successes of the year just ending the Selwyns might find it impossible to make so many metropolitan productions as they anticipate another season were it not for the fact that they have now in erection two beautiful new theatres—the Times Square and the Forty-second Street—which are promised for occupancy the first of October. They are to be located on the North side of West

*Photo White*
*Crosby Gaige*

Forty-second Street, adjoining the Lyric Theatre and directly across the street from the New Amsterdam Theatre. When ready, both theatres will be under the management of the Selwyns.

The negotiations leading to the purchase of the property and the erections of the theatres, which involves an investment of close to two million dollars, and is one of the largest theatrical enterprises undertaken in the city in several years, were put through by Mr. Crosby Gaige, vice-president of Selwyn & Company.

The theatres are to be alike in construction. They are being built of ornamental brick, granite and terra cotta. They have been designed by DeRose and Persira, with George L. Keister acting as consulting architect.

When completed the Times Square will have a seating capacity of 1,200 and the Forty-second Street of 1,100. The theatres, which are to have adjoining entrances, stand on a plot which has a frontage of 105 feet on West Forty-second Street. They run through to West Forty-third Street, where the frontage is 100 feet. The total depth of the plot is 200 feet 10 inches.

The new structures represent the last word in theatre building. Each contains numerous innovations, both to make them ideal from the public's standpoint as well as those who work backstage.

PERHAPS the most important improvement in connection with the new buildings will be, what in effect amounts to air cushions built on the street sides. The result will be to render the auditorium practically sound-proof. Fire exits will open into broad passageways on the sides of the theatres, making it possible to empty each theatre in a matter of seconds.

In the Times Square, entrance to the balcony will be effected by what is known in buildings as the "cross over". This, in effect, is a series of entrances to balconies, just half the distance holders of tickets to that part of the theatre are now obliged to travel.

In the same theatre the plans provide for space for armchairs, instead of the usual orchestra seats in what amounts to the first four rows of the balcony.

Smoking rooms will be provided in the mezzanine floors of the theatres for both men and women patrons. The latest novelties in lighting systems will also be used in each theatre and both will be equipped with electrically operated counterweight systems backstage which will materially facilitate the presentation of plays.

The completion of the two theatres will make a total of ten dramatic houses on the one city block, by far a greater number than are to be found in a single city block anywhere else in the world. Of the ten, the Selwyns will control four, the two new ones, the Selwyn Theatre and the Harris Theatre.

With this housing equipment of their very own for their productions planned for the coming year there will probably be no difficulty in adding enough rented theatres to take care of all the attractions which their energy and enterprise propose.

TO date the contracts in the Selwyn offices include the following roster of brilliant and popular names, representing many stars and satellites of the first magnitude: There are Margaret Lawrence, Wallace Eddinger, Peggy Wood, Donald Brian, Ralph Morgan, Roland Young, Jane Cowl, Leo Carrillo, Laura Hope Crews, Arthur Byron, Frederick Perry, Georges Flateau, Francis Byrne, Alan Dinehart, Jessie Glendenning, Percy Ames, John Harwood, George Burton, Clarke Silvernail, Mrs. Jacques Martin, Maud Andrew, Edouard Durand, Maxine Brown, Robert Middlemas, Bert Melville, George B. George, Adrian H. Rosely, Horace A. Ruwe, Frank R. Woods, Richard Cramer, Douglas Newbury, Camille Dalberg, Annette Monteil, Pauline Garon, Henry Stephenson, Ethelbert D. Hales, Charlotte Granville, Philip Tonge, Orme Caldara, Elaine Inescort, Lalive Brownell, Gladys Knorr, Albert Marsh, Katherine Keys, Mildred Evans, Hayden Stevenson, Norman Hackett, Sam Shon, Mrs. Harris, Frank Compton, Salvatore Maltese, Graham Velsey, Mrs. Charles Willard, Dorothy Cheston, Walter Kingsford, Ruth Williamson, Miss Von Ottinger, Frank Daley, Thornton Flynn, Alice Dunn, Violet Dunn, Lotus Robb, Alice Chapin, Elinor Cox, Charles Sellon, and many other names which are pending contracts.

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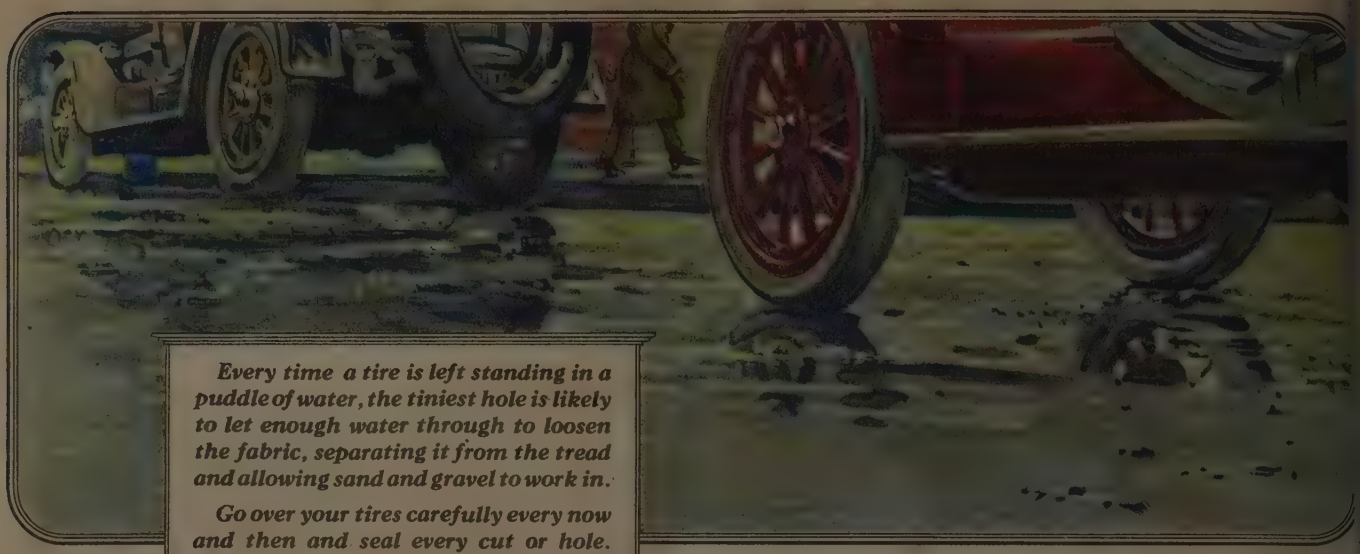

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1920


OUR next issue will be a Midsummer Number—the kind that you'll want to tuck under your arm when you start for the seashore or the country.

In it there will be just the kind of reading you'll enjoy when lolling comfortably under a big, shady tree. And just the kind of pictures to delight your eye on a hot day. Girls galore will illustrate the pages! Scenes from the latest and most spectacular revues!

As refreshing as a cold drink on a summer's day, as beautiful as a summer sunset—the next issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

---

To land on Broadway! That is the desire of every struggling young player.

How did some of the stars of today—the men and women whose names make you blink as you walk up the Great White Way, so brightly do they shine in electric light—get their initial jobs?

William Collier, Blanche Bates, Clifton Crawford and others tell how, in our Midsummer Number, they landed their first part.

If you have stage aspirations yourself, read how opportunity first knocked at the door of these popular players, and get some tips!

---

"Kleptomania," a breezy little play, full of zip and pep, by Edwin Carty Ranck, whose sprightly writings are familiar to THEATRE MAGAZINE readers, will also appear in the next number.

Snappy dialogue, clever situations, interesting characterizations and a "punch" are some of the ingredients that help make it a delightful dramatic concoction.

Is Stage Matrimony a Failure?

Can players, separated sometimes for months at a time, be happy nevertheless? Do the trials of the road, the unusual hours, interfere with domestic bliss?

Newspapers seem always chronicling the domestic troubles of actors, but it is fair to remember that there is not the white-light focussed on women elsewhere that there is on the stage.

These much-mooted questions are all answered in our next issue. An informative, interesting article, full of facts that will prove an eye-opener to many a theatregoer.

---

Frank Bacon, after being struck by "Lightnin'," has communicated the electric thrill to tens of thousands of other people—a bit of wit plucked from our Midsummer Number.

---

Pinero, Barrie, Shaw—three giants of dramatic literature. The first, a master of refined drawing-room comedy; the second, whimsical and charming; the third, bold and brilliant!

Would you like to know some of the methods they use when rehearsing their plays?

Hilda Spong will tell you much about them that you never knew before, for she has appeared in plays by all three, in an article signed by her entitled "Working with Pinero, Barrie and Shaw."

---

What becomes of our pretty boy actors, with their lace collars and lovely Lord Fauntleroy curls?

Do you know that many of our present-day leading men are graduates from the juvenile class. There's Donald Gallaher, for instance, and Joseph Santley, Wallace Eddinger and a host of others.

Read about the boy prodigies of yesterday who are popular idols today in the Midsummer Number.

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